Sam Bass is probably the most over-rated outlaw in the history of the Western badmen. Certainly ballad-makers bestowed upon him an immortality he did not deserve. From the time of his first hold-up in Deadwood, S. D. until that day in Round Rock, Texas, when ranger Dick Ware filled him full of bullet holes, Sam Bass, with one exception, was living proof that "crime does not pay." The one exception was the Union Pacific train robbery of Sept. 19, 1877, when Sam accidently stumbled onto $65,000 in gold coins, fresh from the San Francisco mint. Sam and his cronies hauled the loot away; it was their only big haul.

In and around Denton, Texas, where Sam Bass made his headquarters, he was something of a hero to the common people. It was hardly considered a crime to rob a railroad in those days. But when Sam turned his attention from railroads to banks, he made a fatal mistake. Even poor people keep some money in banks.

He died from bullet wounds on his 27th birthday.

The song below is ascribed to John Denton, Gainesville, Texas, in 1879.

For a different song dealing with the same persons and events, see Sam Bass II in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 16, 112
Barnes (CHS), 15
Belden (BS), 399-400
Big, 74-75
Botkin (AFL), 119-122
Botkin (SWFS), 549-556
Branch, 82, 139--144, 175
Bulletin (CFS), II, 28-29
Burt, 198-200
Clark (CS), 32-33
Davis (TTS), 35
Dick (LD), 93
Emrich (FAL), 309-310
Fife, 263-264
Fife (FAC), III, 71-72, 370, 601
Finger (FB), 66-71
Friedman, 375-377, 467
Frey, 52-53
High, 17-18

Johnson (BBLL), 115-117
Kennedy (AB), 210-212
Kennedy (TAB), 272-274
Larkin (1951), 161-164
Larkin (1963), 158-161
Lee (CSB), 22-23
Lindroth, 40-41
Lingenfelter, 316-317
Lone Ranger, 46
Lomax (ABFS), 126-128
Lomax (BLAFS), 298-299
Lomax (CS-1919), 149-153
Lomax (CS-1938), 150-152
Lomax (USA), 298-299
Luther, 204
McIntosh (SSI), 6-7
Moore (BFSS), 343-345
Nebraska (2), 6-7
Owens (TFS), 122-124
Pound, 149-153
Pub (TFLS), III, 226-230
Randolph, II, 69-72
Rogers (FCS), 34
Sandburg (AS), 422-424
Shay (PF-1), 27-29
Shay (PF-3), 9-10
Sherwin (BMS), 36-37
Silverman, I, 70
Sing, 85-86
Siringo (SC), 16-18
Stanley, 25
Thorp (1904), 24-26
Thorp & Fife, 114-117
Treasure, 32-33
Webb (LSB), 226-230
White (SPH), 22-23
Wylder, 70-71

Sam Bass I

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home,
And at the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam.
Sam first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be,—
A kinder-hearted fellow you seldom ever see.

Sam used to deal in race stock, one called the Denton mare,
He hatched her in scrub races and took her to the Fair.
Sam used to coin the money and spent it just as free,
He always drank good whiskey wherever he might be.

Sam left the Collins ranch in the merry month of May
With a herd of Texas cattle, the Black Hills for to see,
Sold out in Custer City and then got on a spree—
A harder set of cowboys you seldom ever see.

On their way back to Texas they robbed the U. P. train,
And then split up in couples and started out again.
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon;
With all their hard-earned money they had to meet
their doom.

Sam made it back to Texas all right side up with care;
Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to
share.
Sam's life was short in Texas—three robberies did he
do;
He robbed all the passengers, mail, and express cars
too.

Sam had four companions, four bold and daring lads;
They were Richardson, Jackson, Joe Collins, and Old
Dad—
Four more bold and daring cowboys the rangers never
knew;
They whipped the Texas Rangers and ran the boys in blue.

Sam had another companion called Arkansas for short,
Was shot by a Texas Ranger by the name of Thomas Floyd.
Oh, Tom is a big six-footer, and thinks he's mighty
fly,
But I can tell you his racket—He's a deadbeat on the
sly.

Jim Murphy was arrested, and then released on bail;
He jumped his bond at Tyler and then took the train
for Terrell.
But Mayor Jones had posted Jim and that was all a stall,
'Twas only a plan to capture Sam before the coming fall.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first;
They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls and emptied out
his purse.

Poor Sam he is a corpse and six foot under clay,
And Jackson's in the bushes trying to get away!

He had borrowed Sam's gold and he didn't want to pay;
The only shot he saw was to give poor Sam away.
Perhaps he's gone to heaven, there's none of us can say,
But if I'm right in my surmise he's gone the other way!

****

No. 1519

SAM BASS II

For information regarding Sam Bass and his criminal career, see headnotes to Sam Bass I above.
The song below is from Dickson Hall's MGM album, Outlaws of the Old West. Used by permission.

Sam Bass II

He was Indiana bred but Texas was his home,
And long before he was a man Sam Bass began to roam.
He was wild and reckless and handsome as could be,
But a meaner-hearted fellow you wouldn't care to see.

He set otu for Texas in the early part of May,
With four men and some cattle that nearly got away.
But when they reached Dakota, they gambled all they had,
Then started back for Texas a-feeling kinda bad.

Sam took over right away, and held-up his first train;
But after it was over, they ran away in vain.
Soon the four were captured, and Sam alone was free—
And a meaner-hearted fellow you wouldn't care to see!

Then Sam got another gang, a very vicious crew,
And with 'em fought the rangers, and they fought the
soldiers too.
While fighting down in Round Rock, the rangers won
the fray;
They riddled Sam with bullets before he got away.

Now Sam is dead and buried and there's no need to cry;
He had a chance to play it straight, and he didn't even
try.
I guess he had a friend or two, the same as you or men,
But a meaner-hearted fellow you wouldn't care to see!

****

No. 1520

SAM HALL

also known as

Damn Your Eyes
Damn Your Hide
My Name is Samuel Hall
Samuel Hall

Whether this song set the pattern for Captain Kidd, or whether the process was the other way around, is a question still being argued. Frank Kidson thought that "Sam Hall" was originally "Jack Hall"—because there was a person of that name. Jack Hall was sold as a child to a chimney sweeper for a guinea, Sharp tells us, and, as an adult, he turned to burglary, which in those times was a capital offense. Others say the price paid for Jack Hall was a pound. The amount makes little difference, since it proves nothing in regard to the origin of the song under discussion. The important fact is that Jack Hall, while still quite young, was hanged on Tybrun Tree in the year 1701—the same year that Captain Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, in London.

The song about Jack Hall, which appeared the year of his death under the title Jack Hall the Chimney Sweep, begins:

O my name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep,
O my name it is Jack Hall, chimney sweep,
O my name it is Jack Hall,
And I've robbed both great and small,
And my neck shall pay for all,
When I die, when I die,
And my neck shall pay for all when I die.

The stanzaic pattern is obviously that of Captain Kidd and Sam Hall. The form was a popular one. In the 1719 edition of D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, vol. II, there is a song called The Moderator's Dream that is the same in text-style as Sam Hall, and the author informs us: "The Words made to a pretty tune, called Chimney Sweeper." But D'Urfey did not print the tune. In the 1720 edition, however, D'Urfey (vol. VI, p. 251) prints yet another song with the same stanzaic pattern, calling it simply A Song; and with this, he did print the tune. But whether the Sam Hall as we know it actually derived from Jack Hall the Chimney Sweep has not been proven.

Cecil Sharp collected four versions of Jack Hall, but three of the four belonged to a ballad about an English naval hero named Admiral Benbow, who died in November 1702.

The stanzaic pattern is far older than either Sam Hall or Captain Kidd. For example, a communistic group of Social Levellers, known as "Diggers" (1649-1652), sang a song on the same pattern: Stand Up Now, Diggers All—see G. M. Trevelyan's England Under the Stuarts (1904), pp. 282-283. Among the Thorn-Drury Broadsides at Harvard, there is a piece called The Arraignment of the Divell for Stealing Away President Bradshaw with the Ms date of Nov. 7, 1659. The same text, in the

same stanzaic form as Sam Hall, is in C. Mackay's The Songs and Ballads of the Cavaliers (1864), pp. 124 ff. Another such song, Essex's Last Good-Night, was printed by Rollins in A Pepysian Garland; it was reprinted by Chappell (PMOT), I, 176 and Claude M. Simpson, The English Broadside Ballad and Its Music (1966), 747-748.

For an Orkney Islanders song in the same form, which begins:

Oh, my love's in Germany,
Send him home, send him home,

see Germany Thomas in Bronson (BAS), 32. For other songs in the same stanzaic pattern, see The Vale of Clwyd in C. V. Stanford's Welsh Songs, NATIONAL SONG BOOK (1906), 240 and the John Paul Jones piece in G. F. Graham's SONGS OF SCOTLAND I (1849), 28-29.

The tune in Welsh Songs is called The Missing Boat, but it is quite reminiscent of the tune D'Urfey called the Chimney Sweep. On the other hand, the 1701 broadside, Captain Kidd, directed that the words be sung to the air, Coming Down.

It is far easier to trace the stanzaic pattern than the tune, because the tune was not always the same. As Bronson (BAS), 29 points out: "...as far as I know, there are before 1920 only one or two printings of the words of Captain Kidd together with the tune." The fact that Captain Kidd and Sam Hall are today sung to the same air proves only that the two songs have a tune in common today. Unfortunately, it was not until fairly recently that most ballad collectors bothered to record the tunes of the songs they gathered and published. For example, Chappell (PMOT, II, 1855-1859, pp. 678-679, gives the earliest known text of Benbow, and though it follows the stanzaic pattern of Sam Hall and served as a model for other songs, such as Admiral Byng and the Brave West, it does not have a similar tune. Chappell's tune has hardly any

resemblance to D'Urfey's tune for Chimney Sweep; nor is it close to the tune for Benbow in Sharp (FSFS), 3rd series, 1906, p. 51 and Sharp (100), 1916, p. 200.

According to Bronson, Sharp, and others, both Jack Hall and Admiral Benbow were being sung to the same tune in Somerset, when Sharp was collecting there. Whall reports that in his day, at sea, Benbow was sung to the tune of Captain Kidd. Jacobites, in Scotland, used the tune that we know as Ye Jacobites By Name: see Johnson (SMM), IV, No. 371. For an Irish variation of the tune, see They Say My Love Is Dead in the Petrie Collection, No. 698.

In America there are several songs using the stanzaic pattern of Sam Hall, but the tunes are generally different. For two such songs in this Master Book, see Over There and Zamboanga. For religious songs set in the same stanzaic pattern, see: The Saints Are Bound For Heaven and Solemn Thought in Walker (SH-1835), pp. 258 and 29. Also see Wondrous Love in this Master Book.

According to Friedman, "C. W. Ross, an English comic, composed the original 'Sam Hall' and sang it with great success in London Music Halls of the 1850s." For additional information, see the headnotes to Captain Kidd in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Best, 30
Bronson (BAS), 18-36
Edwards (CHSB), 224
Friedman, 223-225
Hugill (1), 449-450
Kennedy (AB), 188-189
Lomax (ABFS), 133-134
Lomax (CS-1938), 422-424
Lynn (CS), 12
Shay (PF-1), 103-104
Shay (PF-3), 54
Silber (HSB), 55
Silverman, I, 78

Sam Hall

My name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall!
Yes, my name is Samuel Hall,
And I hate you one and all—
You're a bunch of muckers all. Damn your hides!

I killed a man they said, so they said.
Yes, I killed a man they said;
Shot the bastard through the head,
And I'm glad the mucker's dead! Damn his hide!

They say that I must die, I must die.
Yes, they say that I must die,
But I'll spit right in their eye
From the rope they hang me by! Damn their hides!

The preacher he did come, he did come.
The preacher he did come,
And he looked so goddamn glum
As he talked of kingdom come. Damn his hide!

There's Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd.
There's Nellin in the crowd—
"Hi there, Nellie! Ain't you proud?"
Rather see her in a shroud! Damn her hide!

I'll see you all in hell, all in hell!
I'll see you all in hell,
And the truth to you I'll tell:
Hope to hell you sizzle well! Damn your hides!

****

No. 1521

SANDY LAND
also known as

Big Taters
Great Big Taters in Sandy Land
I Make My Livin' in Sandy Land
Raisin' Sweet Taters in Sandy Land
Sweet Taters in Sandy Land
Roll That Brown Jug Down to Town

Popular as a fiddle piece for square dancing and as a play-party song, this song has a long tradition in America. The tune was used for Kicking My Dog Around (see in MB), and appears to also be related to Sally Gooden (see in MB).
See and compare Sal's Got a Meat Skin in Henry (FSSH), 437; Richardson (AMS), 94; and White, 271.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 302-304
Ford (OTFM), 15
Ford (TMA), 39, 80
Lomax (ABFS), 236-237
Seeger (1), 88-89
Seeger (6), 53
Thede, 80-81

Sandy Land

Great big taters in sandy land,
We all dig 'em out as fast as we can.
The folks all buy 'em from a foolish man,
Raisin' great big taters in sandy land.

Sow them oats, but you can't get a stand.
Corn won't grow in that sandy land.
Folks won't think you're much of a man,
If you can't make a livin' on sandy land.

****

No. 1522

SAN FRANCISCO GIRLS
also known as
Fiddle in the Middle of the Bow

This is one of the songs from Dickson Hall's Gold Rush collection, but it was omitted from the Epic album, The Great American Gold Rush, with Burgess Meredith. It has the flavor of Hangtown Gals (see in MB).

San Francisco Girls

In San Francisco watch your step,
The girls out there are mean;
They get you drunk on demon rum
And pick your pockets clean!

Chorus

Oh! fiddle in the middle of the bow!
Oh! fiddle in the middle of the bow!
Fiddle in the middle of the bow, Oh!
Fiddle in the middle of the bow!

I crossed the bay to Oakland town,
I thought I'd have a spree;
But there was nothing there to do
And even less to see!

I've traveled all around this world,
And many girls I've seen,
But Ethel Mae of Frisco town
Is still the reigning queen!

****

No. 1523

S-A-V-E-D: SPELLING SONG
also known as
Salvation Army Song

This song was obtained from Karl Davis and Harty Taylor, a country singing duo known as Karl and Harty during the 1930s and '40s.

REFERENCES

Leisy (SPS), 133
Randolph, IV, 81-82
Shay (PF-2), 60-61
Shay (PF-3), 144-145
Weavers, 64-65

S-a-v-e-d: Spelling Song

There was a man in our town, I think his name was Jim;
He prayed for Prohibition but he voted for R-U-M!
He helped to put the poison in his neighbor's C-U-P,
And now he laughs at us becaused we're S-A-V-E-D.

Chorus

Oh G-L-O-R-Y, we are S-A-V-E-D!
H-A-P-P-Y to be F-R-double-E!
Oh V-I-C-T-O-R-Y from the bonds of S-I-N!
Glory, glory, hallelujah, tra-la-la, Amen!

Some people go on week days to D-A-N-C-E,
They go to church on Sundays to show their H-A-T;
Some people daub their faces up with P-A-I-N-T,
And then they laugh at us because we're S-A-V-E-D.

I love to stand on the corner with my D-R-U-M, drum;
It brings to us the sinner and the B-U-M, bum, bum;
They come to us from hovel and from D-I-T-C-H,
And we march on to Victory without H-I-T-C-H.

****

No. 1524

THE SCOLDING WIFE I

also known as

My Scolding Wife O, She Worries Me

This song has a common title and a floating theme. Three other songs in this Master Book are also known as The Scolding Wife, and they are: The Devil and the Farmer's Wife; Dumb! Dumb! Dumb! and The Scolding Wife II.

The floating theme is "the scolding wife and what to do with her"—a theme that bobs up in a variety of contexts. For example:

If I had a scolding wife
I'd whup 'er sho's you born!
Hitch her to a double plow
And make her plow my corn!

OR:

If I had a scolding wife
I'd whip her, sho as you're born!
I'd take her down to the still-house
And swap her off for corn!

The "still-house" is replaced by "New Orleans" in a version by Negroes in Mississippi (JAFL, XXVIII, 188) and by whites in Missouri (Randolph, II, 360). The same or similar lines appear in the following versions of unrelated songs: Ain't I Goin'? in JAFL, XXVIII, 272; Bile Dem Cabbage Down in Scarborough (NFS), 125; Lynchburg Town in Brown, III, No. 415; Lucy Long in Ford (TMA), 395); Massa Had a Yaller Gal B in Brown, III, No. 406; and Uncle Joe Cut Off His Toe in Brown, III, No. 97.

Also see McCarty's Widow in Dean, 93.

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 287-289
Beck (SML), 219-220
Chappell (FSRA), 77
Gardner (BSSM), 432-433
Randolph, III, 122-123

The Scolding Wife II

I married me a scolding wife some twenty years ago,
And ever since I've lived a life of misery and woe.
My wife is such a tyrant that out of house or in,
She would kick me to the devil for a drop or two of gin.

Chorus

O she worries me, she hurries me; it is her heart's delight
To bang me with the fire poker 'round the room at night.

When I come home all tired at night, all ready for my bed,
It's scarcely on my pillow I get to lay my head,
Till like a roaring lion she opens the door
And pulls me out of bed and slams me on the floor!

Now if I had a million bucks, I'd give it with good will,
To send my wife for twelve months into some treading mill.
Oh, may the Devil take her! and thank her for her pains;
And hang me in my garters if ever I marry again!

****

No. 1525

THE SCOLDING WIFE II
also known as
A Woman's Tongue Will Never Take A Rest

On the same subject as Scolding Wife I above, this song is not otherwise related. I have been familiar with the song all my life, beginning with my early childhood in North Carolina. Perhaps this is why I have seen a version in only one collection, and that in North Carolina's Brown, II, 478-479; IV, 258-259.

The Scolding Wife II

Oh, you've wonder'd in the past
Why a woman talks so fast,
Why she runs around with all the latest news?
She'll talk a man to death
Before he can catch his breath,
And the way she wags her tongue should make
it bruise!

Chorus

But there's no need to try
And learn the reason why:
Whatever you say she will contest!
So take my advice and drop it,
For, my friends, you'll never stop it,
'Cause a woman's tongue will never take
a rest!

When the young folks start to court,
They may think it's just for sport,
But the old folks say, "You'll catch it
when you're young."

To live a scornful life,
Take a loving, childish wife—
Better marry one that's blind, deaf and dumb!

****

No. 1526

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

An English round that is very old and very popular. It is seldom recorded in folk collections, "Probably because," as Brown remarks, "everybody knows it."

REFERENCES

Best, 141
Brown, III, 197; V, 115
Linscott, 283
Oberndorfer, 45
Silverman, II, 234
Taylor (BR), 2
Winn (1), 188

Scotland's Burning

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,
Look out, look out!
Fire, fire, fire, fire!
Pour on water, pour on water!

****

No. 1527

THE SEEDS OF LOVE
also known as

Come All Ye (You) Pretty Fair Maids
Dead Maid's Land
Flowers and Weeds
The Gardener
The Green Willow Tree
I Once Had Plenty of Thyme
I Sowed the Seeds of Love
Keep Your Garden Clean
My Garden Grew Plenty of Thyme
Once I Had Plenty of Thyme

Rue and Thyme
The Tunning, Running Rue
The Saucy Sailor
Sowing the Seeds of Love
The Srpig of Thyme
When I Was in My Prime
The Willow Tree

Here we are dealing with two distinct ballads that fused and then, in time, spawned dozens of variations: The Sprig of Thyme and The Seeds of Love.
Cecil Sharp thought that Sprig of Thyme is the older song. According to Child, and others, a history of the ballad is in Whittaker's History of the Parish of Whalley, II, p. 318, (1801). From this history comes the claim repeated in many collections, that the words of the original ballad was composed by a Mrs. Fleetwood Habergham, Lancashire...
Cox tells us, "The Sprig of Thyme is almost inextricably entangled in tradition with The Seeds of Love." An early version is in Albyn's Anthology, printed in 1816. As fused as the two songs became, it was Sharp's opinion it was "quite possible to distinguish them, both in tune and words." Possible, perhaps, but not too practical where American tradition is concerned. I have, therefore, set down several versions (A, B, C & D) together, under a common title. American versions are so fused that distinguishing between Sprig of Thyme and Seeds of Love is next to impossible.
The tunes are as varied as the words, with some being very far removed from others. In attempting to trace and identify the descendants of both songs, I found Englisg, Irish, Scottish and American versions. Some were related by text and some by tune. Broadsides of fused versions were issued by A. P. Nappey, York; Bebbington, Manchester (No. 291); Cadman, Manchester (No. 90); Pitts; Such (No. 94); and others.
For an English with similar title, see I Sowed Some Seeds of Love in Reeves, 128.

For an American song that is quite similar, see I'm Going to Texas in Sharp, II, 14.
In America, too, are versions with unlikely titles, such as The Saucy Sailor in Eddy, 88-89.
The four versions given below are merely representative of the genre. Version A represents The Sprig of Thyme; B represents The Seeds of Love; C is the stanzas reprinted by Child from The Gardner, a version of The Seeds of Love found in Five Excellent New Songs, published at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1776; and, finally, D is an American combination of both songs recovered in North Carolina.
The published works under "references" given below contain one or another of the various songs fitting the form and descriptions announced above.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (EFSS), No. 17
Baring-Gould (SW), No. 7
Bell, 440
Bell (APBS), 220-221
Bikel (FF), 32-33
Broadwood (ECS), 58-59
Bruce, 90-91
Butterworth, No. 3
Campbell (AA), I, 40-41
Carey (TEFS), 16
Chappell (PMOT), II, 520-523
Child, V, 258-260
Cox (FSS), 415-416
Cox (TBFS), 68
Creighton (SBNS), 53-54
Creighton (TFS), 40-41
Dixon, 440-441
Eddy, 87-89
Edwards (CHSB), 35
Emrich (FAL), 524-525
Farnsworth, 62-65
Gilbert (100), 5
Greig, Nos. 67 & 68
Hammond, No. 5
Harland, 271-275
Hullah, No. 32
Johnson (BBB), 201
Jour (AFL), XXII, 79
Jour (EFDSS), VIII, 202; IX, 190-191
Jour (FSS), I, 86, 209; II, 23, 288; III, 77; V, 93; VIII, 19-21
Joyce (AIM), No. 74
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 381
Karpeles (EFS), I, 577-588

Kennedy, 367
Kidson (EFSD), 58
Kidson (GEFS), 116-117
Kidson (TT), 69
Llloyd (FSE), 183-184
MacColl & Seeger, 190-193
Merrick, 34
Okun, 187-188
Owens (TFS), 52
Pub (MLA), XXXIII, 363-366
Quiller-Couch, 804-805
Randolph, I, 357-358
Reeves, 194-196
Reeves (EC), 229-237
Ritchie (FS), 62
Sedley, 39-40, 138-140
Sharp (ECFS), 216-228
Sharp (EFS), I, 42-45
Sharp (FSFS), I, 2-4, 16-19
Sharp (100), No. 33 & No. 34
Shekerjian, 147
Stokoe, 80-81
Thomas (DD), 102-103
Thomas (SG), 27
Wells, 271-273
Williams (FSUT), 85-87
Wood (SS), III, 85

The Seeds of Love (Version A)

In my garden grew plenty of thyme,
And it flourished by night and by day;
O'er the wall came a lad—He took all
that I had,
And stole my thyme away, and stole my
thyme away.

O, once I had thyme of my own.
In my garden it flourished and grew.
O, I used to know ev'ry place it did grow,
But now it's covered with rue, etc.

My garden with hearts-ease was bright,
And pansies so pretty and gay;
One slipped thro the gate, and alas!
cruel fate
My hearts-ease took away, etc.

My garden grew self-heal and balm,
And speedwell that's blue for an hour,
That blossoms again—O grevious my pain!
I'm plundered of each flower, etc.

There grows in my garden the rue,
And Love-lies a-bleeding droops there;
The hyssop and myrrh, the teazle and burr,
Replace the blossoms so fair, etc.

O, the willow tree it will twist,
And the willow tree it will twine;
Now the ruin I scan since that false
young man
Has gained this heart of mine, etc.

O thyme is a precious, precious thing
On the road that I walked along;
But thyme is a thing that will sad
endings bring,
When love and dreams go wrong, etc.

VERSION B

I sowed the seeds of love,
And I sowed them in the spring;
It will blossom in April, in May, and
in June,
When the small birds all sweetly sing.

My garden was planted well,
With the flowers everywhere,
But I had not the liberty of choosing
myself
The flower I loved so dear.

My gardener was standing by;
I asked him to choose for me.
He chose me the lily, the violet, and
pink,
But I looked and refused all three.

The lily I did not like,
Because lilies fade so soon;
The violet and pink I did both overlook,
And resolved to tarry till June.

In June there's a red rosebud,
And that is the flower for me.
Oft-times I've been kissed by those red
rosy lips,
Till I gained the green willow tree.

O the willow tree will twist,
And the willow tree will twine,
And I wish that I was in that young
man's arms,
For he's stolen this heart of mine.

O, a bunch of rue I'll wear,
That no one may ever touch,
And the whole wide world it will
plainly see
That I loved one flower too much.

VERSION C

The walking all the winter night,
And the tippling at the wine,
And the courting of a bonny lass,
Will break this heart of mine.
Will break this heart of mine.

There's brave sailing here, my dear,
But better sailing there,
Brave sailing in my true love's arms,—
How I wish that I were there. (2)

I had me a bed of thyme,
It flourished night and day,
But then came by a handsome lad,
And stole my heart away. (2)

Then came by the gardener lad,
And gave me profers free;
He gave to me the jully-flowers,
To clothe my young body. (2)

The gardener stood by the gate,
With primrose in his hand,
And there he spied his own true-love,
With another she did stand. (2)

"The hail-stones be on thy head,
The snow upon your breast;
May the east-wind be a blanket, too,
When you go to thy rest. (2)"

It's pleasant to drink beer,
It's pleasant to drink wine,
But it's better courting a bonnie lass
When she is in her prime. (2)

VERSION D

Come, all you young, pretty girls,
Who flourish in your prime,
I would have you keep your gardens clean,
And let no man steal your thyme.

Once I was a fair young maid,
And flourished like a vine;
One day I met a false young man,
And he stole away my thyme.

O, now my thyme is all gone,
And all I do is mourn;
And when I think of that young man,
I wish I'd not been born!

Wise it is to drink good ale,
And wise to drink good wine;
It's wiser yet to have true love
When you give up your thyme.

May you be both fair and wise,
Like maids in old, old rhyme,
And always keep your gardens clean,—
Let no man steal your thyme.

****

No. 1528

SEE SAW MARGERY DAW

This game song for children is well known, even to 1st grade school children. Because of its availibility in song books used by schools and other commercial books for children, the song is not treated as a folk song in America.

See Saw Margery Daw

See saw Margery Daw,
Jack shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he won't work any faster.

****

No. 1529

SELLING THAT STUFF
also known as

Aunt Jane Sell That Stuff

This song is the sort of "country blues" that we used to call "a honk-tonk number." I picked up on it the latter part of 1936, in North Carolina. The only version I've seen in a published folk collection is in Coffin & Cohen, 89. But Coffin & Cohen did not print the melody.

Selling That Stuff

Aunt Jill threw a dance and she drew a crowd,
She sold more booze than the law allowed.
She's selling that stuff, selling that stuff;
She really knows what she's doing
When it comes to selling that stuff.

Aunt Jill was arrested and locked in jail,
And had no money to pay her bail
From selling that stuff, etc.

Aunt Jill liked to drink and she drank good gin,
She liked strong whiskey and big, strong men!
She's selling that stuff, etc.

Aunt Jill had a sister, her name was Lil;
She sold that stuff, and she sells it still.
She's selling that stuff, etc.

****

No. 1530

SEND THEM ANGELS DOWN
also known as
My Way's Cloudy

This is a 19th century slave spiritual; it was sung by slaves long before the advent of the Civil War. This particular version was featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.
For a similar spiritual, see If You Can't Come, Send One Angel Down in Kennedy (M-1), 117-118.

REFERENCES

Dett, 231
Johnson (BANS), 92-93
Jubilee (PS), 28-29
Marsh (SJS), 167
Pike (1873), 207
Pike (1875), 249

Send Them Angels Down

There's fire in the East, there's fire
in the West,
Send them angels down!
There's fire among the Methodist,
Send them angels down!

Chorus

O brother, my way! My way's cloudy,
my way!
Go send them angels down!
O brother, my way! My way's cloudy,
my way!
Go send them angels down!

Old Satan's mad and I am glad,
Send them angels down!
He missed a soul he thought he had,
Send them angels down!

This is the year of Jubilee,
Send them angels down!
The Lord has come and set me free,
Send them angels down!

****

No. 1531

THE SHADY OLD CAMP

A parody sung by California gold-miners in mid-19th century San Francisco and surrounding areas.
For other versions, see Ives (SA), 191 and (SB), 276.

The Shady Old Camp Tune: Sweet Alice

Oh, don't you remember the shady old camp
That stood by the side of the brook,
Where we lay on the ground after many a tramp,
And the fire-place where we used to cook?
The shady old camp has gone to decay,
And the hambone has dropped from the pin;
The roof and the door have both rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in—
The roof and the door have both rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in.

Oh, don't you remember the well-beaten trail
That led from the camp to the spring,
And the pot-pies we made of the squirrel and quail,
And the evenings when we used to sing?
The trail and the spring we shall see them no more,
Though never forget till we die;
The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever we bid thee goodbye!
The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever we bid thee goodbye!

****

No. 1532

SHALL I SHOW YOU HOW THE FARMER...?

also known as

Can You Show Me How the Farmer Show Me How the Farmer

Thus the Farmer Sows His Seed — Would You Know How Doth the Peasant

This game song, as sung in America, had its roots in England. According to Gomme, the "game is evidently a survival of the custom of dancing, and of imitating the actions necessary for the sowing and reaping of grain which were customary at one time." It was a religious kind of ritual, performed in order to induce the supreme power to bless the crops and make them grow better.

In France, there is a similar old song, La Ronde de L'aveine (Round of Oats, or Oats and Sunny Weather), but that one has not showed up in any of the collections of French folk songs published in America.

A German version is popular among the Pennsylvania Dutch, who know it as Willst du Wiezen? (Do You Want to Know?), that is in Korson (PSL), 96-98.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 32
Gomme, II, 399-401
Linscott, 50-51
Wier (YAM), I, 136
Wolford, 94-95

Shall I Show You How the Farmer...?

Shall I show you how the farmer,
Shall I show you how the farmer,
Shall I show you how the farmer
Sows his barley and wheat?

****

No. 1533

SHALLO BROWN

also known as

Challo Brown
Oh, I'm Going to Leave Her
Shallow Brown
Stingo Brown

There are many versions and variations of this old shanty in circulation. Colcord gives a version of a Negro stevedore shanty, and Sharp gives two versions, listing it as a "pulling" shanty.
Shallo Brown shows up in other songs, too. His name is in Hullabaloo Belay—see Ives (SA), 82-83 or (SB), 138-139.
According to Ives, "Shallo Brown was a notorious boarding-house keeper. He lodged sailors, taking three months pay in advance and working as an agent to provide forced crews."

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 501
Colcord, 61
Davis (SSC), 80-81
Doerflinger, 44
Harlow, 126-127
Hugill (1), 257-260
Jour (FSS), III, 241
Randolph, II, 59
Sharp (EFC-2), 35, 60
Smith (MW), 48
Terry, II, 34
Trevine, 17
Whall (SSS), 87

Shallo Brown

Oh! I'm agwine to leave you,
Shallo, Oh, Shallo Brown!
I know it's gwine to greive you,
Shallo, Oh, Shallo Brown!

A yankee ship is sailing, etc.
I think I'll turn to whaling, etc.

I got my clothes in order, etc.
I'm off across the border, etc.

The packet sails tomorrow, etc.
My heart will feel no sorrow, etc.

My gal's a bright mulatto, etc.
She hails from Cincinnati, etc.

One day when I went down-town, etc.
She ran off with Shallo Brown, etc.

****

No. 1534

THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE
also known as
The Chesapeake and the Shannon

This song is related, historically, to another famous ballad of the War of 1812, The Constitution and the Guerriere (see in MB).
The first great naval battle of the War of 1812 occurred off the New England coast on August 19, 1812. The American frigate "Constitution" defeated the British "Guerriere." Shortly thereafter Americans were celebrating their victory with a ballad. The following year, on June 1, 1813, the situation was reversed: The British ship Shannon, commanded by Captain Philip V. Broke, engaged the American ship Chesapeake, commanded by Captain James Lawrence, defeated the Americans and towed the Chesapeake into Halifax Harbor. Naturally, the British soon had a ballad celebrating their victory, and it was patterned on the one formerly sung by Americans. The tune is probably familiar to students of traditional song, for it was used for several other popular songs during the 18th century: A Drop of Brandy O, A Landlady from France, and The Pretty Girl of Derby O.
A different ballad dealing with the same event, The Battle of the Shannon and the Chesapeake, was published at the same time; a broadside by Such (No. 154) was reprinted in Firth (NSB), 312-313. That ballad faded rapidly away, leaving the one given here to survive through traditional means.

REFERENCES

Ashton (RSS), 20
Finger (FB), 159-160
Firth (NSB), 311-312
Fowke (FSC), 24-25
Friedman, 293-295
Hale, 135-136
Harlow, 187-188
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 286
Laws, J 20, 138
Logan, 69-72
Mackenzie, 208-209, 399
Mackenzie (QB), 139-140
Notes, 6th ser., VIII, 374; IX, 156; 9th ser., V, 435; 11th ser., XII, 58
Scott (BA), 111-112
Sharp (FSFS), V, 56-57
Shay (ASSC), 165-166
Stevenson, 301-302
Whall (SSS), 44-46

The Shannon and the Chesapeake

The Chesapeake so bold, out of Boston as we're told,
Came to take the British frigate neat and handy O!
And the people in the port all came out to see the sport,
While their bands all played up Yankee Doodle Dandy O!

Our British frigate's name, that for the purpose came,
To cool the Yankees' courage neat and handy O,
Was the Shannon—Captain Broke, all his crew had hearts of oak,
And in the fighting were allowed to be the dandy O!

The fight had scarce begun when they flinched from their guns;
They thought that they had worked us neat and handy O!
But Broke he waved his sword, saying, "Come, my boys, we'll board
And we'll stop them playing Yankee Doodle Dandy O!"

When the Britons heard this word they all quickly sprang on board,
And seized the Yankees' ensign neat and handy O!

Notwithstanding all their brags, does the British
raise their flags
On the Yankees' mizzen-peak to be the dandy O!

****

No. 1535

THE SHANTY BOYS
also known as

A-Cutting Down the Pine
Cutting Down the Pines
Hurling Down the Pines
Jim Lockwood's Camp
Jim Porter's Shanty Song
The Lumber Camp Song
The Shanty Boy and the Pine
Shany Boys in the Pine
The Shanty Boy's Song
Song of the Shanty Boys

This ballad was popular in mid-19th century lumber camps and probably dates back, as Eckstorm said, to the 1840s.
The most reprinted text is from Delaney's Song Book, No. 13, p. 23—a dime songster published in 1896.
The tune of this song was also used for Cruise of the Bigler in Colcord, 200.

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 100-107
Beck (SML), 36-43
Botkin (WFL), 767-768
Cazden, I, 8-10
Doerflinger, 210-211
Eckstorm, 25-27
Flanders (BMNE), 141-143
Gardner (BSSM), 260
Greenleaf, 321-322
Korson (PSL), 350-351
Peacock, III, 750-751
Rickaby, 69-75
Shoemaker (MMP), 93-95
Shoemaker (NPM), 202
Siegmeister, 36-37

The Shanty Boys

Now, boys, if you will listen, I'll sing a little song;
It's all about the shanty boys and how they get along:
They're a lot of jolly fellows, so merry and so fine,
Who spend the winter pleasantly a-cutting down the pine.

Oh, some will leave their homes and friends whom they
love so dear,
And for the lonesome pinewoods their pathway they will
steer;
They are going to the pine woods, all winter to remain,
A-waiting for the springtime are they return again.

There are farmers, and sailors, some good mechanics,
too,
And all sorts of tradesmen, found in a lumber crew;
The choppers and the sawyers, they lay the timber low,
The swampers and the skidders, they haul it to and
fro.

Noon time comes rolling and the foreman loudly screams,
"Lay down your swas and axes, boys, it's time for pork
and beans!"
Arriving at the shanty, the splashing does begin
With rattle of the waterpail and banging of the tin.

It's "Hurry in, my brave boys! You, Tom, or Dick, or
Joe,
For you must take the pail and for some water go."
The cook he hollers, "Dinner!" they all get up and go;
It's not the style of a shanty boy to miss his pie,
you know.

With dinner being over, to shanty they will go;
They all load up their pipes and huff and puff and
blow.
"It's time for you to be out," the foreman soon will
say;
They all take up their hats and mitts, to the woods
they haste away.

Oh, each goes out with cheerful heart, and with
contented mind,
For wintry winds do not blow cold among the waving
pine.
Loudly their axes ring, until the sun goes down,
"Hurrah! my boys, the day is done! for the shanty
we are bound."

The boots, the packs, the rubbers, are all thrown
aside;
The mitts, the socks, the rags, are all hung up and
dried.
At nine o'clock or thereabouts, into their bunks
they crawl,
To sleep away the few short hours until the morning
call.

Springtime rolls around, the foreman he will say:
"Lay down your saws and axes, boys, it's time to
break away."
And when the floating ice goes out, in business we'll
thrive.
Hundreds of able-bodied men are wanted on the drive.

****

No. 1536

SHE IS THE ONE I'LL ALWAYS ADORE
also known as
She's Like the Swallow

This is an Americanized version of an old British-Canadian love song. According to Brown, it is related to The Butcher Boy.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 271
Fowke (TSSO), No. 57
Karpeles, 243
Karpeles (FSN), II, 112
Jour (FSS), II, 159
Peacock, III, 711-714
Silber (HSB), 52
Silverman, I, 139

She Is the One I'll Always Adore

She's like the swallow that flies so high;
She's like the river that never runs dry;
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She is the one I'll always adore.

Oh, out in the garden this fair maid she goes,
She picked the lily and lovely primrose;
The more she plucked, the more she did pull,
Until she had her basket all full.

With all of the roses she made a bed,
A pillow of lilies she made for her head;
She lay herself down—no word was spoke—
And wept, because her heart was broke.

****

No. 1537

SHE'LL BE COMING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
also known as

Comin' 'Round the Mountain
She'll Be Driving Six White Horses
We're Gonna Kill the Old Red Rooster When She Comes

This is one of the most popular traditional songs in the United States. No early edition has been found, and date of origin is unknown. In recent times, however, versions of the song have appeared in hundreds

of folios and songbooks.
It seems that the song is a "parody" of the religious song, The Old Ship of Zion II A (see in MB). It is possible that the tune originated with a Negro spiritual, When the Chariot Comes, a version of which is in William E. Barton's Old Plantation Hymns (Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 1899), p. 44.
Whatever its origin, this song is more popular today than either the hymn or the spiritual.

REFERENCES

Best, 5
Brown, III, 534-535; V, 304-305
Durlacher, 82, 254
Ford (TMA), 276-277
Henry (FSSH), 422-423
Jackson (WNS), 148, 211
Leisy (LAS), 44-45
Lomax (FSNA), 414
Richardson (AMS), 71
Sandburg (AS), 372-373
Seeger (1), 90-91
Silverman, I, 344
Steely, 265-266
White, 94
Winn (2), 24-25

She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes!
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes!
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain whenshe comes.

She'll be driving six white horses, etc.

Oh, we'll all got out to meet her, etc.

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster, etc.

****

No. 1538

SHENANDOAH

also known as

Across the Wide Missouri
For Seven Long Years
Hurrah, You Rollin' River
Oh, Shenandoah
Rolling River
Shanadar
The Shenandoah Waltz
Shenandore
Wide Missouri, or Mizzoura

The name "Shenandoah" has been the subject of much speculation, but differences of opinion never seem to get resolved. Doerflinger, p. 353, says "The name 'Shenandoah' may have been suggested by that of Skenandoah, noted Oneida chief (d. 1816), though he was not a Western Indian. Others, including many shantymen, "though of Shenandoah as a river, perhaps that in Virginia."
As a capstan and windlass shanty, this song has traveled the seas of the earth with American and English sailors. On land, of course, it has long been a favorite. Song dates back to the early part of the 18th century.

REFERENCES

Adams, 316-317
Agay (1), 21
Agay (2), 63
Anderson (WY), 186
Arnett, 44
Beckett, 6-7
Best, 135
Bone, 104-105
Botkin (WFL), 734
Boughton, 134
Bradford, 16-17
Bullen & Arnold, 10
Carmer (SRA), 153-154
Colcord, 33-34, or 82-84
Davis (SSC), 10
Doerflinger, 77
Dolph, 4-5
Downes (1940), 88
Downes (1943), 96
Eckstorm, 243
Emrich (FAL), 445-446
Fife, 2-3
Ford (TMA), 132
Glass (SS-1), 46-47

Grafman, 113
Grainger, No. 166
Harlow, 112-114
Harlow (MS), 322
Harper's (7/1882), 283
Hugill (1), 177-178
Ives (SA), 194-195
Ives (SB), 134-135
Jour (AFL), XIX, 27
Jour (FSS), II, 247; V, 44
Karpeles (FSE), 48
King, 20
Langstaff (1), 77
Leisy, 295-296
Leisy (LAS), 65
Leisy (SPS), 182
Linscott, 148-150
Lloyd, 40
Lomax (ABFS), 546
Lomax (FSNA), 53
Lomax (PB), 28
Lomax (USA), 138-139
Luce, 225
Luther, 80-81
Mackenzie, 270, 402
Oberndorfer, 68
Okun, 117-118
Robinson, 66
Sampson, 10
Sandburg (AS), 408
Scott (FSS), 29
Seeger (6), 17
Sharp (EFC-2), 13, 58
Shay (ASSC), 66
Shay (IMWS), 56
Siegmeister, 16-17
Silverman, II, 266
Smith (BOS), 64
Smith (MW), 47, 51
Terry, I, 20
Trident, 112-113
Warner, 55
Whall (SSS), 1-2
Whitman, 60-61
Williams (SFS), 7

Shenandoah (Version A)

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Roll on, you rolling river!
We must sail now across the water,
'Way ho! I'm bound to go
Far across the wide Missouri!

Oh, Shenandoah, it's far I wander, etc.
Oh, Shenandoah, I hear the thunder, etc.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you, etc.
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll never grieve you, etc.

VERSION B
(Old U. S. Cavalry Song)

For seven long years I courted Sally,
Hey! Ho! you rolling river!
For seven long years I courted Sally,
Hey! Ho! I'm bound away
Far across the wide Missouri!

She would not have me for a lover, etc.

But, oh! she took my fifteen dollars, etc.

She went away to Kansas City, etc.

I'm sure she has another lover, etc.

****

No. 1539

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER
also known as

The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia
Earl Lithgow
Earl Richard
Earl Richard, the Queen's Brother
Jo Janet
The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter
The Shepherd's Daughter and the King
The Shepherd's Dochter
Sir William
Sweet Willie

The story plot of this ballad is old and direct: Boy sees girl, boy rapes girl, and then, faced with two choices, punishment or marriage, boy marries the girl.

Kidson said, this is "an example of a very ancient ballad, which has come down traditionally to our own time." The text was first printed, apparently, in Percy's Reliques. His version was taken from an old black letter copy, and is mentioned by Hearne "as being popular in Queen Elisabeth's time." Fletcher inserted a quotation from the ballad in two of his plays: The Knight of the Burning Pestle and The Pilgrim.

The tune is in The Dancing Master, published in 1652.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (EFSS), 8-9
Brown, II, 149-151
Buchan (ABS), II, 81, 91
Bulletin (FSSN), IX, 7-8
Chappell (PMOT), I, 126-127
Child, II, 457-477
Christie, I, 184-186
Creighton (MFS), 17-18
Ebsworth (RB), II, 30-31; III, 160-161
Friedman, 150-154
Greenleaf, 35-37
Greig & Keith, 87-90
Jour (AFL), XXII, 377-378
Jour (FSS), III, 222, 280; V, 86-90; VII, 303
Kidson (FSNC), 36-37
Kidson (TT), 19-21
Kinloch (ASB), 15, 25-28
Kinloch MSS, V, 255; VII, 61, 69
Kinsley, 263-266
Leach (BB), 315-320
Motherwell, 377
Muir, 248-251
Niles (BB), 225-227
Peacock, I, 230-232
Percy (RAEP), III, 76-80
Reeves (EC), 56
Sharp (100), 6-7
Williams (FSUT), 102-103

The Shepherd's Daughter

I knew a shepherd's daughter
Quite pleasing to the eye:
She tended to her father's sheep,
Where no suitors could apply.

Tag Chorus

Fo! lo! lay, fo! lo!
Dee iddle tee O day!

There came a young man riding by,
He spied her on the hill;
Said he, "I'll take that maid so fair,
And with her have my will."

He took the maiden in his arms,
And held her tightly bound;
He ruffled up her calico dress
And roughly threw her down.

He heeded not her pleading,
And with her had his way;
And when his fun was over and done,
He asked if he might stay.

She took her dress in her hands,
And she began to run;
She ran straight to the rancher's door
And told what had been done.

The rancher was an honest man
And turned her not away;
Said he, "Fair maid, I promise you,
I will make the scoundrel pay!"

He called together all his men,
And had her face each one;
Imagine his surprise when she
Identified his own son.

"If he were not my son," he said,
"He'd hang from yonder tree!
But I'll forego the punishment,
If your husband he will be."

****

No. 1540

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA
also known as
When Sherman Marched Down To the Sea

This song was immensely popular and was perhaps the most successful to come out of the Civil War. The text was written by Lt. S. H. M. Byers, of the 5th Iowa Infantry, while he was in a prison camp at Charleston, S. C.

In September, 1864, General Sherman started on his famous march to the sea, cutting a swath of desolation 60 miles broad and 300 miles long. He reached the Georgia coast in December, 1864, and then turned north. News of General Sherman's advance preceded him, and Lieutenant Byers wrote the words that would keep the feat in the public mind.

Many music publishers stole the text and set it to various tunes, but the winner turned out to be the publisher who set the words to the nationally popular tune of Rosin the Bow. One million copies of the sheet music had been sold by 1866. Despite the fantastic commercial success of the song, Lieutenant Byers received exactly $5.00 in payment.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 347
Ford (TMA), 464-465
Glass (SS-2), 207-209
Grand Army, 46
Moore (BFSS), 274-275
Scott (BA), 248-250

Sherman's March to the Sea Tune: Rosin the Bow

Our campfires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe.

And eagerly watched for the foe,
And eagerly watched for the foe,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe.

A rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea!"
For Sherman, etc.

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
That came from, etc.

We knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
That blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
When Sherman, etc.

We paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.
As Sherman, etc.

O proud was our army that morning
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
This day, etc.

Then sung we a song for our chieftain
That echoed o'er land and o'er lea;

And the stars on our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
When Sherman, etc.

****

No. 1541

SHE'S MY HONEY, MY BABY
also known as

Consumptive Mary Jane
Mary Jane
She Promised She'd Meet Me
She Promised to Meet Me

Very little is known about this song. According to Sandburg, "It is believed this song originated in Chicago..." It was overlooked by most folk song collectors.

REFERENCES

Best, 48 Leisy (SPS), 142 Sandburg (AS), 207

She's My Honey, My Baby

She promised she would meet me
As the clock struck seventeen,
At the stockyards just nine miles out of town,
Where there's pigs' tails and pigs' ears,
And tough old Texas steers
Sell for sirloin steak at ninety-cents a pound.

She's my honey, my baby,
She's humpback'd, she's crazy,
She's cross-eyed, she's pigeon-toed and lame—
(Spoken: "Got the rheumatism!")
They say her breath is sweet,
But I'd rather smell her feet!
She's my freckle-faced, consumptive Mary Jane.

****

No. 1542

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON
also known as

Around Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
For Her Lover Who Was Far, Far Away

In Her Hair She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
'Round Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
Yaller, or Yellow Ribbon

This is a widely known and still popular song. Some versions are too vulgar for printed circulation. As Dolph says, the song "obviously dates back to the days when the blue uniforms were piped with yellow for the cavalry, red for the artillery, and pale blue and white for the infantry."
Sheet music versions have been published any number of times, the latest by Regent Music, N. Y. C., 1949.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 149
Dolph, 19-21
Johnson (BBLL), 73, 138
Whitman, 45

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

In her hair she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the morning, she wore it through the day,
And if you want to know why she wears it,
She wears it for a soldier who is far, far away.

Far away! Far away!
She wears it for a soldier who is far, far away!

Round her knee she wore a purple garter;
She wore it in the morning, she wore it through the day,
And if you want to know why she wears it,
She wears it for a soldier who is far, far away.

Round the block she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in the morning, she pushed it through
the day;
And if you want to know why she pushed it,
She pushed it for a soldier who is far, far away.

Round the house her father keeps a shotgun,
He keeps it in the morning, he keeps it through the day;
And if you want to know why he keeps,
He keeps it for a soldier who is far, far away.

****

No. 1543

SHINE, SHINE I
also known as

All Around Heaven
My Little Soul's Goin' to, or Gonna Shine
O My Little Soul
O My Little Soul's Going to, or Gonna Shine

Spiritual with common title. See and compare Shine, Shine II in MB. Also see and compare Den My Little Soul Will Shine in White, 81-83 and This Little Light of Mine in Silber (HSB), 86.

REFERENCES

Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 175
Jubilee (PS), 6
Krehbiel, 104
Marsh (SJS), 220
Work (ANSS), 141
Work (FSAN), 56-57

Shine, Shine I

I don't care where you bury my body,
Don't care where you bury my body,
Don't care where you bury my body,
Oh! my little soul's gonna shine, shine!

All around heaven it will shine, shine!
All around heaven it will shine, shine!

I'm gonna meet with Jesus, my Saviour, etc.

I'm gonna be with Jesus in heaven, etc.

With all the stars away up yonder, etc.

****

No. 1544

SHINE, SHINE II

also known as

I'm Gonna Sit at the Welcome Table
I'm Gwine to Jine de Great 'Sociation
My Soul's Going to Shine
My Soul's Gonna Shine
Oh! My Soul's Going to Shine

This is a variation on the preceding song; it is from the singing of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Berger, 52
Creighton (MFS), 173
Creighton (TSNS), 28
Dett, 122
Marsh (SJS), 151
Pike, 191 or 233

Shine, Shine II

I'm gonna sit at the welcome table, (3)
Oh! my soul's gonna shine, shine,
Oh! my soul's gonna shine, shine!

Chorus

Shine, shine, I'll meet you in the morning, (3)
Oh! my soul's gonna shine, shine, etc.

I'm gonna tell God about my trial, (3)
Oh! my soul's gonna shine, shine, etc.

I'm gonna walk all about that city, (3)
Oh! my soul's gonna shine, shine, etc.

****

No. 1545

SHIPS A-SAILING

also known as

As I Sat on the Sunny Bank
I Saw Three Ships
I Saw Three Ships A-Sailing
I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In
On Christmas Day
On Christmas Day in the Morning
Three Little Ships
Three Ships A-Sailing
Three Ships Came Sailing In

An English Christmas carol and game-song. According to Phillips (Carols, Their Origin, Music, and Connection with Mystery Plays, pp. 48-50), this song is "probably of 15th century origin." Rimbault printed it as a form of wedding song. It was also extensively used as a nursery song.
For a similar song, see The Fairy Ship in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 52
Broadwood (ECS), 111
Brown, II, 210; IV, 131
Burne, 564
Christmas, 52
Combs (FSMEU), 163-164
Combs (FSUS), 141-142
Gardner (BSSM), 368
Gomme, II, 279-282
Husk, 24, 190
Jour (AFL), V, 326; LI, 17
Jour (EFDSS), V, 31-37
Jour (FSS), VII, 291-292

Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 359
Linscott, 284-285
Moffat (LSLA), 21
Moorat, 30
Noble (RC), 15
Opie, 382-383
Perkins, III, 13
Quiller-Couch, 442
Rimbault (NR), 26-27
Ritchie (FS), 49
Sandys, 112
Sharp (EFC-1), Nos. 12 & 13
Sylvester, 18
Wier (YAM), I, 123

Ships A-Sailing (Version A)

I saw three ships a-sailing by,
A-sailing by, a-sailing by,
I saw three ships a-sailing by
On Christmas day, in the morning.

And what do you think was in those ships?
In those ships, in those ships,
And what do you think was in those ships
On Christmas day, in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his lady, etc.

And whither sailed those ships all three?, etc.

O, they sailed into Bethlehem, etc.

And all the bells on earth shall ring, etc.

Then let us all rejoice amain, etc.

VERSION B
(Tune: Same as version A)

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by,

I saw three ships come sailing by
On Christmas day, in the morning.

O what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
O what do you think was in them then
On Christmas day, in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On Christmas day, in the morning.

One could whistle and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin,—
Such joy there was at my wedding
On Christmas day, in the morning.

****

No. 1546

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED
also known as
Lovers Parted The Parted Lover

This song, written by Henry C. Work and published by Root & Cady, Chicago, 1865, was tremendously popular. Later, the tune was borrowed for The Train That Never Returned (see in MB), which also gained extensive popularity. In 1920 the same tune was used for a song that is still popular, The Wreck of the Old 97 (see in MB). The modern folk hit, The M T A Song, popularized by The Kingston Trio and others, is also set to the 1865 air composed by Henry C. Work.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 92
Brown, II, 507-510; IV, 271
Henry (FSSH), 369-370
Hubbard, 209
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 196
Leisy, 296-298
Leisy (SPS), 52-53
Luther, 188
Perrow, XXVIII, 171-172
Pound (SFSN), XII, No. 1
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 201
Randolph, IV, 140-141
Sandburg (AS), 146-147
Shearin (SKFS), 32
Silverman, II, 276

The Ship That Never Returned

On a summer's day when the waves were rippling
With a gentle and a peaceful breeze,
A ship set sail with a cargo laden
For a port across the seas.

Chorus

Did she ever return? No, she never returned,
And her fate is still unlearned.
Tho' for years and years there were dear ones waiting
For the ship that never returned.

There were sad farewells, there were friends forsaken,
And her fate is still unlearned;
But a last poor man set sail as commander
On a ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his aged mother,
"I must cross that deep blue sea,
For I hear of a land in the far off country,
Where there's health and strength for me."

Said this feeble lad to his aged mother,
As he kissed his weeping wife,

"Just one more purse of that golden treasure,
It will last us all through life.

"Then we'll live in peace and joy together
And enjoy all I have earned."
So they sent him forth with a smile and a
blessing
On a ship that never returned.

****

No. 1547

THE SHOEMAKER
also known as
Kate, You Are My Darling The Old Shoemaker

An English song closely related to The Cobbler, a version of which may be seen in Cox (FSS), 491. For different "shoemaker" songs known under the same title, see Peg and Awl in Lomax (FSNA), 283 and The Shoemaker in Stokoe, 114-115 and Wier (YAM), III, 20.

REFERENCES

Campbell & Sharp, No. 100
Downes (1940), 256
Downes (1943), 304
Randolph, III, 378-379
Sharp, II, 75
Shearin (BBCM), 20
Siegmeister, 52-53

The Shoemaker

I am a shoemaker by trade,
I'll work in rainy weather;
Besides two pair I've made today
Of a side and a half of leather.

Chorus

Whack de loodedum, whack de loodedoode,
Whack de looledum, Kate, you are my darling.

Go hand me down my pegging awl,
I stuck it right up yonder;
Go hand me down my sewing awl,
To peg and sew my leather.

I have lost my shoemaker's wax,—
Where do you think I'll find it?
Ain't that enough to break your heart?
Hey! right here, Kate—I've found it.

****

No. 1548

SHOO FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME

The title and the refrain of this song, written in the early 1860s by T. Brigham Bishop, became a floating lyric and appears in several otherwise unrelated songs.

The original song was adapted for the minstrel stage by Billy Reeves and Frank Campbell. Their adaptation became, in turn, a game song for children. The Reeves and Campbell rewrite appeared in Ethel Barrymore's first Boradway play, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.

For a coal-mining "hard times" song called The Shoofly, see Korson (MMP), 27, (PSL), 380, (SBAM), 21 and Scott (BA), 276.

For yet another Shoo Fly, see Roberts (SBS), 176.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 304-308
Kennedy (TAB), 154-155
Loesser, 117
Randolph, II, 352
Scarborough (NFS), 200-201
Spaeth (REW), 63-64

Sullivan (OT), II, 173 Wehman (GOTS), No. 2, 39
Yolen, 198-199

Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me (Version A)

I think I hear the angels sing,
I think I hear the angels sing,
I think I hear the angels sing—
The angels now are on the wing.
I feel, I feel, I feel
That's what my mother said;
The angels pouring 'lasses down
Upon this nigger's head.

Chorus

Shoo, fly, don't bother me (3),
I belong to Comp'ny G.
I feel, I feel, I feel
Like a morning star.
I feel, I feel, I feel
Like a morning star.

If I sleep in the sun this darkey knows (3),
A fly comes sting him on the nose.
I feel, I feel, I feel
That's what my mother said,
Whenever this darkey goes to sleep
He must cover up his head.

VERSION B

Shoo fly, don't bother me (3),
For I belong to somebody.
I feel, I feel, I feel
Like a morning star;
I shine, I shine, I shine,
Like a brand new car.

I'll go up on the mountain
To plant a field of cane,
To make a barrel of molasses
To sweeten Liza Jane.

I feel, I feel, I feel, etc.

****

No. 1549

SHORTENIN' BREAD
also known as

Ain't I Glad the Old Sow's Dead

Mammy's Little Baby Loves Shortenin' Bread

Versions of this song come in a wide variety of texts, some of which make no mention of shortenin' bread. For examples, see Salt Rising Bread in Talley, 83; Wild Horse in Brown, V, 306 D and Lunsford, 55; Put On the Skillet in Scarborough (NFS), 152-153; and Run Here, Doctor, Run Here Quick in Brown, III, 269, V, 153; Jour (AFL), XLIV, 426 and White, 410.

"Shortenin'" or "Cracklin'" bread was usually made on farms and plantations at "hog killing" time. It is a very rich bread, made with bacon grease and bits of crisp bacon.

A "pop music" version, written in 1928 by Clement Wood and Jacques Wolfe, became a national hit. That version is not too different from several traditional versions, establishing it as nothing more than an adaptation. It is not the first time that traditional songs have undergone such treatment.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 156
Best, 40
Brown, III, 535-538; V, 305-307
Henry (FSSH), 428
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 142
Loesser, 224-225
Lomax (ABFS), 234-236

Lomax (FSNA), 504-505
Randolph, II, 328-330
Richardson (AMS), 81
Scarborough (NFS), 150-153
Silverman, II, 229
White, 193-194

Shortenin' Bread

Put out the skillet, put on the led,
Mammy's gonna make a li'l shortenin' bread.
That isn't all she's gonna do:
She's gonna make a li'l coffee too.

Chorus

Mammy's li'l baby loves shortenin',
shortenin',
Mammy's li'l baby loves shortenin'
bread.

Two little babies lyin' in bed,
One was sick and the other near dead;
Sent for the doctor, and the doctor said,
"Give them children some short'nin' bread!"

****

No. 1550

SHOW ME THE WAY

This is probably an outgrowth of the spiritual Oh, My Good Lord, Show Me the Way, which begins:

O my good Lord, O my good Lord,
Show me the way, show me the way;
O my good Lord, enter the chariot,
Show me the way, travel along.

A complete version of that song may be seen in Work (ANSS), 74. Also see and compare Show Me the Way in Brewer, 163 and Oh, My Good Lord, Show Me the Way in Johnson (SBNS), 133-135.
The version below is from Marsh (SJS), 191.

Show Me the Way

Brother, have you come to show me the way?
Brother, have you come to show me the way?
Show me the way how to watch and pray.

Sister, have you come to show me the way, etc.

Yes, my good Lord, show me the way, etc.

****

No. 1551

SHULE AROON
also known as

Buttermilk Hill
Come, My Love
Come, O Love
I Would I Were on Yonder Hill
Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier
My True Love Has Gone to France
On and On
Putman's Hill
Schule Aroon
Shule Agrah, Aron, or Arun
Shule, Shule
Siebhail a Gradh
With Fife and Drum He Marched Away

Originally an Irish song, this hauntingly beautiful piece was quickly adapted to English and widely distributed. According to Joyce, it belongs to the period following King James' defeat at the Boyne, when Irish-

men went as volunteers into the French army. Records establish the fact that an English version was popular in the American colonies, particularly among rebel troops.

Time and loose-use turned the Gaelic words into mere musical-sounding expressions, most of which now have no meaning whatsoever. Some versions in America are so far removed from the original that recognition is difficult. For example, see Randolph, I, 400-402. For adaptations, see Snail, Snail in Hudson (FSM), 275-276. For two variations, see I Dyed My Petticoat Red in Creighton (MFS), 131 and When I Get On Yonder Hill in Randolph, III, 209. For a shanty version, see Hugill (1), 347.

In most English-language versions the Gaelic Siubhail a gradh is written phonetically (Shule Aroon) and translate, Come, My Love, or Come, O Love. Three versions are given below. Version A is English-Irish, version B is American-Irish, and version C is obviously a parody.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 281-282
Brown, II, 362
Carmer (SRA), 34
Cole, 64-67
Davis (FSV), 222
Eddy, 126-128
Edwards (CHSB), 30
Glass (SS-2), 97-98
Ives (SA), 266-267
Ives (SB), 98-99
Jour (AFL), XXII, 115, 387; XXXV, 202-204, 402-405; LLII, 22
Jour (FSS), II, 253-254; III, 26-31; V, 29, 180-183
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 425
Kidson (EPS), 28
Langstaff (1), 94-95
Leisy, 192-193
Lloyd, 24
Loesser, 313-315
Lomax (ABFS), 299
Lomax (FSNA), 47-48
Lomax (USA), 117
Moffat (MI), 104-105

Most (PCS), 84
Randolph, I, 400-402;
III, 209
Scott (BA), 32-35
Scott (FSS), 18
Sedley, 121-122
Sharp, II, 50
Shekerjian, 120-121
Silber (SI), 87
Silverman, II, 307
Trifet (March, 1892), 14
Vinson, 84-85
Waite, 80
Weavers, 2-3

Shule Aroon (Version A)

I wish I was on yonder hill,
There I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill—
For Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Shule, shule, shule agrah.

Dear, O dear, I loved him so;
It broke my heart to see him go.
O time alone can heal my woe—
For Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
And through the streets I'll beg for bread.
O how I wish that I were dead!
For Johnny has gone for a soldier.

VERSION B

Oh, Johnny dear has gone away;
He's gone afar, across the bay,
And my heart is sad and weary all day,
Since Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Chorus

Shule, shule, shule aroon,
Time can only ease my woe,

Since the lad of my heart from me did go—
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my flax, I'll sell my wheel,
I'll buy my love a sword of steel,
So to the battle he may reel—
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I wish I was on yonder hill,
For there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill—
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.

VERSION C

I wish I was in Boston City,
Where all the girls they are so pretty;
If I didn't have a time 'twould be a pity,
Dis cum bibble lolla boo, slow reel.

Chorus

Shool, shool, shool I rool,
Shool I shag-a-rack, shoola barba-cool.
The first time I saw pilly bally eel,
Dis cum bibble lolla boo, slow reel.

****

No. 1552

SICH A GITTING UP STAIRS
also known as
Such a Gettin' Upstairs

This song was written for the minstrel stage by Thomas "Daddy" Rice, the man who was, they say, most responsible

for the entire minstrel-show craze. The song was published by G. Willig, Baltimore, in the early 1830s. Later, the song was adapted and made into a play-party piece called Getting Upstairs.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 186-188
Brown, V, 480-481
Carmer (SRA), 73-74
Dichter & Shapiro, 53
Levy (GN), 93
Lloyd, 83
Nathan, 169
Negro (1), I, 242; II, 167
Price, 32
Pub (TFLS), I, 35-38
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 3-4
Seeger (1), 53
Wolford, 44-45

Sich a Gitting Up Stairs

On a Suskehanna raft I come down de bay,
And I danc'd, and I frolick'd, and fiddled
all de way.

Sich a gitting up stairs I never did see!
Sich a gitting up stairs I never did see!

Trike he toe and heel, cut de pedgeon wing,
Scratch gravel, slap de foot,—dat's just de
thing.

Sich a gitting up stairs, etc.

****

No. 1553

SIDNEY AND CLAUD ALLEN I
also known as
Sidna Allen

This is a historical song that relates only one part of

the story. The court house shooting described in the text took place on a morning in March, 1912, in Hillsville, Virginia. Floyd Allen, the principal party in the incident, is not even mentioned in the text.

Floyd had fought with police officers who had come to arrest his nephews and, as a result, he and some of his cohorts were also arrested. The arrests occurred in North Carolina, not Virgina, and it must be pointed out that the arresting officers were not residents of—and, therefore, had no authority in—North Carolina. Actually, they had no right to arrest anyone.

Floyd, charged with obstructing justice, was found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. He promptly rose to his feet and informed the court, "I don't aim to go." Then he pulled a gun and started shooting. Five people, one of them a little girl, were killed. Floyd was shot by officers and died of his wounds.

Claude Allen was executed for his participation and Sidney was given life imprisonment. Sidney was released in the 1930s. For a song dealing with his release, see The Pardon of Sidna Allen in Richardson (AMS), 34.

REFERENCES

Burt, 254-255
Gardner (BSSM), 341-342
Henry (FSSH), 319-320
Hudson (FSM), 242-243
Hudson (SMFL), 73-74
Quarterly (SFL), V, 142
Thomas (BMMK), 155

Sidney and Claud Allen I

Come all of you people from far and near,
And listen to the story of a cruel mountaineer:

Now Sidney Allen was the mountaineer's name;
At the Hillsville court-house he won his fame.

The Caller called the jury at a half-past nine;
Sidney was the prisoner and he was right on time.
He walked through the door with a gun in each hand
And he sent Judge Massey to the Promised Land.

O, in a moment more the place was in a roar,
The dead and the dying were a-lying on the floor;
With a thirty-eight pistol, in the middle of the hall,
Sidney backed the sheriff up against the wall.

The sheriff saw at once it was a mighty bad place,
For Sidney Allen was staring right in his face.
He turned to the window and loudly he said,
"We'd better be careful or we'll soon be dead!"

Sidney leaped on his pony and away he did ride,
His cousins and his nephew were riding at his side.
Then Sidney told them he'd rather burn in hell
Than spend a single minute in a prison cell.

Well, Sidney got away and traveled all around,
But at last he was captured in a little western town;
They put the shackles on him, a heavy ball and chain,
And the next day they put him on the East bound train.

When the trial began the people gathered there,
And odds were ten to one that he would get the chair;
But they were all surprised to hear the judge decree:
"Now take this prisoner to the penitentiary!"

****

No. 1554

SIDNEY AND CLAUD ALLEN II
also known as
Claud Allen

At Hillsville, Virginia, in March, 1912, Judge Thornton L. Massie sentenced Floyd Allen to one year in the penitentiary. Within seconds a volly of shots wrecked havoc and tragedy in the courtroom. Some 200 shots were fired in less than a minute by Floyd and some twenty-odd relatives and friends. The Judge, the Sheriff, and the prosecuting attorney were killed; the clerk and several jurors were wounded. The Allens and their cohorts mounted their horses and rode away, to the mountains.
For an extensive report of the affair, see the Literary Digest, XLIV, March 30, 1912, pp. 627-628.
Claud S. Allen was captured, tried, and executed. For a report of his execution, see the New York Times, March 29, 1913.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 396
Brown, II, 567-569; IV, 286-287
Burt, 253
Henry (FSSH), 316-318

Sidney and Claud Allen II

Claud Allen and his dear old father
Have met their fatal doom at last;
Their friends are glad their troubles are ended,
And hope their souls have gone to their rest.

His mother's tears will gently flow
For the loss of two she loved so dear;
It seems no one can understand her troubles,
No one can ease her sorrow or fear.

Claud Allen's pretty little sweetheart
Is mournin' the one she loved;
But she will meet him beyond the river
And be with him there in heaven above.

Claud was young and very handsome,
And he still had hopes up to the end
That he might, in one way or another,
Escape his death at Richmond pen.

But the governor proved to be hard-hearted,
And not caring what his friends might say,
He finally took young Claud's life from him
And they laid his body in the clay.

High up on yonder lonely mountain
Claud Allen sleeps beneath the clay;
No more we'll hear his plea for mercy,
Nor see his face till Judgment Day.

****

No. 1555

SILLY OLD MAN
also known as

Here Stands a Young Man Who Wants a Sweetheart
Silly Old Maid
Silly Old Man He Walks Alone

A game song from England that is also well-known in Ireland. Various versions have been recovered from American tradition, most of which are sung to the tune of The Mulberry Bush (see in MB). According to Gomme, "the game seems to be one of the group of marriage games arising from the fact that at any gathering of people for the purpose of a ceremonial, whether a funeral or a festival, it was the custom to form matrimonial alliances."

The Silly Old Man is a common title. See and compare Gomme, II, 196-199 and Northall, 370, 378-379.

Silly Old Man — Tune: Mulberry Bush

Silly old man, he's all alone,
He wants a wife and can't get one;
Round and round and choose you one,
Or else choose none.

This young couple are married together,
Their fathers and mothers they must obey;
Love one another like sister and brother,
And down on their knees, kiss one another.

All go round and choose your own,
Choose your own, choose your own,
All go round and choose your own,
And choose a good one or else choose none.

****

No. 1556

THE SILVER DAGGER
also known as

An Awful Warning
The Bloody Dagger
Come All Good People
The Dying Lovers
The Greenfields and Meadows
Katie, or Katy Dear
The Lover's Farewell
O Parents, Parents, All Take Warning
The Shining Dagger
The True Lover
The Warning Deaths
Young Men and Maids
Young William

All versions of this song are derivatives or an old British broadside ballad, but some American versions are quite far removed from the original. Also, some

versions have been combined with other songs, namely The Silver Dagger and The Drowsy Sleeper. These fused versions may have come down from the broadside, Who's At My Bedroom Window?, ixxued by Wehman, New York, No. 518. Lawless lists 59 versions in print.

REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 202
Arnold, 75
Belden (BS), 123-126
Botkin (NEF), 859-860
Brewster (BSI), 211-214
Brown, II, 258; IV, 147
Cox (FSS), 350-352
Creighton (FSNB), 127-128
Davis (FSV), 57-59
Eddy, 227-229
Fuson, 71-72
Gardner (BSSM), 89-90
Hubbard, 66-67
Hudson (FSM), 188-189
Jour (AFL), XX, 267; XXX, 338, 361, 388; XXXV, 374; XXXIX, 129-132; XLVI, 45; XLIX, 211-213; LX, 218-219
Laws (AB), G 21
Leach (BB), 730-731
Leisy, 299-301
Morris, 80-81
Neely, 162
Pound, 121-124
Pound (SFSN), V, 1
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 185-186
Randolph, II, 53-58
Roberts (IP), 151-153
Robinson (YF), 33-35
Scarborough (SC), 42
Sharp, II, 229-230
Sturgis (SHV), 30
Thomas (DD), 110-111
White, 177-178

The Silver Dagger

Young men and maids, come pay attention
To these few lines I'm going to write,
About a youth, no name I'll mention,
Who once did court a beauty bright.

When his old parents came to know it,
They strove to part them day and night;

They meant to part him from his darling—
"She's poor! She's poor!" they cried in spite.

Upon his bended knees he pleaded,
Crying, "Father, mother, pity me!
She is my own, my dearest jewel—
What's this world without her to be?"

She turned her back unto the city,
She walked the greenfields and meadows 'round;
She walked unto some fair broad waters
And under a shady grove sat down.

She picked up her silver dagger,
Pierced it through her snowwhite breast;
She spoke these words and gave a stagger:
"Farewell, true love! I'm going to rest."

Her love by chance was on the water,
Chanced to hear her dying moan;
He ran to her like one distracted:
"I am ruined! I'm lost! I am left alone."

He picked up the bloody dagger,
Pierced it through his tender heart:
Let this be a sad and woeful warning
To all true lovers who're forced to part.

****

No. 1557

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Source Song. The tune has been used for several songs that are considered to be traditional. The song dates from 1873, and it was written by E. E. Rexford and H. P. Danks.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 152-153
Leisy (LAS), 122
Luther, 229
Mackenzie (SH), 5
Silverman, I, 145

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.
But, my darling, you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me.
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.
Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.

****

No. 1558

SIMPLE GIFTS

One of several Shaker songs included in this Master Book, this is said to express Shaker beliefs better than any other.
For additional information on the Shakers, see head-notes to I Will Bow and Bend in this Master Book.
Simple Gifts was published in 1848 and became popular over time. Aaron Copland borrowed it for a theme in his ballet, Appalachian Spring.
For other versions, see Lloyd, 62-63 and Silverman, II, 81.

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be.
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed;
To turn, turn will be our delight,
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

****

No. 1559

SIMPLE SIMON

This is an old and widely known nursery rhyme that was set to music and promoted as a song. For other versions, see Bertail, 31; Moffat (LSLA), 35; and Wier (YAM), I, 50.

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pie man
Going to the fair,
Says Simple Simon to the pie man,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the man to Simple Simon,
"Do you mean to pay?"
Says Simon, "Yes, of course I do!"
And then he ran away.

****

No. 1560

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE
also known as
Four and Twenty Blackbirds

Nursery rhyme-song. Absence from published collections of folk-song is probably is probably due to its availability in print.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 24
Mackenzie (SH), 130
Moorat, 10
Wier (SWWS), 196
Wier (YAM), I, 50

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was open the birds began to sing—
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

The king was in his countring house counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes,
There came a little dicky-bird and pecked off her nose.

****

No. 1561

SING SALLY O!
also known as
Mudder Dinah

According to both Colcord and Sharp, this is a Negro stevedore shanty, and an obvious variation of Haul Away, Joe (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Colcord, 60 Hugill (1), 288 Sharp (EFC-2), 36

Sing Sally O!

O, I say my Mammy Dinah, what is the matter?
Sing Sally O! Fol lol de day.
O, hurrah! hurrah! My Mammy Dinah,
Sing Sally O! Fol lol de day.

O, have you heard the news today? For we are homeward bound., etc.

****

No. 1562

SINNER MAN I

also known as

All On That Day
Can't Hide, Sinner
Lord, I'm On My Way
Oh, Sinner-Man
Oh, Sinner Man, Where You Going to Run To?
Sinners Will Call for the Rocks and the Mountains
What You Goin' To Do?
When the Last Trump Shall Sound
Where Are You Going to Run To?

This is an old campground hymn, or spiritual, that still circulates in the rural South. Many versions are known, several of which are professional rewrites. Sharp, II, 291 gives a compounded versions largely made-up of lines from other spirituals, such as Jacob's Ladder and Soldiers of the Cross.

REFERENCES

Jour (AFL), XXVI, 153
Langstaff (1), 82-83
Leisy, 301
Leisy (SPS), 9
Lloyd, 60-61
Marsh (SJS), 176
Odum (NHS), 76
Parrish, 142-144
Randolph, IV, 89-90
Roberts (SBS), 140-141
Sharp, II, 289-290
Silber (HSB), 99
Silverman, II, 109

Sinner Man I

Chorus

O Sinner man, where you gonna run to?
O Sinner man, where you gonna run to?
O Sinner man, where you gonna run to
All on that day?

Run to the rock; the rock was melting, etc.

Run to the sea; the sea was boiling, etc.

Run to the moon; the moon was bleeding, etc.

Run to ol' Satan, an' he was waitin', etc.

Run to the Lord; begged him to save me, etc.

O Sinner man, you should-a been pryain', etc.

****

No. 1563

SINNER MAN II
also known as

Oh, Where Shall I Be?
Where Shall I Be?
Where Shall I Go?
Where Shall I Be When the First Trumpet Sound?
Which Way Are You Going?

This variation of the Sinner Man theme is one of the spirituals sung by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For a somewhat different but related version, see Johnson (BANS), 136.

REFERENCES

Brown, V. 486
Chappell (FSRA), 147-149
Dett, 173
Dobie (TBE), 183

Fenner (RFSN), 172
Jackson (ASWS), 17
Jackson (WNS), 206-207
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 155; XXVII, 257
Pike (1873), 216
Pike (1875), 258
Sandburg (NAS), 14
White, 80

Sinner Man II

Oh! come back, sinner, and don't go there.
Which way are you going?
For hell is deep, and dark despair.
Oh! which way are you going?

Chorus

Oh! sinner, oh! sinner man!
Oh! sinner, oh! which way are you going?

Though days be dark and nights be long,
Which way are you going?
We'll shout and sing till we get home!
Which way are you going?

'Twas just about the break of day,
Which way are you going?
With sins forgiven and soul set free,
Oh! which way are you going?

****

No. 1564

SINNER MAN III
also known as
My Lawd Oh, Sinner

This is another and distinctly different "Sinner Man"

spiritual. For a similar version, see Grissom, 44-45. For a variation, see You Better Get Religion, Sinner Man in Kennedy (M-2), 19, 143.

Sinner Man III

Oh, sinner man, your bed's too short!
Oh, sinner man, your bed's too short!
Oh, sinner man, your bed's too short!
Ummmmmm, my Lord.

Oh, sinner man, you better pray, etc.

Oh, sinner man, your time ain't long, etc.

****

No. 1565

SINNER MAN IV
also known as

Kneel and Pray
Sinner Man, Kneel and Pray
We Will All Have Religion
Judgment Day

Here we have yet another form of the "sinner man" theme, but one not related directly to the preceding three. See and compare: Now Is The Time To Pray in Kennedy (M-2), 19.

Sinner Man IV

My father, where were you?
My father, where were you?
My father, where were you.
When Christ the Lord was here?

Chorus

We will all have religion Judgment Day,
Judgment Day, Judgment Day,
We will all have religion Judgment Day,—
Sinner man, kneel and pray.

My mother, where were you?, etc.

My sister, where were you?, etc.

My brother, where were you?, etc.

O, sinner, where were you?, etc.

****

No. 1566

SINNER MAN V
also known as

Oh, Sinner Man, You Would Not Believe

Tell John Don't Call the Roll

A shouting-type spiritual, fron the Carolinas. For another version, see Tobitt, 136.

Sinner Man V

Tell John don't call the roll 'til I get there,
Oh tell John don't call the roll 'til I get there,
Oh tell John don't call the roll 'til I get there.
Oh, Sinner Man, you would not believe!

Tell Mary don't ring the bell 'til I get there, etc.

Tell Peter don't bar the gate 'til I get there, etc.

Tell Martha don't draw the line 'til I get there, etc.

****

No. 1567

THE SIOUX INDIANS
also known as

The Ballad of Crossing the Plains
Crossing the Plains
The Indian Fighters

This is a realistic ballad about a fight between a band of hostile Indians and Oregon-bound pioneers.

REFERENCES

Botkin (WFL), 743-744
Burt, 142-143
Fife, 122-123
Hubbard, 293-294
Ives (SA), 178-179
Ives (SB), 242-243
Laws (NAB), 138
Lingenfelter, 259-260
Lomax (CS-1919), 56-57
Lomax (CS-1938), 344-346
Lomax (PB), 100
Moore (BFSS), 280-281
Randolph, II, 216-217
Scott (BA), 179-181
Silber (SGAW), 33-35
Silverman, I, 16
Warner, 119

The Sioux Indians

I'll sing you a song, tho' it may be a sad one,
Of trials and troubles, and where first begun;
I left all my kinfolk, my friends and my home,
And we crossed the wide deserts and mountains to roam.

I crossed the Missouri and joined a large train,
Which bore us o'er mountains, valley and plain;
And oft in the evening, out hunting we'd go,
To shoot the fleet antelope and the wild buffalo.

We traveled three weeks, till we came to the Platte,
And we pitched our tents out there on a flat;

We spread down our blankets on green grassy ground,
While the horses and oxen were a-grazing around.

While taking refreshments we heard a low yell,
The whoop of Sioux Indians coming up from hell;
We sprang to our rifles with a flash in each eye:
"Boys," says the leader, "we'll fight till we die!"

With our small band—Oh, about twenty-four—
And of the Sioux Indians there were five hundred or more;
We fought 'em with courage, and spoke not a word—
Till the end of the battle only shouting was heard.

We shot their bold chief at the head of the band;
He died like a warrior, with his gun in his hand.
When they saw their brave chief lying dead in the gore,
They whooped and they yelled, then we saw them no more.

We hitched up our horses and started the train.
Three more bloody battles we fought on that plain;
And in our last battle three of our boys they fell,
And we left them to rest in a green shady dell.

We traveled by day, guarded camp during night,
Till Oregon's mountains stood clear in our sight.
Now at Pocahontas, beside a clear stream,
Our journey has ended in the land of our dream.

****

No. 1568

SIT DOWN!

also known as

I Can't Sit Down
I Just Got To Heaven an' I Can't Sit Down
My Soul's So Happy
Oh, Won't You Sit Down?
Set Down, Servant
Sit Down! No, I Won't Sit Down
Sit Down, Servant, Sit Down
You're Tired, Chile

An old spiritual that exists in several varying versions, two of which (A & B) are given below. For a modern and recent labor union parody, see Whitman, 71-72.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 176
Hayes, 58-62
Leisy (LAS), 148-149
Lomax (ABFS), 584-586
Lomax (USA), 362-363
Scott (SA), 63
Silverman, II, 119
Winn (2), 84-85
Work (ANSS), 65

Sit Down! (Version A)

Who's that yonder dressed in red?
They look like the children that Moses led!
Who's that yonder dressed in white?
O, those are the Christians walking in the light!

Chorus

Sit down! No, I won't sit down!
Sit down! No, I won't sit down!
Sit down! No, I won't sit down!
I just got to heaven and I wanna look around.

Who's that yonder dressed in blue?
The children of Israel a-comin' through!
Who's that yonder dressed in black?
They're just the old hypocrites the Lord
turn'd back!

VERSION B

You look mighty tired, so sit down,
You look mighty tired, so sit down;
Sit down, servant, sit down!
Sit down an' rest a little while.

Chorus

Sit down, servant, sit down! (3)
Sit down an' rest a little while.

You come shoutin' happy, so sit down, etc.

Ain't no sense in standin', so sit down, etc.

****

No. 1569

SKEWBALL
also known as

The Noble Skewball
The Noble Sku-ball
Squeball
Stewbald
Stewball, or Stu Ball

This song originated as a British broadside. According to Flanders, "The oldest known version of this ballad of the race on the Kildare, Ireland, track, between Sku-ball and Sir Ralph Gore's mare, Miss Portly, was printed in The Vocal Library, London, 1822, p. 526, and and reprinted in Scarborough (NFS), 61-62."

A text of the ballad from The Songster's Museum, Hartford, Ct., 1826, pp. 3-4, is in the Barry Collection of ballad prints, with directions that it be sung to the air of Money Makes the Mare Go.
The ballad became highly popular in the American South, where, by 1868 or thereabout, it passed into Negro tradition, and was sung to the air of My Horses Ain't Hungry.
For examples of related pieces, see Perrow, XXVIII, 134 and Work (ANSS), 234. For a prison work-song version sung by Southern blacks, see Lomax (ABFS), 68-71.
Not all songs with "Skewball" in their titles are related to our piece. For example, see The Skew-Ball Black in Hendre, 229; Lee (CSB), 71; and Lomax (CS-1919), 243 or (CS-1938), 14-15.
One who knows the meaning of "skewbald, or skewball" will have no problem with differentiation. The term is applied to a horse having a coat marked with blotches of bay on a white ground—the markings of the "pinto," or, as cowmen say it, "paint." If the blotches are black, then the color is added to the term "skewball" to avoid confusion.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 371; IV, 211
Davis (FSV), 41, 257-258
Fife, 18-20
Flanders (CSV), 24-25
Flanders (NGMS), 172-174
Lomax (PB), 91
Robinson (YF), 75
Scarborough (NFS), 62-64
Seeger (3), 68-69
Weavers, 44-47

Skewball

O! ladies and gentlemen, come one and come all!
Did you ever hear tell of the noble Skewball?
Hold on to your saddles and don't be alarmed,—
By the noble Skewball you will never be harmed.

He was owned by Tim Duffy, a king in this land,
Who said that Skewball's speed record would stand.
Because of Tim's bragging and actions so bold,
He was challenged to race for a large sum of gold.

When the challenge was offered by Jonathan Gore,
Tim Duffy accepted and said with a roar:
"I'll gamble five thousand and gladly declare,
That the noble Skewball will out-run the gray mare!"

When the time was appointed, and horses brought forth,
The people all gathered from south and from north;
And when they had gathered, the racing to share,
They all bet their money on Jon Gore's gray mare.

Then up stepped Tim Duffy, and said to the town,
"Come, gentlemen, sportsmen, put your money down!
Five thousand, ten thousand—and I'll stand you all!
I'll bet my last dollar on my noble Skewball!"

When Skewball was saddled and brought to the track,
The people all shouted, "Hey! you'd better go back!
You'll never keep up with Jon Gore's gray mare,
She's the queen of the turf, and the best anywhere."

The riders being mounted away they did fly;
Skewball, like an arrow, passed the gray mare by.
If you had-a been there to see them come round,
You'd swear that those horses never touched the
ground!

As the end of the race was a-comin' near,
The people cried out: "Skewball, never fear!
Although in this country you've not raced before,
You've beaten the gray mare and ruined Jon Gore!"

****

No. 1570

SKIP TO MY LOU, MY DARLING

also known as

Skip Come a Lou
Skip to My Loo
Tuli-Lule
Tum, Tum Ololee
You're the One, My Darling

This may well be the most popular of all game songs and dance airs known in the United States. "Lou" is not an individual's name, however, but is a term adapted from the Scots "Loo," meaning "love." The text of the song is derived from the old English game, Bull In The Park.

For a game piece called Skip-to-Ma-Lou, My Children Dear, see Hofer (PFG), 12.

Also see headnotes to The Duke of Marlborough in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 304-305
Arnett, 60
Ball, 20-21
Berger, 17-18
Bertail, 128
Blair, 98
Botkin (APPS), 314-316
Brown, I, 101-103; V, 520
Cambiaire, 131-132
Chase (AFTS), 193-199
Collins, 27
Douthitt, 31-32
Downes (1940), 108-109
Downes (1943), 132-133
Dudley & Payne, 15
Duncan (PPHC), 13-14
Fife, 275
Ford (TMA), 240-241
Fuson, 166-167
Gardner (SPPG), 123-125
Grafman, 109
Hofer (PFG), 38
Hudson (FSM), 300
Hudson (FTM), 38
Hudson (SMFL), 128-129
Ives (SA), 106-107
Ives (SB), 194-195
Johnson (EAS), 3
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 126, 301; XXV, 270-271; XLIV, 20-21; XLIX, 248
Kit, R, 10

Lair, 26
Lair (SLL), 22
Leisy, 302-303
Leisy (LAS), 42-43
Lomax (ABFS), 294-295
Lomax (USA), 98-99
Luther, 47, 209
Lynn (CS), 16
Mahan, 40-42
McDowell (FDT), 58
McIntosh (SS), 29
Morris, 217-218
Neely, 201-202
Owens (TFS), 159-160
Perrow, XXVI, 136-137
Piper (SPPG), 276-277
Pound (SFSN), XXVIII, 4
Price, 100
Pub (TFLS), 309, 331
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 233-238; VIII, 224
Randolph, III, 287-291
Randolph (OPP), 203-204
Randolph (Ozarks), 141-142
Richardson (AMS), 82
Scott (BA), 167-168
Seeger (1), 166-167
Seeger (3), 166-167
Seeger (6), 90
Shearin (SKFS), 36
Silverman, I, 304
Van Doren, 493
Warnick, 164
Wedgwood, 270-271
Winn (1), 178-179
Wolford, 89-90

Skip To My Lou, My Darling

My wife has left me, what'll I do?
My wife has left me, what'll I do?
My wife has left me, what'll I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Pretty as a redbird, prettier, too, etc.

Gone again, and what'll I do?, etc.

I'll get me one prettier than you, etc.

If you can't get a redbird, blackbird'll do, etc.

Fly in the sugar bowl, shoo, fly, shoo, etc.

My girl has left me, so I'll take you!, etc.

****

No. 1571

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP
also known as
Cradle Song

German lullaby that is found in many of the 19th century songbooks, where it is generally described as a German folk song. The title is, of course, a common one. For a different German lullaby with like title, see Wier (YAM), I, 41. For an English lullaby bearing the same title, see Moffat (LSLA), 63. The latter begins:

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep;
The little lamb is on the green
With snowy fleece so soft and clean.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Examples of other lullabies of the same title may be seen in Baring-Gould (SW), II, No. 49 and Cambiaire, 155.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 84
Chapple (HS), 323
Oberndorfer, 135
Winn (1), 16

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Your father guards the sheep;
Your mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves his sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

****

No. 1572

THE SLOOP JOHN B.
also known as

The John B. Sails The Wreck of the John B.

This popular song came to the United States from Jamaica. It proved to be one of those songs too tempting for professional folk performers to ignore, and many of them developed their own versions. The better known version is probably the one by Lee Hayes (of The Weavers), issued in 1950. Hayes apparently adapted the song from the version printed in 1927 by Carl Sandburg.

REFERENCES

Best, 125
Leisy, 303
Leisy (SPS), 180
Lomax (FSNA), 530-531
Sandburg (AS), 22-23
Sandburg (NAS), 64
Silverman, II, 259

The Sloop John B.

We came on the sloop John B.,
My old grand-dad and me,
'Round Nassau town we did roam,
Drinking all night, we got in a fight;
I feel so broke up I wanna go home.
So hoist up the John B.'s sail,
See how the mains'l set,
Send for the captain and then we can go home.
Let me go home, let me go home,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk,
An' broke into a lady's trunk;
Sheriff come, took him away,
Locked him up tight, an' kept him all night—
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home., etc.

****

No. 1573

SNAIL I

Game song with common title. According to Bancroft, "This is a favorite game with very little children." The game itself contains a "winding up" action that supposedly originated in the times of tree worship. See Bancroft, 377-378. Also see Snail II & III in this Master Book.

Snail I

Hand in hand you see us well
Creep like a snail into his shell;
Ever nearer, ever nearer, ever closer,
ever closer,
Very snug indeed you dwell,
Snail, within your tiny shell.

Hand in hand you see us well
Creep like a snail out of his shell;
Ever farther, ever farther, ever wider,
ever wider—
Who'd have thought this tiny shell
Could have held us all so well?

****

No. 1574

SNAIL II

Also known as

Chinese Baby Song Snail, Snail

Lullaby with common title. This is an Americanized version of the old English nursery ditty that begins:

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

Those two lines were used in combination with a version of Shule Aroon (see in MB) recovered in Mississippi and printed in Hudson (BSM), 162 or (FSM), 275-276 and in Tolman & Eddy, 402-405. Also see Wier (YAM), I, 102. For other versions of the text below, see Bertail, 134 and Chapple (HS), 55.

Snail II

Snail, Snail, come out and be fed,
Put on your horns and then your head;
And your Papa and your Mama
Will give you boiled mutton.

****

No. 1575

SNAIL III
also known as
Six Little Snails

Nursery song with common title. For other versions, see Bertail, 62 and Wier (YAM), I, 113.

Snail III

Six little snails lived in a tree.
Johnny threw a big stone,—down came three!

****

No. 1576

SNAPOO
also known as

The Little Dutch Soldier
The Little Marine
Soldier From Over the Rhine

This was originally a bawdy song, though the actual source is in question. One of the earliest known versions begins:

Oh, a little Dutch soldier from over the
Rhine, Snapoo!
Oh, a little Dutch soldier from over the
Rhine, Snapoo!
He stopped at the house of a lady so fine,
Snapeeta, snapoota filanda gosheeta
fislam snapoo!

Aboard ships, at sea, sailors used Snapoo as both forecastle song and capstan shanty. According to Colcord and others, Hinky Dinky Parlay-Voo (see in MB) is a derivative of Snapoo. On the other hand, Snapoo itself is a derivative—so some collectors say, though they cannot seem to agree which song is the source. According to some, Snapoo derived from Der Wirthin Töchterlein, a poem by Uhland that was set to music, but the only resemblance in the two songs is structural, not lyrical or melodic. Robert W. Gordon thought it was a derivative of Drei Reiter am Thor and Joanna Colcord claimed that the source was a French song, Le Retour du Marin (see in MB). However, it must be observed that none of these claims are supported by any clear evidence.
For a song set to the tune of Snapoo, see Harrison vs Van Buren XIV in this Master Book.
Also see Colcord, 111 and White, 159.

Snapoo

O Madam, O Madam, your daughter's too fine,
Snapoo!
O Madam, O Madam, your daughter's too fine,
Too sleep with a soldier from over the Rhine.

Chorus

Tap O tap pater and van de go tater,
And shaker snap peter snapoo!

O mother, O mother, I'm not too fine,
Snapoo!
O mother, O mother, I'm not too fine
To sleep with a soldier from over the Rhine.

****

No. 1577

SO HANDY, MY BOYS, SO HANDY
also known as
So Handy, My Girls

Colcord says that this song is "a sort of general utility shanty, with no particular story, and no lines peculiar to it alone." Doerflinger describes it as a halyard or 'short-drag' shanty. Sung in both American and English ships, the shanty has survived in several widely varying versions.

REFERENCES

Baltzer, I, 95
Colcord, 76
Davis (SSC), 58-59
Doerflinger, 12
Grainger, No. 162
Harlow, 142-143
Jour (FSS), V, 304, 311
Luce, 223
Masefield (SG), 367
Masefield (SS), 73
Robinson (July 21), 66
Sampson, 47
Sharp (EFC-2), 48
Shay (IMWS), 35
Smith (MW), 17, 52, 230
Terry, II, 64
Tozer, No. 30
Whall (SSS), 82-83

So Handy, My Boys, So Handy

Oh, up aloft this yard must go,
So handy, my boys, so handy!
Oh, up aloft from down below,
So handy, my boys, so handy!
So handy, my boys, so handy!

We'll hoist it high before we go, etc.
We'll hoist it up and leave it so, etc.

We're bound away around Cape Horn, etc.
We'll get 'er there some windy morn, etc.

Oh, one more pull and that will do, etc.
Oh, we're the crew that'll shove her thro', etc.

I thought I heard the captain say, etc.
At daylight, boys, we're bound away, etc.

****

No. 1578

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

also known as

The Bold Dragoon
The Bold Soldier
A Brave Soldier
Dear Jewell
Erlington
The Gallant Soldier
I'll Tell You of a Soldier
The Lady and the Dragoon
Lady Flower
Only a Soldier
The Poor Soldier
Rich Lady from London
A (The) Soldier
Soldier, Oh, Soldier
The Soldier's Wooing
Song of a Soldier
The Valiant Soldier
The White River Shore
Yankee Soldier
The Young Soldier

This is another of the so-called "secondary" Child ballads. In this case, however, several collectors went a step further and related it to two Child ballads:

Earl Brand (Child No. 7) and Erlinton (Child No. 8). Barry, Jour (AFL), XXIII, 447 concluded that Soldier of Fortune was "somehow" derived from the 17th century broadside, The Master-piece of Love Songs "printed for A. M. W. O. and Tho. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck Lane," versions of which are in Ashton (CB), 164 and Ebsworth (RB), VI, 2290231. Yet in British Ballads From Maine, Barry describes the same ballad as a "secondary" derivative of Erlinton (Child No. 8). Belden (BS) also associates it with Erlinton. Creighton (SBNS), Davis (TBV), and Moore (BFSS) all related Soldier of Fortune to Earl Brand (Child No. 7). Eddy prints two versions under the title: Earl Brand and Flanders, exercising caution, says this song "may in one way or another be related to the tradition of Child 7, Earl Brand and Erlinton (Child 8)."

Cecil Sharp refers Soldier of Fortune to a broadside by Such, the English version in Williams (FSUT) and others, but makes no mention of any relationship to either Earl Brand or Erlinton.

For an interesting, serious study of the matter, see the article by David M. Greene in Jour (AFL), LXX, 221-230.

The song below is not related to the English ballad, The Bold Dragoon, a version of which is in Baring-Gould (SW), III, No. 65.

REFERENCES

Ashton (CB), 164
Barry (BBM), 377-382
Belden (BS), 103-104
Belden (PLSB), No. 84
Best, 32
Brewster (BSI), 40-41
Brown, II, 287-290; IV, 158-160
Bulletin (TFS), II, 1, 9
Bulletin (FS), No. 4, 5
Cazden, I, 42-43
Chappell (FSRA), 88-90
Coffin, 37-38
Cox (FSS), 375-376
Creighton (SBNS), 25-26
Davis (FSV), 66
Davis (TBV), 92
Eddy, 14-17

Flanders, I, 131-149
Flanders (GGMS), 60-62
Flanders (VFSB), 232-233
Gardner (BSSM), 380-381
Henry (FSSH), 185-187
Ives (SB), 70-71
Jour (AFL), XXIII, 447-449;
XXIX, 188; XLV, 114-116;
LX, 215-216
Jour (FSS), I, 108
Laws (AB), 27, 193-194
Moore (BFSS), 177-178
Pound, 68-69
Pound (SFSN), II, 15
Quiller-Couch, 153-156
Randolph, I, 303-307
Sanders, 9-11
Scarborough (SC), 201-203, 409-410
Scott (MSB-1803), III, 235
Scott (MSB-1833), II, 353
Sharp, I, 333-337
Tolman & Eddy, 414
Williams (FSUT), 115-116

Soldier of Fortune (Version A)

Soldier, Oh, soldier, a-comin' from the plain,
He courted a lady through honor and through fame;
Her beauty was so bright that it never could be told,
She loved the handsome soldier because he was so bold.

"Soldier, Oh, soldier, I'd gladly be your bride,
But from my angry father we would be forced to hide."
He took sword and pistol and hung them by his side,
And swore they'd be married, no matter what betide.

He took her to the parson, then took her home again,
And there he met her father with seven more armed men.
"Let us flee!" cried the lady, "I fear you shall be slain."
"Never fear," said the soldier, "they have come in vain."

He pulled sword and pistol and caused them to rattle;
The lady held the horse while he fought the battle.
"Hold your hand," her father cried. "Do not be so bold!
I'll give you my daughter and a thousand pounds of gold."

"Fight on!" cried the lady. "The portion's too small!"
"Wait!" said the old man. "Wait! and you can have it all!"
He led them home and he called them son and dear—
Not because he loved them, but through a deep felt fear.

VERSION B

I'm here to sing of a soldier who from the war had come,
Who courted a lady more beautiful than some;
And she said she would have a soldier
Because he was so bold.

So off together they did go, but coming home again
They met her old father and seven more armed men;
And she was afraid for her soldier
Because he was alone.

The Soldier pulled sword and pistol and set himself
to fight;
Her father then cried out: "Perhaps my daughter's right!
There's no need for us to do battle,—
Instead I'll take you home."

****

No. 1579

A SOLDIER OF THE JUBILEE
also known as
I'm Going To Live With Jesus A Soldier of the Cross

This spiritual dates back to at least the first part of the 19th century, and may be older. This version is from the original Fisk Jibilee Singers, who popularized it. For other versions, see Marsh (SJS), 173 and Pike, 213, or 255.

A Soldier of the Jubilee

I'm gonna live with Jesus,
A soldier of the Jubilee!
I'm gonna live with Jesus,
A soldier of the Cross!

Chorus

Oh, when you get there, remember me,
A soldier of the Jubilee!
Oh, when you get there, remember me,
A soldier of the Cross!

I'm on my way to heaven, etc.

****

No. 1580

SOLDIER'S JOY

This is a country dance tune without words. Soldier's Joy is the name of one of the earliest dances recorded in England. The tune is also popular in Ireland and the United States. Fiddlers still play the tune at Square Dances.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 712
Burchenal (ACD), 6
Ford (OTFM), 25
Ford (TMA), 49
Jour (EFSS), I, 81
Linscott, 110-111
Ryan, 84
Shaw, 383
Thede, 118

Soldier's Joy -Music only. See under TUNES in MB

****

No. 1581

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT I
also known as
Bingen on the Rhine

This song, written by Caroline Norton and Judson Hutchinson, was immediately popular in the United States and Europe, beginning in the 1840s. For a parody, see A Soldier's Lament II in this Master Book. The version below is from Johnson (FS), 537-541.

A Soldier's Lament I

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears;
But a comrade stood before him, while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's
hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
mine;
For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen, on the Rhine."
Bingen, Bingen, Oh, beingen of the Rhine.

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was child-
ish weak;
His comrades bent to lift him, but the spark of life
had fled.
The soldier of the legion in a foreign land was dead.
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody
corpses strewn.
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pal light
seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

****

No. 1582

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT II
also known as
Bacon on the Rind

This is a parody of the preceding song, and it originated during the Spanish-American War. For versions popular among American infantrymen, see Dolph, 191-193 and Loesser, 292-294.

A Soldier's Lament II

A soldier in the cavalry lay on a canvas bunk,
On a soap-box there beside him lay a hunk of Army punk;
As he chewed away and busy, his face turned ashen gray,
For the soldier boy was dying in the Island far away.
As his comrades knelt beside him, to hear what he might
say,
The dying soldier faltered, "Bring me a bunch of hay,
For my horse has food in plenty, and the grub is left
behind,
And I must starve on bacon, Army bacon on the rind."

That evening just at twilight, as the flag slid down
the pole,
We bowed our heads in silence for the parting soul.
But that night beside the campfire you could hear his
comrades say,

"If he'd had a soldier's ration, he'd be alive today.
A curse on the man who did it, tho' with coin his
purse be lined,
May he starve on prunes and bacon, Army bacon on the
rind."

In a trim New England cottage sits a mother old and
gray;
In her hand she holds a letter that came to her that
day.
And as she sits there reading, her eyes are filled
with tears,
For the letter brings the tidings that every mother
fears;
It tells how in the Islands her darling met his death,
Fighting for flag and country midst the battle's
frenzied breath.
But it don't tell how it happened, and perhaps the
Fates are kind,
For her darling starved on bacon, Army bacon on the
rind.

****

No. 1583

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

This song is from a radical labor movement at the turn of the 20th century. In 1905 several radical elements combined forces and organized the Industrial Workers of the World, commonly known as the IWW, for the purpose of organizing the masses of unskilled and semi-skilled laborers into a giant union, regardless of race, creed, or color. In 1906 they published a songster (IWW SONGS) which expanded over the years. This particular song appeared in the 1915 edition. The words were credited

to Ralph Chaplin, who set them to the tune of John Brown's Body (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Greenway, 181
Scott (BA), 282-283
Seeger (6), 91
Silverman, I, 421
Whitman, 73

Solidarity Forever — Tune: John Brown's Body

When the union's inspiration
Through the worker's blood shall run,
There can be no power greater
Anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker
Than the feeble strength of one?
But the union makes us strong!

Chorus

Solidarity forever! Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever! For the Union makes
us strong!

They have taken untold millions
That they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and musicle
Not a single wheel could turn.
We can break their haughty power,
Earn our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

It is we who ploughed the prairie,
Built the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops,
Endless miles of railroad laid;

Now we stand outcast and starving
Midst the wonders we have made,
But the Union makes us strong!

****

No. 1584

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKIN' AT YOUR DOOR

I have no information concerning this old spiritual other than those published works containing versions of it.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 669-670;
V, 392-393
Chambers (TNS), 75-77
Dett, 144
Fenner (RFSN), 155
Fisher (SNS), 164-165
Hallowell, 12
Johnson (BANS), 85-86
Leisy (LAS), 152-153
Shekerjian, 116-117
Work (ANSS), 192

Somebody's Knockin' at Your Door

Somebody's knockin' at your door,
Somebody's knockin' at your door,
O, sinner, why don't you answer?
Somebody's knockin' at your door.

Knocks like Jesus,
Somebody's knockin' at your door;
Knocks like Jesus,
Somebody's knockin' at your door.

Can't you hear him?, etc.

Jesus calls you, etc.

****

No. 1585

SOME FOLKS
also known as
The Merry, Merry Heart

This is one of Stephen Foster's compositions. Although the song is ignored by folk-song collectors, it is traditional.
For other versions, see Luther, 153 and Staton, 86.

Some Folks

Some folks like to sigh,
Some folks do, some folks do;
Some folks long to die,
But that's not me nor you.

Chorus

Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day
Like the Queen of Mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks fear to smile, etc.
Some folks laugh thro' guile, etc.

Some folks fret and scold, etc.
They'll soon be dead and cold, etc.

Some folks toil and save, etc.
To buy themselves a grave, etc.

****

No. 1586

SOME LADY'S GARDEN
also known as

Aransom Shansom Brick House

Built My Lady a Fine Brick House
The Closet Key
Do, Do Let Me Out
Do, Do Pity My Case
Do Pity My Case
Fine Brick House
I Built My Lady a Big Fine House
I Built My Love a Big Fine House
I'm in Some Lady's Garden
In Somebody's Garden
In Some Lady's Garden
In Them Ladies' Garden
My Lady's Garden
Swing a Lady
Swing a Lady Home

We have here a series of game songs that are related through textual content if not necessarily through a common origin. Aside from the four versions given below, there are several other pieces that could have been included, such as the Ransum Scansum song in Scarborough (NFS), 131, in which the "lady's garden" has been replaced by the "lady's chamber." For other comparable pieces, see Green, Green Rocky Road in Courlander (NSA), 101; O This Door Locked in Sharp, II, 363; and The Paw-Paw Patch in this Master Book. Versions A, B, C and D below have all been associated together by various collectors of published folk songs.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 98
Botkin (APPS), 210-211
Brown, I, 86
Fauset (NFTS), 303
Kennedy (BC), 196
Newell, 87
Owens (PPT), 176
Piper (SPPG), 267-268
Ritchie (SSB), 24-25
Scarborough (NFS), 114, 139, 140
Scott (FSS), 26
Seeger (1), 136, 169, 170
Sharp, II, 379
Wier (YAM), I, 71

Some Lady's Garden, or The Closet Key

VERSION A

I have lost the closet key
In some lady's garden;
I have lost the closet key
In some lady's garden.

Help me find the closet key, etc.

I have found the closet key, etc.

VERSION B: Do, Do Pity My Case

Do, do pity my case
In some lady's garden;
I've clothes to wash when I get home,
In some lady's garden.

Do, do pity my case, etc.
I've clothes to iron when I get home, etc.

Do, do pity my case, etc.
I've floors to scrub when I get home, etc.

Do, do pity my case, etc.
I've cakes to bake when I get home, etc.

VERSION C: I'm In Some Lady's Garden

Oh, somebody come and let me out of here—
I'm in some lady's garden.
I'll roll like a log if you let me out of here—
I'm in some lady's garden.

Oh, somebody come and let me out of here, etc.
I'll pant like a panther if you let me out of here, etc.

Oh, somebody come and let me out of here, etc.
I'll run like a rabbit if you let me out of here, etc.

VERSION D: Swing a Lady Home

Away down yonder in the cedar swamp,
Where the water's deep and muddy,
There I spied my pretty little Miss,
And knew she'd be my honey.

Chorus

Swing a lady up and down,
Swing a lady round;
Swing a lady up and down,
Swing a lady home.

An ugly girl is better than none,
Over in somebody's garden;
Pretty girl's always lookin' for fun,
In somebody's garden.

I built my love a big white house,
Over yonder in the garden;
Thinks that every little thing she wants
Some man is bound to give her!

****

No. 1587

SOMETHING'S WRONG DOWN THE ROAD
also known as

All Day Long All Night Long

This song appears to be a combination of two older songs, one of which is a spiritual known as All Night Long, or

Paul and Silas Bound in Jail, and the second is the country blues known as Something's Wrong Down the Line.
The version below is from Leisy (SPS), 34.

Something's Wrong Down the Road

All day long, all day long,
All day long, from sun-up on;
I'm tired waiting, I want to go—
If the train don't come
Something's wrong down the road.

All night long, all night long,
All night long, from midnight on;
Down in the valley, ready to go—
If the train don't come
Something's wrong down the road.

All day long, all day long.
All day long, from sun-up on;
I told my baby what she done knowed,
If the train don't come
Something's wrong down the road.

****

No. 1588

SOME VALIANT SOLDIER
also known as
To Help Me Bear the Cross

This spiritual, which has a text quite similar to that of Hail, Mary, is from Allen (SSUS), 50, or 95 (depending upon the edition consulted).

Some Valiant Soldier

Oh, Lord, I want some valiant soldier,
I want some valiant soldier,
I want some valiant soldier,
To help me bear the Cross.

For I weep, I weep, I can't hold out!
If any mercy, Lord, O pity poor me.

****

No. 1589

SONG OF THE ROOKIE I
also known as

The Raw Recruit
The Recruit
A (The) Rookie
Rookie's Lament

This and the following song are representative of many songs "poking fun" at army recruits, a form of behavior that has been going on since the days of the Continental Army. This particular song dates from the American Civil War and is sung to the tune of Reuben and Rachel (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Dolph, 17-18
Loesser, 180
Lomax (ABFS), 548-551
Luther, 292
Trident, 132-133

Song of the Rookie I Tune: Reuben and Rachel

I ain't been long in this hyar army,
I'm whut they call a new recruit;
Guess I'll stay—it's bettern than farming;
Git three meals and pay to boot.

The very first thing in the mornin',
Fella with a horn makes an awful noise;
Then that guy they call first sergeant
Says, "Git up an' turn out, boys!"

Then its go down to the stables
With your brush and curry-comb;
There you groom as long as you're able,
Quit grooming, fall in, march back home.

Then you go down to the bath-house,
Place like I ain't never seen before;
Water runs in through a hole in the ceiling,
Runs right out through a hole in the floor.

They tried to learn me a soldier lesson,
Marched me up and turned me around;
Give me a gun an' I put it on my shoulder—
One, two, three, an' put it on the ground.

Then they up and talk by signals,
fella waves a flag to one far away;
Just one thing I'm tryin' to git over—
How he knows what he's tryin' to say?

****

No. 1590

SONG OF THE ROOKIE II
also known as
A Rookie

This song is not as old as the preceding one, but it dates back to the Indian Wars in the West and was also very popular among the troops during the Spanish-American War. For a similar versions, see Dolph, 210-214.

Song of the Rookie II

I will sing you a song, 'twill not take me long—
With some facts I know you'll agree—
Of a young man so green who came to chew beans,
Who enlisted a soldier to be.
He had lots of pluck, on himself he was stuck,
In his government straights he looked boss;
For he was a hard case with no hair on his face;
He could chew as much food as a horse.

Chorus

For he was a rookie so flooky; he was dandy you all
will agree.
And he said without fear, "Before I'm a year
In the army great changes you'll see."
For he was a stone-thrower, a foam blower; he was a
lulu, you bet.
When he stood on his head, these words gently said:
"I'll be a second George Washington yet!"

At Frisco he did land; they took him in hand—
All the old bucks soon gathered round.
"Say, when did you enlist?" "Oh, give me your fist!"
"You'll take on again, I'll be bound."
"I've a blanket to sell; it will fit you quite well.
You may take it—the whole or a piece."
"I've a dress coat to trade, and a helmet unmade;
It will do you for kitchen police."

Then they gave him a gun, and the 'Top' said, "My son,
Come heel-ball this musket up bright.
In a few days or more you'll be wilted in gore
When you go those black gugus to fight.
There'll be blood flowing free, and you'll be there
to see;

We'll send you right up to the front.
You need have no fear—if you get scalped, my dear,
You'll be pensioned: eight dollars per month!"

Oh, they scared him so bad he blew in all he had
And he went on a drunk with good will.
The 'Top' did report, "There's one private short."
When he showed up he went to the mill.
The proceedings, we find, was a ten dollars blind;
It was ten dollars less to blow foam.
That was long years ago, and that rookie, you know,
Is now in the old soldiers' home!

****

No. 1591

SON OF A GAMBOLIER

Source song. Son of a Gambolier was issued as a penny song, No. 381, by H. J. Wehman. A variation called Rambling Sailor was issued as a broadside by W. & T. Fordyce, Newcastle and Hull, No. 16. A version known as Old War Song, or The Rambling Soldier is in Brown, III, 439-440. Perhaps the most popular of the songs based upon Son of a Gambolier is the widely known college piece, A Helluva Engineer (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Milburn, 183-184
Most (PCS), 38-39
Sandburg (AS), 44
Shay (PF-1), 106-107
Shay (PF-3), 59-60
Silverman, II, 336

Son of a Gambolier

Come, join my humble ditty,
From Tippery town I steer;

Like ev'ry honest fellow,
I take my lager beer.
Like ev'ry honest fellow,
I take my whiskey clear.
I'm a rambling rake of pvoerty,
The son of a Gambolier.

The son of a, son of a, son of a,
Son of a, son of a Gambolier!
The son of a, son of a, son of a,
Son of a, son of a Gambolier!
Like ev'ry honest fellow,
I take my whiskey clear.
I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
The son of a Gambolier.

****

No. 1592

THE SONORA FILIBUSTERS

From Put's Original California Songster, 1855, this, like other songs by J. A. "Old Put" Stone, was written to the air of an extremely popular song of the time.

REFERENCES

Dwyer, 148 Lingenfelter, 286-287 Songster (144), 50

The Sonora Filibusters Tune: Sweet Alice

Oh, don't you remember Bill Walker, the great,
Bill Walker, the captain of the band,
That went to Sonora to clean out the State,
To take up and fence in the land?
They tore down the flag at the Enseñada Camp
And hoisted the Star-spangled Banner,

Which terrified the Greasers, tho' nothing but fun,
For Walker to scare Santa Anna.

Oh, don't you remember the town of La Paz,
Where Walker began his career
And was shot in the back, so Fred Emory says,
While stealing a poor Spanish steer?
La Paz is still standing, as filibuster dens,
And each hole and corner is full
Of filibuster thieves that were caught stealing hens,
And others their backs lined with wood.

Oh, don't you remember the ship-loads that went,
In spite of their friend, Uncle Sam?
With knives, guns and pistols, they started hell-bent—
For greasers they didn't care a damn!
But warn't they astonish'd when they heard Sam had
bought
Sonora, Chihuahua, and all
And the "Portsmouth" was coming to hang all she caught?
So Walker's Republic did fall.

****

No. 1593

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN
also known as

Chickens A-Crowing on Sourwood Mountain
Chickens Crowing
The Chickens They Are Crowing
Crowing on Sourwood Mountain
I Got a Gal at the Head of the Holler
Old Man, Old Man

This is both a country dance tune and a mountain song. It is still popular and is frequently printed in varying versions. Lines and, sometimes, whole stanzas of

other songs are incorporated into this song. There is an unrelated country "dance" and "drinking" song known as Chickens Are A-Crowing, or My Pappy He Will Scold Me, which is in Downes, 181 or 215 (depending upon the edition), Randolph, III, 342-343, and Sharp, II, 378.

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 897-898
Botkin (APPS), 40
Brown, III, 279-285; V, 162-166
Brown (BLNC), 10
Cambiaire, 11
Campbell & Sharp, No. 114
Chase (AFTS), 148-149
Downes (1940), 204-205
Downes (1943), 244-245
Fuson, 170-171
Gainer, 180-181
Gordon (FSA), 75
Henry (FSSH), 399-400
Ives (SA), 142
Ives (SB), 184
Jour (AFL), XXII, 249; XXIV, 297
Kincaid No. 1, 19
Langstaff (1), 38
Leisy (LAS), 45-46
Loesser, 51
Lomax (ABFS), 276-277
Lomax (FSNA), 211
Lomax (PB), 72
Lomax (USA), 84-85
Lunsford, 24-27
Luther, 47-48
Morris, 231-232
Oberndorfer, 86-87
Randolph, III, 155-157
Richardson (AMS), 89
Roberts (SBS), 171-172
Sandburg (AS), 125, 320
Scott (BA), 31
Sharp, II, 305-306
Shearin (SKFS), 38
Silverman, I, 369
Sizemore (1), 24
Thede, 102
Thomas (DD), 114-115
Wilson (BA), 61
Wyman (LT), 91

Sourwood Mountain

Chickens a-crowin' on Sourwood Mountain,
Ho diddle dum, diddle dum day!

So many pretty girls I can't count 'em,
Ho diddle dum, diddle dum day!

Girl I love is a blue-eyed daisy, etc.
Nevertheless she drives me crazy, etc.

Traveled around for many a year, etc.
Never had no trouble 'til I got here, etc.

Got me a gal at the head of the holler, etc.
She won't come down and I won't foller, etc.

Got another gal in the middle of town, etc.
She can make a Jack-rabbit slap a hound, etc.

One of these days before I'm done, etc.
I'll get that gal and away we'll run, etc.

****

No. 1594

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY
also known as

Barbara Buck	Barbro Buck
Barbo Buck	Barby Buck
Barbra Buck	Darby Buck

This song, with words by Captain G. W. Alexander, C. S. A., appeared in the Virginia Cavalier, Richmond, Va., in 1863.
Another Southern Soldier Boy, written by Father Ryan and W. Ludden, was popular at the same time, but it is not related to the song given below. For a version of the other song, see Staton, 127-128.

REFERENCES

Glass (SS-2), 274-276	Randolph, II, 307
Jordan (SY), 365-366	Sharp, II, 274

The Southern Soldier Boy Tune: Lad With the Auburn Hair

Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart's name,
He's off to the wars and gone;
He's fighting for his nannie dear,
With sword all buckled on.
He's fighting for his own true love,
His foes he does defy;
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

Chorus

Yo! ho! Yo! ho! Yo ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
He is my only joy;
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

When he comes home from war's alarms,
We'll start anew in life;
I'll give myself right up to him,
A dutiful, loving wife.
I'll try my best to please my dear,
For he is my only joy;
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

****

No. 1595

THE SOW SONG
also known as

The Herring Song
The Jolly Herring
The Jolly Red Herring
The Measles in the Spring
The Old Cow
The Old Sow
The Old Sow's Nose
The Red Herring
The Sow Took the Measles

What Shall I Do With My Old Sow's Nose?

Widely known in American musical tradition, this song is more popular with children today than with adults. Versions appear in many song-books and folios, primarily those issued by music publishers. It derives from the old English song, The Red Herring. In America, the Red Herring became the Old Sow and, in turn, in the West, the Old Sow became the Old Cow.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (BNSR), 13-15
Brown, III, 218
Davis (FSV), 147
Fuson, 185
Gordon (FSA), 105-106
Hamer, 16-17
Ives (SB), 244-245
Karpeles (EFS), II, 436
Kennedy, 651
Linscott, 253-254
Lomax (FSNA), 31
MacColl & Seeger, 339-341
Randolph, III, 149-150
Reeves (EC), 179-180
Rymour, II, 52
Seeger (3), 52-53
Silverman, I, 315
Warner, 63
Williams (FSUT), 167
Yolen, 62-63

The Sow Song

Say! how do you think I began in this world?
I got me a sow and several other things,
But the sow took the measles,
And she died in the Spring.

Then what do you think I made of her hide?
The very best saddle that you ever did ride.
Saddle, or bridle, or any such thing;
The sow took the measles and she died in the Spring.

Say! what do you think I made from her nose?
The very best needle that ever sewed clothes.

But the sow took the measles
And she died in the Spring.

Then what do you think I made of her tail?
The very best whip that did ever take sail.
A whip, a handle, or sny such thing;
The sow took the measles and she died in the Spring.

****

No. 1596

SPANISH LADIES

also known as

Fair Spanish Ladies
Farewell and Adieu
Farewell to You, Ye Fine Spanish Ladies

This old English sea-song, or "forebitter," became almost as well known among Americans as among English seamen. Cecil Sharp listed it as a capstan shanty.

REFERENCES

Beckett, 16-17
Bell, 454
Bullen & Arnold, 32-33
Chappell (PMOT), II, 736-737
Creighton (TSNS), 233
Davis (SSC), 94-95
Dixon (APBS), 235-236
Glass (SS-1), 60-61
Hugill (1), 385-386
Jour (FSS), II, 179
Karpeles, 155-156
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 289
King, 24
Leisy (LAS), 80
Mackenzie, 257-258
Masefield (SG), 180-181
Notes: 3rd series, XII, 461; 4th series, I, 19
Scott (FSS), 7
Sharp (EFS), II, 97-99
Sharp (FSFS), 62-64
Sharp (100), 205-207
Shay (ASSC), 136-137
Shay (IMWS), 10-16
Smith (MW), 45
Tobitt, 63
Whall (SSS), 18-19

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and goodbye, you fine Spanish ladies,
Farewell and goodbye to you ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short while to see you again.

Chorus

We'll rant and we'll roar like honest, true sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all over the seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old
England,
From Ushant to Scilly is thrity-five leagues.

We shove our ship to, with the wind from sou'west,
boys,
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
Found forty-five fathoms with a white, sandy bottom,
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up our clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass!

****

No. 1597

SPEED THE PLOUGH

This is a fiddle-dance tune. According to Linscott, "The name of this dance clearly indicates that it comes from the ancient rituals connected with 'Plough Monday' in Great Britain." This may be true but the tune has never been traced to a provable source. If there is a text, I have not been able to locate it. See and compare: God Speed the Plough in Greenleaf, 376 and Sumner, 5-7.

REFERENCES

Brand, 472
Burchenal (ACD), 37
Ford (TMA), 78
Linscott, 112

Speed the Plough NO WORDS See Under TUNES

****

No. 1598

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

also known as

Dear John
Down in the Meadow
Hi O, Charleston Row
In Springfield Mountain
The Major's Son
The Mower
Oh, Johnny Dear, Why Did You Go?
Oh, Molly Dear
On Fieldmount Spring
On Springfield Mountain
O Polly Dear
The Pesky Sarpent
Rattlesnake (Song)
Rattle Um Snake
The Sarpint, or Serpent
The Venomous Black Snake
Woodville Mound

This is perhaps the oldest original folk ballad of the United States based upon a true story. According

to many sources, the event behind the ballad is this: Timothy Merrick, son of Thomas and Mary Merrick, was bitten by a rattle-snake on Spring Mountain, August 7, 1761, and died within three hours. His age was 22 years, 2 months and 3 days.

Written by Natha Torrey, the ballad in its original form was a sincere lament for the departed victim. For a discussion, see Bulletin (FSSN), VII, VIII, X & XI.

A variation, Love and Pizen, or The Sad Story of Young Farmer Mazzard and Sally Thomas, was sung at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1836, by Mr. G. H. Andrews, who was appeared as Jotham Gam in The Massacre. In the 1840s the ballad was parodied as a vaudeville piece by George G. Spears and George H. Hill. As known today, the song is almost entirely derived from the vaudeville version.

In its serious form the song was printed in The Book of Words of the Hutchinson Family, New York, 1851, p. 37; in J. G. Holland's History of Western Massachusetts, 1855, pp. 161-162; and in the Springfield Republican, June 6, 1886. In its serio-comic form, the song was printed in Harper's Magazine, Vol. 59, p. 798; in the Folk-lore Primer (published by the Folk-lore Committee, Alabama Association of Teachers of English), p. 9; and in The William and Mary Literary Magazine, XXIX, April 1922, p. 524.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 13
Agay (2), 57
Arnold, 64-65
Beck (FLM), 106-107
Belden (BS), 299-300
Best, 49
Botkin (AFL), 828-829
Botkin (NEF), 864-865
Brewster (BSI), 322-323
Brown, II, 489-492; IV, 265-267
Bulletin (FSSN), II, 10-12; III, 20; V, 14; VII, 4; VIII, 3-6; IX, 8-10; X, 6-8; XI, 13-15
Coleman, 18

Cox (FSS), 292
Cox (TBFS), 122, 124-125
Downes (1940), 32-33
Downes (1943), 38-39
Eddy, 248-252
Flanders (NGMS), 159-161
Flanders (VFSB), 15-18, 35
Friedman, 302-307
Gardner (BSSM), 120-121
Hale, 86
Henry (BMFB), No. 2
Henry (SSSA), 223
Hudson (BSM), 163-164
Hudson (FSM), 184
Ives (SA), 96-97
Ives (SB), 68-69
Jour (AFL), XII, 242, 254; XIII, 107, 111; XVIII, 295, 300; XXII, 366; XXVIII, 169; XXIX, 188; XXXV, 415; XXXIX, 163; XLIV, 116; XLV, 175-176; XLIX, 263-265
Laws (NAB), 213
Leach (BB), 719-723
Leisy, 305-306
Linscott, 285-286
Lloyd, 49
Lomax (ABFS), 356-357
Lomax (CS-1919), 315
Lomax (CS-1938), 194
Lomax (FSNA), 13, 403
Lomax (PB), 22
Lomax (USA), 28-29
Moore (BFSS), 378-380
Morris, 112-114
Owens (TFS), 108-109
Payne (SBGG), 209-212
Pound, 97-100
Pound (SFSN), V, 19
Randolph, III, 167-170
Scott (BA), 44, 156-158
Sharp, II, 166-167
Shay (PF-2), 92-93
Shay (PF-3), 166-167
Shoemaker (NPM), 126
Silverman, II, 361
Winn (2), 51
Yolen, 114

Springfield Mountain (Version A)

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A likely youth was known full well;
Timothy Merrick was his name,
Lieutenant Merrick's son of fame.

On Friday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow;
He mowed and mowed around the field
Till a poisonous serpent bit his heel.

When he received his deathly wound,
He laid his scythe down on the ground;
For to return was his intent,
Crying out loud long as he went.

His cries were heard both near and far,
But no friend to him did appear;
They thought he did some workman call,
And so poor boy alone did fall.

Day being done, now, and night coming on,
The father went to seek his son,
And soon his only child he found
Cold as a stone, dead on the ground.

He took him up and bore him home,
And all the time did cry and mourn,
Saying, "I heard, but did not come,
And now I'm left alone to mourn."

'Twas August seventh, seventeen sixty-one,
That this sad accident was done;
Let this a warning be to all,
To be prepared when God doth call.

VERSION B

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell,
Right to my new rite, lam-a-didle doo,
Springfield Mountain there did dwell,
Tum-a-rah;
On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A merry youth that I knew well,
Right to my new rite, lam-a-didle doo.

On Monday morning he did go, etc.
Down in the meadow for to mow, etc.

He scarce had mowed half round the field, etc.
When a pesky serpent bit his heel, etc.

He took the serpent in his hand, etc.
And straitway went to Molly Bland, etc.

"Oh, Molly, Molly, here you see, etc.
A pesky serpent that bit me.", etc.

Fair Molly had a ruby lip, etc.
With which the pizen she did sip, etc.

Fair Molly had a rotten tooth, etc.
The pizen struck and killed them both, etc.

The neighbors found that they were dea, etc.
They laid them out upon one bed, etc.

And all their friends both far and near, etc.
Did cry and howl they were so dear, etc.

Now all you folks a warning take, etc.
From Molly Bland and her tooth ache, etc.

****

No. 1599

STAGOLEE I

also known as

Stackalee, or Stacka Lee Stackerlee, or Stacker Lee

This is a genuine Negro-American folk song, a classic, created by some unknown genius. There is no doubt about it: Stagolee was a bad, a mighty bad man. His meanness continues to grow. I have heard as many as fifty stanzas describing his deeds, and at one sitting. They say he was born in Missouri, where he made a pact with the Devil and get a stetson hat. Touch that stetson and Stagolee would shoot you dead! His love for that hat proved his undoing in Memphis, where he killed Billy Brown, or Lyon, for stealing it.

Two versions of Stagolee I are given below, and both are related. Stagolee II, which follows after, is a song influence by but is not related to the two versions given here.

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 127-180
Burt, 202-203
Courlander, 177-179
Finger (FB), 91-93
Friedman, 381-383
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 288
Laws (NAB), 240
Leach (BB), 765-766
Leisy, 306-308
Leisy (SPS), 36-37
Lomax (ABFS), 93-99
Lomax (FSNA), 571-572
Odum (NHS), 198
Odum (NWS), 196-198
Scarborough (NFS), 92-93
Seeger (6), 51
Wheeler (SD), 101-102

Stagolee I (Version A)

When you talk about your gamblers,
Remember Stagolee;
He bet a thousand dollars
He could come out on a three!
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

I remember last September,
Late one Friday night,
Stagolee and Billy Brown
Had a drag-out fight!
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

Ol' Billy Brown done bet six-bits,
Stagolee bet he'd pass;
Stagolee pulled a forty-four,
And said, "You've bet your last!"
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

Miss Sally Brown came runnin' 'round,
Fell down on her knees;
She cried, "O Mister Stagolee,
Don't shoot my brother, please!"
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

Then Billy said, "O Stagolee,
Please don't take my life;
I got two little babies
And a darlin' lovin' wife."
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

"Whatta I care for babies?
And I don't know your wife!
You done took my stetson hat—
I'm bound to take your life!"
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

Gentleman of the jury,
What do you think of that?
Stagolee killed ol' Billy Brown
For stealin' his stetson hat!
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

When the jury found him guilty,
The judge told Stagolee,
"I'm gonna lock your body up
And set your spirit free!"
When you lose your money, learn to lose!

VERSION B

Stacker Lee's gal had faith in his love,
She wore that she'd be true to him
By all the stars above,
Stacker, Stacker Lee!

Stacker Lee's wife she heard the bad news;
She got up in her stockin' feet an' went
Lookin' for her shoes,
Stacker, Stacker Lee!

Whatta you know about this an' that?
Ol' Stacker done killed Billy Lyon
Cause he took his stetson hat!
Stacker, Stacker Lee!

Stacker Lee's wife said, "Why'd you do that?
I would have gone and bought for you
Another stetson hat."
Stacker, Stacker Lee!

****

No. 1600

STAGOLEE II
also known as
Stacker Lee

Here we have a riverman's song about Stagolee; it was collected from roustabouts in the Deep South by Mary Wheeler. I have seen it only in her collection but I have heard if sung many times around New Orleans. See Wheeler (SD), 102-103.

Stagolee II

Oh, Stack in the rivuh,
Turnin' all roun' an' roun',
An' I am prayin'
Fo' the long tall Stack to go down.

The women are hollerin',
"Oh Mister Stacker Lee,

He's taken my husband
An' made a trip for me."

Oh, Stack has got ways
Jes' lak a natural man;
He'll steal yo' woman,
An' in the woods he'll lan'.

My mother wuz a seamster,
Learn't me how to sew;
She learn't me how to Ball-and-Jack
An' nevuh touch the flo'.

I don't want no woman
Takin' me roun' an' roun';
I jes' want some woman
To bounce me up an' down.

****

No. 1601

STANDING IN THE NEED OF PRAYER
also known as
It's Me, It's Me, O Lord

Versions of this popular spiritual are currently available in hymn and other song books, but its origin has not, to my knowledge, ever been satisfactorily established.

REFERENCES

Best, 154
Brown, III, 671-672; V, 395-396
Burlin, 15
Chambers (TNS), 78-79
Dett, 183 & App. IX
Fenner (RFSN), 176
Fisher (SNS), 168-169
Gainer, 222-223
Johnson (BANS), 94-95
Leisy (LAS), 144-145
Mackenzie (SH), 113-114
Oberndorfer, 26
Odum (NHS), 94
Silverman, II, 76
White, 110

Whitman, 111 Work (ANSS), 70
Wier (SSS), 104

Standing in the Need of Prayer

It's not my mother, nor my father,
But it's me, O Lord, standing in the need of prayer.
It's not my mother, nor my father,
But it's me, O Lord, standing in the need of prayer.

Chorus

It's me, it's me, it's me, O Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer;
It's me, it's me, it's me, O Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer.

It's not my sister, nor my brother, etc.

****

No. 1602

STAND THE STORM
also known as

Oh, Stand the Storm
We'll Anchor By and By
We'll Stand the Storm

This is a slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. According to Jackson, it was adapted from the revival spiritual Heavenly Port, or We'll Stem the Storm which was published in the Sacred Harp, p. 378 and reproduced in Jackson (SFS), 206 and (WSSU), 248.
See and compare: Jordan's Stormy Banks and We'll Stem the Storm in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Dett, 189
Jubilee (PS), 17
Marsh (SJS), 154
Pike (1873), 194
Pike (1875), 236
Work (ANSS), 161

Stand the Storm

My ship is on the ocean,
We'll anchor by and by!
My ship is on the ocean,
We'll anchor by and by!

Chorus

Oh! stand the storm! It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by!
Stand the storm! It won't be long.
We'll anchor by and by!

She's making for the Kingdom, etc.

I've a mother in the Kingdom, etc.

****

No. 1603

THE STATE OF ARKANSAS
also known as

An Arkansas Traveler
Bill Safford
Bob Standford
Jack Shepherd, or Sheppard
Old Arkansas
Sandford, or Sanford Barnes
Santford Barnes
A Traveler in Arkansas
What Tom Saw in Arkansas

This is a widely known piece of regional satire that varies considerably in different localities. Some versions share titles with two totally unrelated songs: Arkansas Traveler and Jack Sheppard.

For an interesting variation, see Tocowa in Hudson (BSM), 161, or (FSM), 208. For different songs that share titles with this one, see Jack Sheppard in Mackenzie, 315-316 and Arkansas Traveler in Roberts (SBS), 183-184. For yet another, see The Arkansas Traveler in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 424-426
Belden (PLSB), No. 110
Botkin (AFL), 316-317
Brewster (BSI), 265-267
Brown, III, 382-385; V, 230-231
Carmer (LLD), 285-286
Cox (FSS), 239-241
Davis (FSV), 142
Dean, 8-9
Finger (FB), 33
Finger (SCCS), 52-54
Friedman, 434-436
Laws (NAB), 220
Lomax (CS-1919), 226-228
Lomax (CS-1938), 283-285
Lomax (FSNA), 322-323
Lomax (USA), 240-241
Masterson, 255-268
Milburn, 184-187
Moore (BFSS), 385-386
Neely, 210-212
Owens (TFS), 226-228
Perrow, XXVI, 173
Randolph, III, 25-33
Sharp, II, 238
Shearin (SKFS), 15
Silverman, I, 20
Talley, 64
Thomas (DD), 152-153
Thorp & Fife, 196
White, 184

The State of Arkansas

My name is Billy Barnes, I was born in Trenton Town,
I have sailed the wide world over and roamed the land around.
I've had some ups and downs, my friends, I've seen good times and raw,
But I never knew what bad times were till I went to Arkansas.

In eighteen hundred and two, early in the month of
June,
I landed in old Hot Springs one calm and sultry
afternoon.
I met a walking skeleton, who offered me his paw,
Inviting me to his hotel, the best in Arkansas.

I followed my conductor into his dwelling place,
And poverty was written on his melancholy face.
His bread was corn and mealy, the meat I could not
chaw;
And that's the kind of food I got in the state of
Arkansas.

I rose next morning early, to catch the East-bound
train;
He said, "You stay and work for me, I've got some
land to drain.
I'll pay you fifty-cents a day, room and board and
all—
You'll find yourself a different man, when you leave
Arkansas."

I worked for him about six weeks—Jake Haskins was
his name;
Nine feet tall without his shoes, as lanky as a crane.
His hair hung down in ringlets o'er his lean and
lantern jaw;
He was a picture of all the gents raised up in Arkansas.

He fed me on corn dodgers as hard as any rocks;
My teeth became all loosened and my knees began to
knock.
I got so lean on sassafras I could hide behind a
straw.
Indeed I was a different man when I left Arkansas!

I started out next morning a little after five;
I staggered into a big salcon, half dead and half
alive.
I ordered whiskey merrily, and drank the tonic raw,
Then jumped the train for Memphis, and left old
Arkansas.

****

No. 1604

STAY TILL THE SUN GOES DOWN
also known as

Betty Anne
God Bless the Ocean
My Little Betty Anne
Shady Grove

This is a song that is also popular as a fiddle and dance tune. There are innumerable versions extant, and in all areas of the United States. Two versions (A and B) are given below, one from New England and the other from the American South.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 552-553; V, 318-319
Combs (CFBB), 241-244
Gainer, 175
Jour (AFL), VI, 139; XXVIII, 182-183
Langstaff (1), 50
Lloyd, 74
Lomax (FSNA), 234-235
Ritchie (FS), 43
Ritchie (SFC), 49-50
Ritchie (SSB), 44-45
Sharp, II, 37
Silber (HSB), 63
Silverman, II, 150

Stay Till the Sun Goes Down (Version A)

Shady Grove, my little love,
Shady Grove, my dear;
Shady Grove, my own true love,
I'll never leave you here.

Hold me close till the sun comes up,
Never mind the town;
You are the one I truly love,
Stay till the sun goes down.

Shady Grove, my little love,
Standing in the door,
Shoes and stockings in her hand,
Bare feet on the floor.

If I had a dollar bill,
Know just what I'd do:
I'd buy a bag of lollipops,
Give 'em all to you.

Shady Grove, my little love,
Hear me when I say,
Come along and be my love—
Don't wait till Judgment Day.

Shady Grove, you are my love,
Cheeks just like a rose;
You are the darling of my heart,
Everybody knows.

VERSION B

Her cheeks are redder than the rose,
Her eyes are a sparkling brown;
I'm gonna see my pretty little girl,
And never leave this town.

Chorus

Man! Man! that little Betty Anne!
Man! Man! I say!
Man! Man! that little Betty Anne!
I wish that I could stay.

I'll put a ring on Betty's hand,
A ring of solid gold;
I'm gonna get that pretty little gal
Before she grows too old.

I saw her father yesterday,
And all he did was grin!
He said, "My son, that pretty little gal
Will turn you down again!"

****

No. 1605

STEADY SHE GOES
also known as

Blow the Wind Westerly,
or Whistling
Blow, Ye Winds Westerly
The Boston Come-All-Ye
The Fishes
The Fish of the Sea
The Song of the Fishes

This is generally called "a forecastle shanty," which means it is a song sung on land as well as at sea. It is a song of imagination, and if based upon what the fish would say if fish could talk. Some say it derives from an old Scots fishing song, Blow the Wind Southerly, a version of which is in Cole, 38-39.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 867-868
Colcord, 188
Creighton (TSNS), 232
Downes (1940), 84-85
Downes (1943), 92-93
Glass (SS-1), 36-37
Harlow, 145-147
Hugill (1), 209-210
Ives (SA), 60-61
Ives (SB), 150-151
Lomax (ABFS), 496-498
Lomax (FSNA), 50-51
Lomax (PB), 26
Peacock, III, 859
Reeves, 82
Shay (ASSC), 129-131

Silverman, II, 270

Winn (1), 72-73
Yolen, 168-169

Steady She Goes

Come, all you young sailor-men, listen to me,
And I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea.

Chorus

Then blow, ye winds, westerly, westerly blow;
We're bound to the South'ard, so steady she goes.

First came the bluefish, a-wagging his tail;
He came up on deck and yells, "All hands make sail!"

Then came the eels with their nimble tails;
They jumped up aloft and loosed all the sails.

Next came the herrings with their little tails;
They manned sheets and halliards and set all their sails.

Then came the porpoise, with his short snout;
He jumped on the bridge and yells, "Ready about!"

Then came the swordfish, the scourge of the sea;
The order than he gave is "Hellum's a-lee."

Then came the turbot, as red as a beet;
He shouted from the bridge, "Stick out that foresheet!"

And having accomplished these wonderful feats,
The black bass sang out next to "Rise tacks and sheets!"

Next came the sprat, the smallest of all;
He sang out, "Haul well taut, let go and haul!"

Then came the catfish with his chuckle-head
Out on the main chains for a "Heave of the lead."

Next came the flounder, quite fresh from the ground,
Crying, "Damn your eyes, chucklehead, mind where
you sound!"

Along came the dolphin, flapping his tail,
And yelled to the boatswain to, "Beef the fore-sail!"

Along came the shark with his three rows of teeth;
He flopped on the foreyard and "Takes a snug reef."

Up jumped the fisherman, stalwart and grim,
And with his big net he scooped them all in!

****

No. 1606

STEAL AWAY
also known as

I Ain't Got Long to Stay Here Steal Away to Jesus

This spiritual is one of those reported to have been widely used by slaves as a "signal song." It was employed, the story goes, when the slaves wanted to hold a secret meeting. Some reports have it associated with the Nat Turner Rebellion, which took place in Virginia in 1831.
A great deal of "signal" material has been read into old slave spirituals by collectors, many of whom tend to seek hidden meanings—even where none existed. Most slave spirituals must be taken at face value: they mean what they say, nothing more. An interesting idea is not necessarily the way things were.

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Best, 153
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Chambers (TNS), 80-81
Courlander, 41-43
Dett, 111 & App. vii
Johnson (BANS), 114-117

Jubilee (PS), 34
Leisy, 308-309
Leisy (LAS), 143
Leisy (SPS), 195
Luther, 219
Mackenzie (SH), 108-109
Marsh (SJS), 147
Oberndorfer, 24
Odum (NHS), 139
Okun, 150-151
Pike (1873), 187
Pike (1875), 229
Waite, 49
Warner, 21
Whitman, 89-90
Work (ANSS), 123
Work (FSAN), 89

Steal Away

My Lord he calls me, he calls me like the thunder,
The trumpet sounds deep in my soul;
I ain't got long to stay here.

Chorus

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home.
I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees a-bending, and sinners stand a-trembling, etc.

My Lord calls me, he calls me by the lightning, etc.

Tombstones are bursting, poor sinners are a-trmbling, etc.

****

No. 1607

THE STEAMSHIP THIEVES
also known as
The Steam Navagation Thieves

One of many California "goldrush" songs written by J. A. Stone, to be sung to the air of an established song.

Stone, affectionately known as "Old Put," apparently was the most prolific songwriter in California during his era.
For another version, see Dwyer, 138.

The Steamship Thieves Tune: The Educated Man I

The only legal swindle which the people cannot sever
Is the steamboat imposition on the Sacramento river;
It would surely be a blessing if the company would fail,
Then should any other organize, ride them on a rail!

Chorus

Remember now! remember now! remember what I say:
Keep your hands upon your money, or they'll rob you on the way (repeat line).
If you don't believe it, try it, either to or from the Bay.

They have robbed a world of people, still there's none that say a word,
For if ever they were a passenger, the'd be thrown overboard!
If they start an opposition, then eight out of every nine
Will support the imposition of the combination line.

When you start from Sacramento and get stuck upon the sand,
All you have to do is jump ashore and foot it up by land.
If the devil ever gets them, he will put them—every soul—
In the deepest pits of purgatory, there to shovel coal!

****

No. 1608

STILL GROWING
Also known as

The Bonny Boy
The Cottage Boy
He's Young But He's Daily A-Growing
Lady Mary Ann
Lang, or Long A-Growing
My Bonny Boy is Long A-Growing
My Bonny Boy is Still A-Growing
My Father's Castle Wall
My Love is Long A-Growing
My Love is Still A-Growing
The Trees Are Getting High
The Trees They Do Grow High
The Trees They do Grow Tall
The Trees They Grown So High
Young But Daily Growing
Young But Growing
Young Craigston
Young Laird of Craigstoun

This is an Americanized version of an old Scots song of the 18th century. It was used by Robert Burns for his Lady Mary Ann. The American, English, Irish and Scottish people each gave the song their special stamp. The theme, of course, springs from the custon of child marriage, a practice quite common during the Middle Ages and for a considerable time afterwards. It first appeared in print in Scots Musical Museum in 1792. All forms of the song are represented in the various works listed below.

This song is not related to the common titled Bonny Boy, an English piece, which is not a part of American traditional song. A version of the English Bonny Boy may be seen in Sedley, 126-127.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 4
Broadwood (ETCS), 56
Buchan & Hall, 71
Christie, II, 212-213
Creighton (FLC), 81-82
Creighton (MFS), 100-101
Creighton (TSNS), 107-109
Dick, 317

Flanders (BMNE), 196-197
Ford (VSBS), II, 183-184
Hecht, 145
Johnson (SMM), III, No. 377
Jour (EFDSS), VI, 86-87; VIII, 20-21
Jour (FSS), I, 214; II, 44, 95, 206; V, 190
Karpeles, 122-123
Karpeles (EFS), I, 243
Karpeles (FSE), 40-41
Kennedy, 473-474
Laws, O 35
Lloyd (FSE), 48-49
MacColl & Seeger, 115-118
Maidment (NCG), 21-24
Motherwell, 86-87
Okun, 199-200
Ord, 112
Peacock, III, 677-678
Quiller-Couch, 798-800
Reeves, 200-201
Reeves (EC), 265-269
Scott (BA), 16-19
Sedley, 191-192
Sharp (EFS), II, No. 9
Sharp (EFSC), 25
Sharp (FSFS), No. 15
Sharp (100), 58-59
Silverman, I, 214
Sturgis (SHV), 3-6
Williams (EFS), 99

Still Growing

O father, dear father, you have done me much wrong;
You've married me to a man far too young.
I am twenty-four and he is only fifteen.
He is young, yes, but he is still growing.

O daughter, dearest daughter, I have done you no wrong;
I've married you to a wealthy man's son—
A wealthy man's son, and a wife you ought to be.
He is young, yes, but he is still growing.

O father, dear father, if you think it is best,
We'll send him to school for one or two years;
I'll tie a blue ribbon around his little hat,
Just to let the girls know he is married.

O, she made him a shirt, shirt of linen so fine,
And stitched it all over with her tiny hands;

And with every stitch that she sewed on, she said:
He is young, yes, but he's daily a-growing.

At the age of fifteen years he was a married man,
And when he was sixteen his first son was born;
At age seventeen his own grave had grown green,
And that put an end to his daily growing.

****

No. 1609

STONEWALL JACKSON
also known as

Stonewall Jackson's Requiem Stonewall's Requiem

This song commemorates the death of Confederate General Stonewall Jackson, who was accidently shot by his own men at Chancellorsville. The song was written by M. Deeves. It is only one of several songs written about the Confederate hero.
For Stonewall Jackson's Prayer, see Staton, 89. For Stonewall Jackson's Way, see Glass (SS-2), 74-75. Two other songs about the Civil War hero, see Old Stonewall in Staton, 77 and Riding A Raid in Glass (SS-2), 84 and Lawrence, 404.

REFERENCES

Carmer (SRA), 85-86
Chapple (HS), 290-291
Ford (TMA), 467
Glass (SS-2), 194-196

Stonewall Jackson

The muffled drum is beating,
There's a sad and solemn tread,
Our Banner's draped in mourning
As it shrouds "the illustrious dead."

Proud forms are bent with sorrow
And all Southern hearts are sore,
The hero now is sleeping—
Noble Stonewall is no more.
'Mid the rattling of the muskets
And the cannon's thunderous roar,
He stained the field of glory
With his brave life's precious gore,
And though our flag waved proudly—
We were victors ere sunset,
The gallant deeds of Chancelorsville
Will mingle with regret.

****

No. 1610

STORMALONG I
also known as

Captain Stormalong
Come-Along, Git-Along, Stormalong John
Mister Stormalong
Old Stormalong
Old Stormey, or Stormy
Stormalong John
Stormy, or Stormy Along, John

This is a shanty about a legendary character. There is a whole family of songs referring to "Stormalong" or "Stormy", who seems to have no history aside from musical tradition. Most collectors point out Stormy's debt to Negro song, although they fall short of declaring the song to be of black origin.
Early "Stormy" songs are found in American and English "minstrel" literature, and in a variety of musical settings. One such song, Storm Along, Stormy, is in Christy & White (Philadelphia, ca. 1855), p. 71 and Leslie (1886), p. 244. Another Stormy song is in Charles Nordhoff's Nine Years of a Sailor's Life (Cincinnati,

1857), p. 41. The same song, entitled Walk Him Along, John, is in Terry, II, p. 58.
For different songs on the same character and theme, see Stormalong II and III in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Bone, 126-127
Botkin (AFL), 834
Bullen & Arnold, 8
Colcord, 88-89
Davis (SSC), 70-71
Doerflinger, 82-83
Grainger, No. 152
Harlow, 81-82
Harper's (7/1882), 284
Hugill (1), 72-75
Ives (SA), 102-103
Jour (FSS), III, 229; VIII, 98
King, 22
Leisy, 253
Luce, 227
Masefield (SG), 306
Patterson, 222
Sampson, 25
Scott (SA), 21
Sharp (EFC-2), 23
Shay (ASSC), 63-65
Smith (BOS), 62-63
Smith (MW), 16
Trevine, 15
Trident, 108
Whall (RSS), LXXXII, 101
Whall (SSS), 62
Whitehead, 8

Stormalong I (Version A)

Old Stormy was a fine old man,
To me way, O Stormalong!
Old Stormy was a fine old man,
Way, hay, hay, Mister Stormalong!
Way, hay, hay, Mister Stormalong!

Old Stormy he is dead and gone, etc.

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade, etc.

We'll lower him down with a golden chain, etc.

I wish I was old Stormy's son, etc.

VERSION B

Ol' Stormy's head an' gone to rest,
To me way-ay, Stormalong!
Of all the sailors he was best,
Ay, ay, ay, Mister Stormalong!

For forty years he sailed the seas, etc.
In winter storm and summer breeze, etc.

Ol' Stormy's day has passed along, etc.
We marked the place where he is gone, etc.

He slipped his cable off Cape Horn, etc.
Far from the place where he was born, etc.

I wish I was ol' Stormy's son, etc.
I'd build a ship of a thousand tone, etc.

I'd load that ship with bottled rum, etc.
And maybe I would give you some, etc.

****

No. 1611

STORMALONG II
also known as

Liza Lee Storm Along Yankee John Stormalong

Here we have a different approach and Stormalong becomes Yankee John Stormalong. It is primarily an English shanty, although version A was given to me by Nicholas A. Catsos, New York City, in 1944.

REFERENCES

Stormalong II (Version A)

Liza Lee, she promised me,
Yankee John Stormalong!
She promised for to marry me,
Yankee John Stormalong!

Liza Lee, she hates the sea, etc.
But still she said she'd marry me, etc.

VERSION B

Storm along, stormalong, my boys,
Stormalong!
Yankee Johnny, will you stormalong?
Brave, bad Johnny, will you stormalong?
Yankee John Stormalong!
O brave, bad Johnny, will you stormalong?
What do you holler? Stormalong!
Yankee Johnny, will you stormalong?

****

No. 1612

STORMALONG III
also known as

Oh, Stormalong	Stormalong, Lads, Stormy
Old Stormalong	Wo, Stormalong

This final form of the Stormalong songs is an English "pulling chantey" from Sharp (EFC-2), 62. A version is also in Hugill (1), 76.

Stormalong III

Whenever you go to Liverpool,
Wo, stormalong!
Whenever you go to Liverpool,
Stormalong, lads, stormy!

And Liverpool, that Yankee school, etc.

And when you go to Playhouse Square, etc.

My bonny girl she do live there, etc.

We're bound away this very day, etc.

****

No. 1613

STOW 'WAY!

This interesting spiritual was sung for me in Hollywood, California by Louis "Bud" Sherman, who said he had learned it in his youth in New Jersey. I have not seen it in any published collection.

Stow 'Way

Chorus

Stow 'way! stow 'way! stow 'way, my friend,
For the heavenly kingdom;
Make more room for the little bitty children,
Stow 'way! stow 'way!

Ship on the ocean a-ready to sail,
Stow 'way! stow 'way!
Gonna see Lord Jesus without fail,
Stow 'way! stow 'way!

Old preacher here a-waitin' since dawn, etc.
Sinners cry, Lord! But they can't get on, etc.

I was a sinner once, jus' like you, etc.
Took a lot of faith to see me through, etc.

****

No. 1614

THE STRAWBERRY ROAN

This cowboy classic is not an old song in terms of time, but its traditional roots are wide and deep. Written by

Curley Fletcher in 1915, The Strawberry Roan quickly galloped through the West and became popular everywhere in the country. The song has been parodied many times, proving, as Fife points out, that a good song can evolve into an epic cycle in a very short time. Among the parodies are: The Bad Braham Bull, The Ridge Running Roan, That Dear Wife of Mine, What Has Become of the Strawberry Roan?, Goodbye, Old Strawberry Roan and The Fairchild Abortion.

Additional proof of folk status is found in the fact that The Strawberry Roan was sung in Lynn Rigg's play, Green Grow the Lilacs by Everett Cheetham, and without any credit to Curley Fletcher.

For a new version with different words, see New Strawberry Roan in Lee (TTGC), 72-73, 228.

REFERENCES

Best, 120-121
Botkin (WFL), 757-758
Fife, 186-188
Hubbard, 311-312
Lomax (ABFS), 392-395
Lynn (CS), 14-15
Morris, 39-40
Ohrlin, 72-75
Patterson (SRR), 49-51
Randolph, II, 232-234
Sackett, 32-34
Silverman, I, 52-53
White (GALD), 143-145

The Strawberry Roan

I was laying around town just spending my time,
Out of a job and not makin' a dime,
When up steps a feller and he says, "I suppose
That you're a bronc rider by the looks of your clothes?"
He guesses me right. "And a good one, I'll claim,
Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
He says he's got one that's a good one to buck,
And at throwing good riders he's had lots of luck.

He says this old pony has never been rode,
And the man who gets on him is bound to be throwed.
I gets all excited and I ask what he pays
To ride this old pony a couple of days.
He says, "Ten dollars." I says, "I'm your man!
The bronc never lived that I cannot fan;
The bronc never tried nor never drew breath
That I cannot ride till he starves plumb to death!"

He says, "Get your saddle. I'll give you a chance."
We got in his buggy and went to the ranch.
We waited till morning; right after chuck
I went out to see if that outlaw could buck.
Down in the corral, a-standing alone,
Was this little caballo, a strawberry roan.
He had little pin ears that touched at the tip,
And a big forty-four brand was on his left hip.

He was spavined all round and he had pidgeon toes,
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose;
He was U-necked and old with a long lower jaw—
You could tell at a glance he was a regular outlaw.
I buckled on my spurs, I was feeling plumb fine,
I pulled down my hat and I curls up my twine;
I threw the loop at him, right well I knew then
Before I rode him I'd sure earn my ten.

I got the blind on him with a terrible fight,
Cinched on the saddle and girded it tight;
Then I steps up on him and pulled down his blind
And sat there in the saddle to see him unwind.
He bowed his old neck and I'll say he unwound;
He seemed to quit living down there on the ground!
He went up to the east and came down to the west
With me in the saddle, a-doing my best.

He sure was frog-walkin'! I heaved a big sigh;
He only lacked wings for to be on the fly.
He turned his old belly right up to the sun,
For he was a sun-fishin' son of a gun.
He was the worst bronco I've seen on the range—
He could turn on a nickle and leave you some change!
While he was buckin' he squalled like a shoat—
I tell you that outlaw, he sure got my goat.

I tell all the people that pony could step,
And I was still on him a-buildin' a rep.
He came down on all fours and turned up his side—
I don't see how he kept from losing his hide!
I lost my stirrup, I lost my hat;
I was pullin' at leather as blind as a bat.
With a phenomenal jump he made a high dive
And set me a-winding up there through the sky!

I turned forty flips and came down to the earth,
And sat there a-cussin' the day of my birth.
I know there's some ponies that I cannot ride,
Some of them livin'—they haven't all died—
But I bet all my money there's no man alive
That can ride old Strawberry when he makes that
high dive.

****

No. 1615

SUCKING CIDER THROUGH A STRAW
also known as
The Prettiest Girl I Ever Saw — Sipping Cider Through a Straw

This song circulates in print as well as through oral transmission, but traditional versions usually vary somewhat from printed ones. It has been recorded as a

popular piece among college students as well as a folk-song from various parts of the country. A "pop" version also exists, with words and music by Carey Morgan and Lee David, and it was printed in Downes (1940), p. 290.

REFERENCES

Best, 16
Brown, III, 77-78; V, 42-43
Bulletin (TFS), V, 38-39
Davis (FSV), 172
Leisy (SPS), 129
Pound (SFSN), XXI, No. 6
Sandburg (AS), 329
Shekerjian, 150-151
Silverman, I, 108
Winn (2), 38-39

Sucking Cider Through a Straw

The prettiest gal that I ever saw
Was sucking cider through a straw.

I asked her if she would show me how.
Oh, yes, she said, I'll show you now.

Then cheek to cheek, and jaw to jaw,
We sucked that cider through a straw.

Then all at once that straw did slip;
I sucked some cider from her lip.

And now I've got a mother-in-law
From sucking cider through a straw.

****

No. 1616

SUGAR AND TEA
also known as

Lead Through That Sugar and Tea Sugar Loaf Tea

This is a play-party piece; it seems to be related to several game and dance songs, including Coffee Grows On a White Oak Tree and We're Marching Round a Pretty Girl.

For similar songs, see Sugar and Tea in Randolph (OPP), 219-220 and Wilson (BA), 82-83; Sugar Loaf Tea in Talley, 81-84; and We're Marching Round a Pretty Girl in Van Doren, 495.

Also see and compare: She Loves Coffee and I Love Tea in Brown, III, 128-129, V, 71; Some Love Coffee in Sharp, II, 383; He Loves Sugar and Tea in Talley, 84-85; and You Turn For Sugar an' Tea in Lomax (OSC), 71.

For a variation, see Sugar in my Coffee in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 228-230 Randolph, III, 321-322

Sugar and Tea

Lead through that sugar and tea,
And lead through that candy;
You lead through that sugar and tea,
And I'll lead through the candy.

Hi, oh, that sugar and tea,
Hi, oh, for that candy;
You hi, oh, that sugar and tea,
And I'll hi, oh, the candy.

You swing that sugar and tea,
And I'll swing the candy;
If you'll swing that sugar and tea,
Then I will swing the candy.

****

No. 1617

SUGAR BABE I

Terms like "honey babe" and "sugar babe" are often found in folk songs, some of which are so entitled; but such terms do not mean that the songs are necessarily related. For example, the Sugar Babe in Kennedy (M-2), 161-166 is entirely different from the Sugar Babe given below. However, the Kennedy piece is related to Sugar Babe II which follows this one.
For other versions, see Lomax (ABFS), 153-154 and Sharp, II, 357.
Also see and compare Honey, Baby Mine II in this Master Book.

Sugar Babe I

I got drunk, fell on the floor, Sugar Babe;
I got drunk, fell on the floor—
When I get sober gonna drink some more,
Sugar Babe.

Throw them dice and have some fun, Sugar Babe;
Throw them dice and have some fun—
Run like the devil if the police come,
Sugar Babe.

Kissed that gal and hugged her tight, Sugar Babe;
Kissed that gal and hugged her tight—
Gonna do it again tomorrow night,
Sugar Babe.

Tried to leave but hit the door, Sugar Babe;
Tried to leave but hit the door—
When I get sober gonna drink some more,
Sugar Babe.

****

No. 1618

SUGAR BABE II
also known as

I'm Gonna Send You Back to Texas Sugar Babe Blues

This song is classified as a humorous country blues. There are several varying versions in circulation, some unprintable. For a close relative, see the Sugar Babe in Kennedy (M-2), 161-166, which begins:

> Did you see dem farmers comin' to town,
> Sugar Babe?
> De mules played out an' de wagon broke down,
> Settin' up drivin' like a circus clown,
> Sugar Babe.

The version below is from Silverman, II, 14 and the same song is also in Silverman (FB), 248-249.

Sugar Babe II

I don't like your baby talk, Sugar Babe!
I don't like your baby talk, Sugar Babe!
I don't like your baby talk, Sugar Babe!
Think I'll go out and take a walk.
I'm gonna send you back to Texas, Sugar Babe!

I don't want you in my bed, Sugar Babe! (3)
Hope you heard all that I jus' said.
I'm gonna send you back to Texas, Sugar Babe!

I dressed you up in the latest style, Sugar Babe! (3)
You don't even give me a smile!
I'm gonna send you back to Texas, Sugar Babe!

All you've done is cheat and lie, Sugar Babe! (3)
Now it's over—so long, goodbye!
I'm gonna send you back to Texas, Sugar Babe!

****

No. 1619

SUGAR IN MY COFFEE

also known as

I Do Like Sugar in My Coffee
I Do Love Sugar in My Coffee O!
A Little More Sugar in My Coffee

This song could have been given as a variation of the play-party piece, Sugar and Tea (see No. 1618 in MB), but it is sufficiently different to set it apart, on its own. Randolph saw it as a possible derivative of the "old fiddle-tune I Love Sugar in My Toddy-O." For a different text than ours, see Bulletin (TFS), V, 32-33.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 129-30; V, 71-72
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 281
Randolph, III, 377
Talley, 30
Thede, 106

Sugar in My Coffee (Version A)

Go just once but never mo',
If they don't give me sugar in my coffee-o.
How on this earth do old folks know
That I like sugar in my coffee-o?

Sugar's high and sugar's low,
But I like sugar in my coffee-o.
How in the hell do old folks know
That I like sugar in my coffee-o?

Love that gal and told her so,
But she wouldn't put sugar in my coffee-o.
I stood right up and let her know
That I like sugar in my coffee-o!

VERSION B

The bullfrog croaked, the bullfrog hop,
The bullfrog jumped on the table top.
I do love sugar in my coffee O!
I do love sugar in my coffee O!

Rye whiskey's good and so is rum,
If you don't mind we can both have some., etc.

A happy gal is hard to find,
Ain't never seen one as good as mine., etc.

The rich man stole the poor man's wife,
Poor man cut him with a pocket knife., etc.

I try to do the best I can,
But I jus' can't be a working-man., etc.

****

No. 1620

SUGAR LUMP
also known as

All Around the Ring
Bounce Around, My Sugar Lump
Dance Around, My Sugar Lump
O Turn, Cinnamon, Turn
Turn, Cinnamon, Turn
Turn That Cinnamon

A game-dance song for children, and one that exists in varying versions. Newell thought it was a reduction of Walking on the Levy. Botkin associated it with the English game song, Turn, Cheeses, Turn—a text of which is in Gomme, II, 311 and Halliwell (NRE), 122. An Americanized version of the English song, called Making Cheeses, is in Brown, I, 152. For other related and similar songs, see Atkins, 101-102; Henry (NRGS), 340; Jour (AFL), XV, 193, XXX, 218; Kit 54, 131; Morris, 220; and Owens (ST), 97-98.

Versions of this song are also used as dance pieces for teenagers.

REFERENCES

Babcock, I, 256
Botkin (AFL), 809-813
Botkin (APPS), 336
Brown, V, 545
Douthitt, 32-33
Dudley & Payne, 22-23
Newell, 231
Randolph, III, 391

Sugar Lump

All up and down, my honey,
All up and down we go.
That lady's a rockin' her sugar lump,
That lady's a rockin' her sugar lump,
That lady's a rockin' her sugar lump,
O turn, Cinnamon, turn.

****

No. 1621

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR

This song was once very popular among college students, one of whom probably created it.

REFERENCES

Chamberlain, 285 Most (PCS), 85 Waite, 11

The Sunday-School Scholar

I am a Sunday school scholar, lar, lar, lar,
I dearly love my pa and ma, ma, ma, ma;
I dearly love my teacher true, true, true, true,
And do whate'er she tells me to, to, to, to.
Teacher, teacher, why am I so happy, happy, happy,
In my Sunday school?

On Sunday I put away my toys, toys, toys, toys;
I never play with naughty boys, boys, boys, boys,
For into wicked men they'll grow, grow, grow, grow,
And then I don't know where they'll go, go, go go.
Teacher, teacher, etc.

I send my money to Bourra, gar, gar, gar, gar,
Away off there in Africa so far, far, far, far;
I save up all my pennies and my tin, tin, tin, tin,
The heathen kid to save from sin, sin, sin, sin.
Teacher, teacher, etc.

****

No. 1622

THE SUNNY SOUTH I
also known as

The Bright Sunny South The Sweet Sunny South

This is a pro-Confederate "sentimental" song that reflects one man's opinions and feelings. It is sometimes confused with another song of like title and theme (see Sunny South II in this Master Book). Collectors of both songs refer to the other as though it were a version instead of an entirely different song.

REFERENCES

Cazden, I, 18-19
Cox (FSS), 280 B
Gardner (BSSM), 242-243
Mackenzie, 139
Sharp, II, 263 C

The Sunny South I

When the sweet sunny South was in peace and content,
The days of my childhood were carelessly spent
On the broad rolling plain close to pure flowing streams,
Ever dear to my mem'ry, ever fresh in my dreams.

I have lost the enjoyment and comfort of life,
Through bloodshed and horror, privation and strife;
I have taken the covenant, I have plighted my word,
And I've shouldered my rifle and I've put on my sword.

I have pondered the matter and counted the cost,
I buckled my sword and I mounted my horse,
For I must go away with my fellows and stand
In defense of my country, in defense of my land.

My father looked sad when he bade me depart,
My mother embraced me with anguish of heart;
My sister looked pale in her mis'ry and woe
As I kissed her goodby and started to go.

From friends and relations I then had to part;
The dearest of all was my darling sweetheart.
I will never forget how she held to my hand
When I left her to fight for our dear native land.

Time points the way when this conflict shall cease,
And victory be followed by permanent peace;
When from Union and Yankee our land shall be free,
We'll return to our loved ones and live happily.

****

No. 1623

THE SUNNY SOUTH II
also known as
Sweet Sunny South Take Me Home

This is not related to the preceding song, but it is no less sentimental.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 475-476; V, 264-265
Chapple (HS), 20-21
Hubbard, 220-221
Sharp, II, 262-263

The Sunny South II

Take me home to the place where I first saw the light,
To the sweet sunny South take me home;
Where the mockingbird sang me to rest ev'ry night—
Oh! why was I tempted to roam?

Now I think with regret of the dear ones I left,
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me then,
Of the wife and the dear ones of whom I'm bereft,
And I sigh for the old place again.

Oh, the path to our cottage they say has grown green,
And the place is quite lonely around;
And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen
Now lie deep in the soft mossy ground.

Take me home, let me see what is left that I knew.
Can it be that the old home is gone?
The dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few,
And I must lament all alone.

I'll return, I'll return to the place of my birth,
Where my children have played at the door;
Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnished
the earth,
Which will echo their footsteps no more.

Take me home, take me home, to the sweet sunny South,
To the sweet sunny South take me home!
Take me home, take me home, to the sweet sunny South—
Oh! why was I tempted to roam?

Take me home to the place where the orange trees grow,
To my cot in the evergreen shade,
Where the flowers on the river's green margin may blow
Their sweets on the bank where we played.

****

No. 1624

SUSAN BROWN
also known as

Black-Eyed Susan Brown
Black-Eyed Susie
Cuckoo Waltz
Dance Josey
Fare Thee Well, My Charming Girl
Hello, Susan, or Susie Brown
Hold My Mule
Hop Up, Kitty Puss
Miss Susan, or Susie Brown
My Lovely Susan, or Susie
Oh, Miss Susan Brown
Paddy, Won't You Drink Some Good Old Cider
Pretty Little Black-Eyed Susan, or Susie
Sallie, Won't You Have Some?
Sally, Won't You Drink Some?
Susie, or Suzie Brown
Sweet Cider

Susan Brown, as used here, represents a large group of songs, some for children, some for teenagers and some for older folks. Not all of the songs mention Susan Brown by her rightful name, but there is no doubt that all forms of the song are related. In version B (below), for example, Susan has been replaced by Sallie, or Sally, and by Paddy in at least one other version of B. In version C (below), Susan Brown has been combined with another song, Hold My Mule, or Dance Josey. In version D (below), we meet her as "my charming girl, with the golden slippers on" involved in the Cuckoo Waltz.
Susan Brown was a gal who got around a lot. She is mentioned in many other songs, including: Coffee Grows On A White Oak Tree in Botkin (APPS), 164-165; Jump Josie in Botkin (APPS), 169; Hogs in the Cornfield in Ames (MPP), 318; and Virginia in Botkin (APPS), 340 B. The descriptive term "black-eyed Susan" was probably borrowed from Gay's poem, Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan, which became an English song after being set to music by Richard Leveridge about 1729.

Aside from the name, however, the Gay-Leveridge song is in no way related to the versions given here. For versions of the English song, see Watt's Musical Miscellany, IV, 148 (published in 1730). Later versions are in Chappell (OEPM), II, 144-145 and (PMOT), II, 640-641.

For songs that are similar to versions of Susan Brown given below, see Chicken Foot in Arnold, 142; Down in Alabama in Botkin (APPS), 177-180; Four in the Middle in Randolph (OPP), 213; Mr. Cooler in Douthitt (PPK), 33; and Miss Susanna Jane in Brown, V, 511 and in Talley, 77.

Because of differences in the four versions below, some references are listed each.

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Best, 139
Botkin (APPS), 319-320
Brown, III, 366-367
Edwards (CHSB), 88
Henry (SSSA), 184
Lomax (ABFS), 286-288
Lomax (USA), 96-97
McIntosh (FSSG), 64-65
Randolph, III, 380
Roberts (SBS), 167
Thomas (SG), 61

Susan Brown (Version A)

Fall in the creek and wade in the water,
I'm in love with Ely's daughter!

Chorus

Hey, pretty little Susan! Ho, black-eyed Susan!
Hey, pretty little Susan! Black-eyed Susan Brown!

Found me a pretty girl way las' summer.
All I got was trouble from 'er!

Had two thin dimes and one fat quarter—
Spent it all on Ely's daughter!

She's like a peach, a cute little dandy;
Kisses taste like sugar candy!

Play all my cards the way that I oughter,
Ely's gonna lose his daughter!

Hop up, sweet kitty puss, hop up higher—
Don't you know your tail's on fire?

VERSION B

For other versions of this form, see: Botkin (APPS), 198; Brown, III, 74; Cambiaire, 86; Ford (TMA), 41; and Thede, 53.

.....

Where's the horse and where's the rider?
Where's the gal that drinks hard cider?

Chorus

Sally, won't you drink some? Sally, won't you drink some?
Sally, won't you drink some of my hard cider.

All I want in this whole valley
Is one little kiss from Sally!

Bring the jug and bring the fiddle,
Dance that gal around the middle!

VERSION C

Other versions of this compounded form may be seen in Hudson (SMFL), 129-130; Owens (TFS), 156-157; Pound (SFSN), XXVIII, 9; Scarborough (NFS), 105-106; and Thede, 89.

.....

Hold my mule while I dance Josey,
Hold my mule while I dance Josey,
Hold my mule while I dance Josey,
Oh! Miss Susan Brown.

Choose your partner, come dance Josey, etc.

Chew my gum while I dance Josey, etc.

Change and swing as you go round, etc.

Steal a kiss while I dance Josey, etc.

Broke my toe and can't dance Josey, etc.

VERSION D

Other versions of this form may be seen in Cambiaire, 136; McIntosh (FSSG), 62-63; Sandburg (AS), 160; and Wolford, 33-35.

.....

Three times round the Cuckoo Waltz,
Three times round the Cuckoo Waltz,
Three times round the Cuckoo Waltz,
Lovely Susie Brown.

Chorus

Fare thee well, my charming girl,
Fare thee well, I'm gone;
Fare thee well, my charming girl
With the golden slippers on.

Choose your pard as we go round, etc.

Picked her out, she turned me down, etc.

Never got to dance at all, etc.

****

No. 1625

THE SUSQUEHANNA

This song, a schottish tune with words, is from Songs and Legends of Great American Rivers, by Dickson Hall and Gary Romero, an LP album issued by 20th-Century Records in the 1960s. It is used here with permission of the Dickson Hall.

The Susquehanna

By the Susquehanna,
Me and my Joanna
Like to walk beneath the moon,
Because we like
To sit and spoon.
By the Susquehanna,
With my sweet Joanna,
It's as plain as it can be
That I love her
And she loves me.

O, my Joanna!
How ahe fills my heart with pride.
O, my Joanna!
Soon she'll be my blushing bride.
By the Susquehanna,
Me and my Joanna—
We will build a house and barn
Upon some land
That we can farm
By the Susquehanna,
There with my Joanna
I will live so happily
The day she marries me.

****

No. 1626

SUZANITA
also known as
Susie

This is a Spanish-Mexican folk song sung by Americans of Mexican origin in New Mexico. The song was collected by Charles Lummis and transcribed for publication by Henry Holden Huss. It is, says Lummis, "A song of much humble rhetoric and passion." It is a dialogue, or duet, type song, involving a male and a female. Both words and music are from Lummis (LPT), 225-226.

Suzanita (Spanish)

El: Suzanita, Suzanita,
Senorita, mande V.
Franquéeme un vaso de agua,
Que ya me abrazo de sed.

Ella: Ni tengo vaso ni copa
Ni en que darle el agua á V.
Pero tongo mi boquita—
Con ella se la daré.

El: Adios, Suzana!
Y adios bonita!
El lunes te vengo á ver,
O' el martes de mañanita.

.....

(English)

He: Little Susie, little Susie,
Little lady, call a cup;
Prithee give me a glass of water,
For with thirst I'm burning up.

She: Sir, I've neither cup nor goblet,
Nor wherein to put water to your lips;
But I have at least my mouth here—
From that I will give you a sip.

He: Good-by, my Susie,
And good-by, fair girlie;
On Monday I'm coming to see you,
Or on Tuesday bright and early.

****

No. 1627

THE SWAMP FOX
also known as
Marion's Men

This is a version of an American revolutionary broadside ballad about the exploits of Francis Marion (1732-1795), who organized a guerrilla group (1780) and waged warfare against the British in South Carolina. Marion was popularly known as "The Swamp Fox." For other versions, see Brand (S-76), 144-145 and Dolph, 496-497.

The Swamp Fox

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy tussock is our bed,
Our home is in the red-deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day, and shun its light;
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount, and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
We'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then--not till then--we'll turn our steeds,
Thro' the thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idle stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the plashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men!

****

No. 1628

THE SWAPPING SONG
also known as

The Foolish Boy
The Ploughboy
Swappin' Boy
When I Was a Little Boy
When I Was a Wee Thing

In its original form this was an English nursery song. Now it is a blend of two songs: The Swapping Song and When I Was a Little Boy. The nursery form was gradually extended in America, bringing to it the "swapping" stanzas. Because of similar subject matter, this song is sometimes mistakenly associated with another song, The Farmyard (see in MB).
Also see and compare The Bugle Played For Me in Williams (FSUT), 48.

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Baring-Gould (BNSR), 17
Baring-Gould (EFSS), 106
Botsford, I, 23-24
Brown, II, 471-473; III, 182-183; IV, 255
Bulletin (HFL), IV, 87-88
Bulletin (TFS), III, 4
Cambiaire, 78-79
Chase (AFTS), 174-175
Cox (TBFS), 166
Eddy, 215-217
Glass (SFRF), 33-34
Greig, I, art. 43
Halliwell (NRE), 14
Halliwell (NRNT), 37, 135
Herd (AMSS), II, 213-214
Ives (SA), 50-51
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 143
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 329
Kennedy (TAB), 184-185
Kincaid No. 1, 39
Mason, 18
Moorat, 22
Perrow, XXVIII, 184
Reeves (EC), 112
Richardson (AMS), 48
Rimbault (ONR), No. 19
Ritchie (FS), 7
Ritchie (SSB), 12-13
Roberts (SBS), 100-101
Scott (FSS), 14
Sharp, II, 307-309
Talley, 168
Wyman (TKMS), 10

The Swapping Song (Version A)

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
Never, oh, no, never!
All the bread and cheese I got, I put it on the shelf,
And the world goes on forever!

The rats and mice led me such a life, etc.
Down I went to Boston to get myself a wife, etc.

The streets were filled, the sidewalks narrow, etc.
So I pushed her home inside my old wheelbarrow, etc.

I swapped my 'barrow and got me a mare, etc.
Rode the country round without a single care, etc.

I swapped my mare and got me a cow, etc.
In that trade at last I really learned how, etc.

I swapped my cow and got me a calf, etc.
In that trade, I confess, I lost but half, etc.

I swapped my calf and got me a sheep, etc.
Rode straight back home and fell asleep, etc.

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen, etc.
And oh! what a pretty thing I had then, etc.

I swapped my hen and got me a rat, etc.
And I sat it upon a hayrack for a cat, etc.

I swapped my rat and got me a mole, etc.
And the gol-dang thing ran straight down a hole, etc.

VERSION B

My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how;
He left me six horses to follow the plough.

Chorus

With a whim wham waddle ho! Strim stram straddle ho!
Bubble ho! Swapping boy making it grow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow—
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough?

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,
But I never a bargain made but lost the best half.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
To sit by the fire and warm her little back.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse;
She took fire in her tail and burned down my house!

****

No. 1629

SWEET ALICE
also known as

Ben Bolt
Don't You Remember Sweet Alice?
Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt

Sweet Alice was an 1842 poem written by Thomas Dunn English. The text has been set to music several times, once by the author himself. Nothing much happened until Nelson Kneass, an actor, matched the words with an old German melody and used the song for an audition. The finished product was sung in a play, The Battle of Buena Vista, at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1848. The play failed, but the song did not. A music publisher in Cincinnati, Ohio, obtained a copyright on the song (they could do things like that in those days) and proceeded to get wealthy as a result. Sweet Alice rapidly became the most performed song in the United States.

So great was the song's popularity that a steamboat in the West and a ship in the East were named Sweet Alice. A play based upon the text was produced in England. But tragedy followed such happenings. The western steamboat was blown up and consumed by fire, the eastern ship was wrecked, and the English play was a dismal failure. The song, however, held the devotion of the public.

Thomas Dunn English never received any money for writing the words; he did not even receive a copy of the published song. Nelson Kneass, who set the words to the German melody, died in abject poverty after a semi-vagrant life.

The tune was used for several other songs, two of which are in this Master Book: The Shady Old Camp and The Sonora Filibusters.

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Carmer (SRA), 10-11
Chapple (HS), 96-97
Durlacher, 80
Ives (SA), 273-275
Johnson (FS), 9-11
Kobbe, 92-93
Lair (SLL), 54
Oberndorfer, 75
Silverman, I, 158
Songs (15), 116-117
Staton, 15
Wier (SWWS), 50-51
Wilder, 18-20

Sweet Alice

Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.

In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh, don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill,
When oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading
shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill?

The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around.
See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scattered and fall'n to the ground.

See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scattered and fall'n to the ground.

****

No. 1630

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

also known as

Betsey, or Betsy Betsy From Pike

This song has never entirely lost its popularity in the United States. It is actually a parody of a parody, but has outlasted both its forebears. In the beginning, there was an old, old English ballad, William and Diana. In the 1840s, William and Diana became Vilikens and Dinah (see in MB), which became quite a hit. The melody was soon "borrowed" by an unknown writer for Sweet Betsy From Pike.

Sweet Betsy From Pike appeared in print as early as 1858 at San Francisco, in Put's Golden Songster. "Old Put" was the alias used by John A. Stone, who wrote and published a considerable number of popular "gold rush" songs, but it has not been established, to my knowledge, that he wrote this one. Stone committed suicide, January 24, 1863 or 64.

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Arnett, 57
Belden (BS), 343-345
Black, 10-11
Botkin (AFL), 861-863
Cheney, 184-185
Clark (CS), 56-57
Coleman, 30
Downes (1940), 128-129
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Dwyer, 43-44
Fife, 48-49
Frey, 90-91
Friedman, 432-434
Glass (SW), 18-20
Grant (SF), 64-66
Handy (1), 434-436
Hubbard, 300-301
Ives (SB), 136
Laws (NAB), 137
Leach (BB), 750-751
Leisy, 309-311
Leisy (LAS), 47-48
Lengyel, 22-23
Lengyel (HB), 26-27
Lingenfelter, 42-43
Lloyd, 38-39
Lomax (ABFS), 424-426
Lomax (CS-1919), 258-260
Lomax (CS-1938), 388-391
Lomax (FSNA), 335-336
Lomax (PB), 101
Lomax (USA), 176-177
Lumpkin, 90-91
Luther, 126-127
Moore (BFSS), 319-321
Randolph, II, 209-210
Sandburg (AS), 108-109
Scott (SA), 77
Sherwin (SGM), 42-44
Siegmeister, 66-67
Silber (SGAW), 14-17
Silverman, I, 23
Stout, 106
Thomas (DD), 123-126
Vitus, 7-8
Whitman, 92-93

Sweet Betsy From Pike

Oh, do you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who cross'd yonder mountains with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of oxen, a big yellow dog,
A tall shanghai rooster and one spotted hog?

Stanza tag

Toor-a-li, toor-a-li, toor-a-lie, toor-a-li.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte—
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,
Where Betsy, sore-footed, lay down to repose—
With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike county rose.

Their wagons broke down with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash;
A few little baby clothes done up with care—
'Twas rather suspicious, tho' all on the square.

The shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried.
Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsy got mad,
The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,
When Brigham declared that sweet Betsy should stay;
But Betsy got frightened and ran like a deer,
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsy gave out
And down in the sand she lay rollin' about;
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,
Saying, "Betsy, get up! You'll get sand in your eyes!"

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain,
Declared she'd go back to Pike county again;
But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,
And they traveled along with his arm round her waist.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville;
Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Oh, Ike and sweet Betsy attended a dance—
Ike wore a pair of his Pike county pants—
Sweet Betsy was covered with ribbons and rings,
Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance with me?"
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free.
But don't dance me hard——do you want to know why?
Dog on you! I'm chick full of strong alkali!"

This Pike county couple got married, of course,
And Ike became jealous—obtained a divorce.
Sweet Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout:
"Goodbye, you big lummux, I'm glad you've backed out!"

****

No. 1631

SWEET BYE AND BYE
also known as
In the Sweet Bye and Bye

Source Song. A Protestant hymn from the revival movement, and still easily available in dozens of hymnals and other religious song-books. It is given here because the tune and the form of the lyric were used by Joe Hill for his parody, Pie In The Sky (see in this Master Book).
Words and music of the hymn were written and composed by Fillmore Bennet and Joseph P. Webster, and the song was first published in 1867.

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Mackenzie (SH), 257
Pound (SFSN), XVIII, No. 4
Wilder, 150-151

Sweet Bye and Bye

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Chorus

In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

****

No. 1632

SWEET THING, SWEET THING
also known as

Black Girl Little Girl There's More Than One

"Sweet thing" is an old term expressing endearment, much like "honey child" and "baby face." The text of this song seems to have been "borrowed" from three other songs that are given in this Master Book: Careless Love, In the Pines, and Roberta.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 332-333 Seeger (6), 28 Sharp, II, 278

Sweet Thing, Sweet Thing

Sweet thing, sweet thing, I want to know:
Where did you sleep last night?
You came home at dawn with your dance slippers on,
And your clothes don't fit you right.

Sweet thing, sweet thing, don't lie to me—
I see your wrinkled clothes!
"I slept in the pines where the sun never shines,
And shiver'd where the cold wind blows.

"You made me weep, you made me moan,
And I suppose it shows:
I slept in the pines where the sun never shines,
And shiver'd where the cold wind blows."

Sweet thing, sweet thing, you ain't done right;
You should have stayed at home,
Not sleep in the pines where the sun never shines
And shiver thro' the night alone.

"I used to be a loving wife,
And God Almighty knows;
I stayed in our home till you caused me to roam,
And shiver where the cold wind blows."

Sweet thing, sweet thing, here comes the train—
Come in and pack your clothes;
Go live in the pines where the sun never shines,
And shiver where the cold wind blows.

****

No. 1633

SWEET VIOLETS
also known as
Covered All Over With Snow

This is one of those "teasing bawdy" songs that was quite popular until very recent times. The listener never actually hears bawdiness but is led to conclude or imagine it by a sudden insertion of a term that doesn't rhyme. A modern rewrite of this old song by Cy Coben and Charles Grean was published in 1951 by Edwin H. Morris, Inc. and recored by Dinah Shore for RCA Victor. I first learned the song in the 1930s from a country music group known as The Prairie Ramblers, in Chicago, who also recorded it for Okeh Records. For another version, see Sandburg (NAS), 89.

Sweet Violets

We went for a walk in the moonlight,
I hugged her and kissed her a bit,
But you should have seen how she slapped me
When I put my hand on her——

Chorus

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toes,
Covered all over with snow.

I went on a date with a beauty,
I told her I'd run out of gas;
I opened the car door and got out,
And she kicked me right in the—

****

No. 1634

SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST
also known as

Lady Margaret and Sweet William
Majorie and William
Margaret and Willy

Sweet William and May Margaret
Sweet William's Ghost
Sweet Willie, or Willy

Although this "superstition" ballad is rare in American tradition, we find seven versions in Child's collection (No. 77). In Bronson, II, we find eleven tunes.

Behind the story lies a Germanic folk belief that a deceased lover cannot be at rest in the land of the dead until all earthly ties have been severed.

For an interesting Danish analogue, see Sir Ogey and Lady Elsey in Leach (BB), 256-258 or in Prior (ADB), III, 76.

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Friedman, 47-51
Greenleaf, 21-22
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Houseman, 90-92
Jamieson, I, 83
Karpeles, 50-57
Karpeles (FSN), 2-6
Kinloch (ASB), 241
Leach, No. 4
Leach (BB), 256-258
Motherwell, I, 186
Motherwell MS., 262
Peacock, II, 390-395
Percy (RAEP), III, 130-133
Ramsay (TTM-1740), IV, 324
Sanders, 115-117
Scott (MSB), III, 183
Songster (77), 34

Sweet Willie's Ghost

There came a ghost to Margret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And he stood and tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth you'll never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And it is but my spirit, Margret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best,
"Here, there's your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And all the live-long winter night
The dead corpse followed she.

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the gray;
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That you were going away."

No more the ghost to Margret spoke,
But, with a grievous groan,
He vanished in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

****

No. 1635

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT
also known as
Sweet Low, Sweet Chariot

This is one of thos old slave spirituals that continues in popularity. Anton Dvorak used the tune in his New World Symphony. Song is easily available; it is in hundreds of folios and song-books, both religious and secular.

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Gainer, 220-222
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Kennedy (AB), 166
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Mackenzie (SH), 124-125
Marsh (SJS), 126
Oberndorfer, 24-25
Okun, 148-149
Parrish, 154-155
Pike, 166 or 208
Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 6
Seeger (6), 16
Waite, 79
Wier (YAM), III, 77
Work (FSAN), 59-60, 121
Work (ANSS), 153
Whitman, 91

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?

A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

I hear the angels calling me,
Coming for to carry me home;
O how I long to go and see,
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

If I get there before you do,
Coming for to carry me home,
I'll tell them all you're coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

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No. 1636

TAKE A WHIFF ON ME

also known as

Baby, Take a One on Me
Baby, Take a Whiff on Me
Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue
Honey, Take a Whiff on Me
Oh, Ho, Baby, Take a One on Me
Take a Sniff on Me
Tom Cat

This is one of those songs that seem to arrive from nowhere and circulate everywhere. It is similar in structure to the older "country blues" or "rounder" song, The Hop-Joint, a version of which may be seen in Scarborough (NFS), 90. For a different song dealing with the same subject matter, see Cocaine Lil in this Master Book. In fact, this song is more than likely a combination of The Hop-Joint and Cocaine Lil, since Cocaine Bill is obviously a parody of Cocaine Lil.

REFERENCES

Best, 34
Dobie (CG), 63
Downes (1943), 344
Leisy (SPS), 130
Lomax (ABFS), 186-188
Lomax (PB), 123
Lomax (USA), 314-315
Odum (NHS), 193
Scarborough (NFS), 91, 277
Shay (PF-2), 72-73, 79
Shay (PF-3), 150-151, 157
Silverman, II, 390

Take a Whiff on Me

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue,
Strolling down the avenue two by two.

Chorus

Oh, Baby, won't you take a little whiff on me?
Take a whiff on me!

Said Sue to Bill, "Won't do no harm
If we both have a little shot in the arm."

Said Bill to Sue, "I can't refuse—
There's no more kick in this damned ol' booze."

They walked down Third, they turned down Main,
Jus' lookin' for a shop where they sold cocaine.

They saw a drugstore full of smoke,
And saw a sign sayin', "No more coke."

Now in that graveyard on the hill
They laid the body of Cocaine Bill.

And in a grave right by his side,
They laid the body of his cocaine bride.

Now all you cokies are gonna be dead,
If you don't stop sniffin' that stuff in
your head!

****

No. 1637

TAKES A WORRIED MAN
also known as

I'm Worried Now, But I Won't Be Worried Long
It Takes a Worried Man

I Won't Be Worried Long
Worried Man Blues

An old Southern mountain song that was first made nationally popular by a Carter Family recording. As a result of the A. P. Carter version and other recordings, plus live radio performances by numerous groups,

the song remained widely known. During the "folk craze" of the 1950s the song was revived by the Kingston Trio and others, and became more popular than ever. Almost every line in the song can be found in other songs.

REFERENCES

Best, 42
Botkin (AFL), 890
Leisy, 371-372
Leisy (SPS), 121
Lomax (OSC), 373
Lomax (PB), 137
Silverman, II, 137
Whitman, 179

Takes a Worried Man

I robbed a bank in Memphis, and now I'm on the run;
I robbed a bank in Memphis, and now I'm on the run—
O how I wish I could undo all I've done!

Chorus

Takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
Takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long!

I went to see my darling, and I lay down to sleep (2),
When I woke up there was shackles on my feet!

I faced the judge next morning and heard the law's decree (2):
"Twenty-one years in the penitentiary!"

And now I've got a number and no one knows my name (2),
Before my time is up I know I'll die insane!

If anyone should ask you who composed this song (2),
Say it was me, and I sing it all day long!

****

No. 1638

TAKE YO' TIME
also known as
Don't Like It

This is a roustabout version of an old bawdy dance song. Lines from this song were used in a 1930s "pop" hit, Mama Don't Allow No Low-Down Hangin' Around. The version below is from Wheeler (SD), 98.

Take Yo' Time

Honey baby, take yo' time;
Please don't break this leg uv mine.

Chorus

Don't like it,
An' ain't goin' to have it no mo'.

Floatin' down river on a log,
Feel jus' like an old bullfrog.

Mama, mama, look at Sam,
Eatin' meat, soppin' the pan.

Mama went to beatin' on Sam,
He didn't seem to give a damn.

Mama, mama, look at Sis,
Out in the yard doin' the twist.

Ev'ry time I go to town,
Sheriff runs me round an' round.

****

No. 1639

TALKING BLUES
also known as

Jest, or Just Talking Original Talking Blues

This kind of "talking" song has been around as long as guitar-pickers have been around. This particular piece was written by Robert Lunn and William York, and it was popular all through the 1930s. Almost all country music performers had their own versions, usually designed to take advantage of the locality in which it was performed.
The lines, "If you want to go to heaven, I'll tell you how to do it" are floaters; they show up in several songs. For examples, see Brown, III, 525; Jour (AFL), XXVI, 158; Scarborough (NFS), 225 and White, 135, 144.

REFERENCES

Leisy, 315-318
Leisy (SPS), 124-125
Lomax (FSNA), 433-434
Richardson (AMS), 102-103
Silverman, II, 178
Silverman (FB), 277-279

Talking Blues

If you wanna get to heaven,
Let me tell you how to do it:
Jus' grease your feet
In a little mutton suet.
Slide right out of the devil's hand,
Slip right over to the Promised Land.

Take it easy though.
But go greasy.

For a long, long time I skipped my board,
Saved up money and I bought me a Ford;
Paint was new and the tires were good,
But Lord! what a rattle under the hood.

Ev'rything made a noise,
'Cept the horn.

Down in the hen house on my knees,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.
It was a Domineck rooster sayin' his prayers,
Thankin' the Lord for the hens upstairs!

Cacklin' an' crowin',
Hatchin' chicks.

Down in the wildwood, sittin' on a log,
My finger on the trigger, my eye on the hog;
Squeezed the trigger, the gun went ZIP!
And I grabbed that hog with all my grip.

Cookin' up porkchops,
Chittlins too.

Ain't no sense in me workin' so hard,
I got a gal in the rich folks' yard;
When they have chicken, she saves me the head—
She thinks I'm workin' but I'm lyin' in bed.

Dreamin' 'bout her,
Havin' a good time,
With another woman.

****

No. 1640

THE TATTOOED LADY

This is a parody of Let The Rest Of The World Go By. I learned the words in Mobile, Alabama, in the 1930s. This is not to be confused with other Tattooed Lady songs, one of which was made famous by Groucho Marx: Lydia, the Tattooed Lady. For another, see That Tattooed French Lady, see Shay (PF-1), 113 and (PF-3), 59.
I have not seen the song below in any other collection.

The Tattooed Lady

Adlib: On a carnival lot one day,
I heard the tattooed lady say:
"See the world as it's tattooed on me.
Everybody knows,
I never wear any clothes,
And there's no place in the world
That isn't free to see."
So I went up to look her over,
And this is what I saw:

Sung: On her back there was Brazil,
On her chest was Bunker Hill,
And just a little bit below
Was dear old Mexico;
On her navel there was Nice,
On her stomach there was Greece,
And old Siam stood high upon her thigh,
But then I saw my wife,
And so to save my life
I let the best of the world go by!

****

No. 1641

THE TEA PARTY

also known as

Ballad of the Tea Party The Boston Tea Party

This is one of several ballads dealing with the same event, but it was not written until many years after the event occurred. According to some reports, the tune was borrowed from the 1730s song, Come and Listen to My Ditty, or The Sailor's Complaint. Others say the tune was borrowed from Hosier's Ghost.
For different tea party songs, see Brand (S-76), 26, Lawrence, 44 and The Tea Tax in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 848-849
Ives (SA), 254-255
Ives (SB), 84-85
Jackson (ESUS), 17
Lawrence, 45
Rabson, 20-21

The Tea Party

Tea-ships near to Boston lying, on the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom never dying, then appeared in view.
With a rinktum dinktum, fa la linktum,
Then appeared in view,
With a rinktum dinktum, fa la linktum,
Then appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axes, chisels, weapons new for war-like deed,
T'ward the taxed, freighted vessels on they came with speed.
With a rinktum, dinktum, etc.

Overboard she foes, my boys, heave-ho where darkling
waters roar;
We love our cup of tea full well but love our freedom
more.
With a rinktum dinktum, etc.

Deep into the sea descended cursed weed of China's
coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended, rights shall ne'er
be lost!
With a rinktum dinktum, etc.

****

No. 1642

THE TEA TAX
also known as
The Boston Tea Tax

This, like the preceding song, deals with tax difficulties that came to a head in Boston and threw more fuel on the fires of American rebellion against England.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 849-851
Ives (SA), 256-257
Ives (SB), 86-87
Jackson (ESUS), 46
Levy, 195-197
Loesser, 95-97
Silber (SI), 53-55
Silverman, II, 303

The Tea Tax

I snum I am a Yankee lad, and I guess I'll sing a ditty;
And if you do not relish it, the more 'twill be the pity:
That is, I think I should have been a plague-y sight
more finished man,
If I'd been born in Boston town, but I warn't 'cause
I'm a country man.

And t'other day we Yankee folks were mad about the
taxes
And so we went, like Indians dressed, to split tea
chests with axes.
I mean, 'twas done in seventy-five, and we were real
gritty;
The mayor he would have led the gang, but Boston
warn't a city.

Ye see we Yankees didn't care a pin for wealth or booty,
So in State Street we agreed we'd never pay the duty—
That is, in State Street 'twould have been, but 'twas
King Street they called it then,
And tax on tea, it was so bad, the women wouldn't
scald it then.

To Charleston Bridge we all went down to see the thing
corrected,
That is, we would have gone there, but the bridge it
wasn't erected.
We made a plaguy mess o' tea in one of the biggest
dishes,
I mean, we steeped it in the sea and treated all the
fishes.

Now heaven bless the President and all this goodly
nation,
And doubly bless our Boston Mayor and all the corp-
oration;
And may all those who are our foes, or at our praise
have falter'd,
Soon have a change, that is, I mean, may all of them
get halter'd.

****

No. 1643

TELL ALL THE WORLD, JOHN
also known as
I Know the Other World's Not Like This

This is a compounded spiritual. Almost every line is found in other songs. For other versions, see Arnold, 173 and Work (ANSS), 171.
Also see and compare, De Udder Worl' Is Not Lak Dis in Odum (NHS), 123 and The Heavenly Choir in this Master Book.

Tell All The World, John

The tallest tree in Paradise—
I know the other world is not like this—
The Christians call it the tree of life—
I know the other world is not like this.

Chorus

Tell all the world, John,
Tell all the world, John,
Tell all the world, John:
I know the other world is not like this.

If religion was something money could buy, etc.
The rich would live and the poor would die, etc.

I've never been to heaven but I've been told, etc.
The gates are pearl and the streets are gold, etc.

One of these mornings bright and fair, etc.
I'm goin' to meet my Saviour 'way up there, etc.

****

No. 1644

TELL ME WHERE TO FIND HIM
also known as
They Led My Lord Away

This is a pre-Civil War spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Hayes, 118-120 Marsh (SJS), 257 Work (ANSS), 102

Tell Me Where to Find Him

The Jews and Romans in one band,—
Tell me where to find Him,—
They crucified the Son of Man,—
Tell me where to find Him.

Chorus

They led my Lord away,
away, away,
They led my Lord away—
O tell me where to find Him.

They led Him up to Pilate's bar,—
Tell me where to find Him,—
But they could not condemn Him there,—
Tell me where to find Him.

Pilate said, "I'll wash my hands,—
Tell me where to find Him,—
I find no fault in this just man,"—
Tell me where to find Him.

****

No. 1645

THE TENDERFOOT
also known as

Breaking in a Tenderfoot
Bronco Buster
The City Cowboy
Cowboy's Life
The Horse Wrangler

According to D. J. O'Malley, he wrote this song "in 1893." A version appeared in the Stock Growers Journal, Miles City, Montana, Feb. 4, 1894. O'Malley said the tune came from the song, The Day I Played Base Ball.
The song got around, and lines from it have been incorporated into The Trail To Mexico (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 89-90
Arkansas, 54-55
Big, 14-15
Botkin (SWFS), 548-549
Carlson, 62
Clark (CS), 58
Coolidge (TC), 126-127
Davis (TTS), 52
Fife, 197-198
Fowke (FSC), 96-97
Frey, 60-61
Gordon, No. 1137
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 185
Klickmann, 38-39
Laws (NAB), 145
Leakey, 161-163
Lindroth, 9
Lingenfelter, 338-339
Lomax (CS-1919), 136-137
Lomax (CS-1938), 119-122
Lone Ranger, 14-15
Nebraska (1), 1-3
Ohrlin, 45-47
Pound, 176-178
Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 13
Quarterly (SFL), III, 28-29
Sandburg (AS), 274-275
Silverman, I, 33
Sing, 13-15
Sires, 2-3
Thorp (1904-08), 13-14
Thorp (1921), 146-148
Thorp & Fife, 47-55
Treasure, 28-29
Warner, 67
White (CP), 11-12

White (GALD), 87-89
White (SPH), 46-48
Will (FCS), 185
Wylder, 51-53

The Tenderfoot

I thought one spring I'd have some fun,
And see jus' how cowpunchin' is done.
So when the roundups had begun,
I tackled a cattle king.
Says he, "My foreman is in town;
He's at the Plaza, his name is Brown.
If you'll see him he'll take you down."
Says I, "That's just the thing."

We started for the ranch next day;
Brown argued and talked all the way.
He told me punching was only play,
That it was no work at all—
That all I had to do was ride,
Like I was drifting with the tide.
That S. O. B., oh, how he lied!
He certainly had his gall.

He put me in charge of a cavyard,
And told me not to work too hard;
That all I had to do was guard
The horses from getting away.
I had one hundred and sixty head,
And sometimes wished that I was dead;
When one got away, Brown's head turned red,
And there was hell to pay.

They sadlled me up an old gray hack,
With two set-fasts on his back;
They padded him down with a gunny sack,
And told me that was all.

When I got on he left the ground,
Went up in the air and turned around,
And I came down and busted the ground!
I had one helluva fall.

They picked me up and carried me in,
And rubbed me down with an old stake-pin;
"That's the way they all begin.
You're doin' well," says Brown.
"And in the morning, if you don't die,
I'll give you another horse to try."
"O, say! can't I walk?" says I.
Says he, "Yes, back to town!"

****

No. 1646

TEN LITTLE INDIANS
also known as

John Brown and His Little Indian
John Brown Had a Little Indian
John Brown's Little Indians
Old John Brown Had a Little Indian
Seven Little Indian Boys

Game and play-party song that may have evolved from the Negro game-recitative reported in Talley, 163: The End of Ten Little Negroes. Polished, and with a refrain added, the piece was frequently published as Ten Little Niggers. For examples, see Chapple (HS), 357; Richardson (AMS), 84-85; and Wier (YAM), I, 120. There is an old English nursery rhyme, Tom Brown's Two Little Indian Boys, which Botkin says is "probably" related to Ten Little Indians, a version of the former

being in Halliwell (NRE), 110.
Leland, 113-114, traces the piece back to "additive and subtractive magic songs" for "reducing disease by counting it off," but says that the game did not show up in the United States prior to 1847.
What we know for a fact is that the particular form of the song given below could not have come into existence prior to the recognition of John Brown, for a song about a famous person prior to his fame is most unlikely. Tune is variation of the Drunken Sailor.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 310
Bertail, 144
Botkin (APPS), 218-220
Brown, III, 186-187; V, 110
Davis (FSV), 190
Douthitt, 37
Ford (TMA), 448
Henry (SSSA), 241-242
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 9
Newton, 12-13
Perrow (XXVI), 154
Pound (SFSN), XXX, No. 2
Randolph, III, 399
Shearin (SKFS), 34-35
Silverman, I, 311
Wier (SCLS), 10
Wier (YAM), I, 140

Ten Little Indians

John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
One little Indian boy.

One little, two little, three little Indians,
Four little, five little, six little Indians,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,
Ten little Indian boys.

Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians,
Seven little, six little, five little Indians,
Four little, three little, two little Indians,
One little Indian boy.

****

No. 1647

TEN THOUSAND CATTLE STRAYING

This cowboy song was written by Owen Wister as a part of his novel, The Virginian. In 1904 the song was sung in the play of the same title, adapted from Wister's novel, and became somewhat popular. It was published in sheet-music form the same year by Whitmark & Son, New York, N. Y. For a parody, Ten Thousand God-Damn Cattle, see Lomax (CS-1938), 130-131.

REFERENCES

Coburn, 77
Kennedy (TAB), 322-323
Larkin, 152-153
Lee (TTGC), 123-124, 230
Lomax (CS-1938), 128-130
Ohrlin, 15-16, 248-249
Silverman, I, 49
White (GALD), 31-34

Ten Thousand Cattle Straying

Ten thousand cattle gone astray,
Left my range and traveled away;
And the sons-of-guns, I'm here to say,
Have left me dead broke, dead broke today.

Chorus

In gambling halls delaying,
Ten thousand cattle straying, straying.

And my gal, she has gone away,
Left my shack and traveled away
With a son-of-a-gun from Ioway;
And I am a lone man, a lone man today.

She was awful sweet and loved me so,
But the Ioway fellow made her go;
Now my heart is broke, and I'm weak and low,
And to drink my life away is all I know.

****

No. 1648

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY I

This song originated as a British broadside and quickly spawned several variations. For example, see Ten Thousand Miles Away II in this Master Book. The tune, which is not always the same, is similar to that of Rosin the Bow.

For Australian adaptations, see The Old Palmer Song and A Thousand Miles Away in Anderson (SAF), 37 and 209.

REFERENCES

Coffin & Cohen, 68-69
Colcord, 159-161
Flanders (VFSB), 148-149
Harlow, 116-119
Hubbard, 143-144
Hugill (1), 409-410
Jour (AFL), XXVII, 75-76
Leisy (LAS), 74-75
Sandburg (AS), 100-101

Ten Thousand Miles Away I

I'm off to a brave and gallant ship, to a stiff and steady breeze,
With a bully crew and a captain too, to carry me over the seas.
To carry me over the seas, my boys, to my true love far away;
I'm taking a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away.

Chorus

O blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! a-roving I will go.
I'll stay no more on England's shore, to hear the music play;
I'll ride on the morning train to cross the raging main—
I'm taking a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away!

My true love she was beautiful, my true love she was young;
Her eyes were like the diamonds bright, and silvery was her tongue,
And silvery was her tongue, my boys, tho' now she's far away;
She took a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away.

O dark and dismal was the day when last I saw my Peg,
With a government band around each hand and another one round her leg.
And another one round her leg, my boys, as the big ship left the bay.
"Goodbye," said she, "remember me, ten thousand miles away.

I wish I was a sailor bold, with hammer, wood, and nail;
I'd build a boat and away I'd float, and to my true love I would sail;
And to my true love I would sail, my boys, where the dancing dolphins play,
Where whales and sharks are kicking up larks, ten thousand miles away.

The sun may shine thro' a London fog, or the river run quite clear,
The ocean's brine be turned to wine, or I forget my beer;
Or I forget my beer, my boys, or the landlord's quarter-day,
Before I forget my own sweet Peg ten thousand miles away.

****

No. 1649

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY II

also known as

Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-Ho A Capital Ship

This is an adaptation of the foregoing song; it became quite popular and even inspired a parody of its own, a version of which is in Best, 76 (A Skier One Day).

REFERENCES

Best, 19
Chamberlain, 318-319
Leisy (LAS), 72-74
Loesser, 185-188
Most (PCS), 50-51
Trident, 42-43
Winn (1), 126

Ten Thousand Miles Away II

A capital ship for an ocean trip was the Walloping Window Blind!
No wind that blew dismayed the crew, or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was made to feel contempt for the wildest blow,
Tho' it often appeared, when the gale had cleared that he'd been in his bunk below.

Chorus

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! a-roving I will go!
I'll stay no more on England's shore, so let the music play!
I'm off for the morning train, I'll cross the raging main,
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove, ten thousand miles away!

The bos'n mate was very sedate, yet fond of amusement too;
He played a hopscotch with the starboard watch,
while the captain, he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad, for he sat on the after rail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots, in the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat, and dined in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs, and gunnery bread each day;
And the cook was Dutch and behaved as such, for the diet he gave the crew,
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns served up with sugar and glue.

We all felt ill as mariners will on a diet that's cheap and rude,
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook in a tub of his gruesome food;
Then nautical pride we laid aside, and we ran the vessel ashore,
On the Gulliby Isles where the Poopoo smiles, and the rubbly Ubdugs roar.

On the Rugby bark from morn till dark, we dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk came up from the Torribly zone;
She was chubby and square, be we didn't much care, so we cheerily put out to sea,
And we left all the crew on the junk to chew on the bark of the Rugby tree.

****

No. 1650

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY III
also known as

The Homesick Boy
I Wish I Were a Little Bird
On the Banks of a Lonely River

This must be an American song, because I haven't seen a version in any English collection.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 433-434; IV, 232-233
Combs (FSKH), 14-15
Pound (SFSN), XV, No. 7
Randolph, IV, 151-152

Ten Thousand Miles Away III

On the banks of a lonely river
Ten thousand miles away,
I had an aged mother
Whose hair was turning gray.

O blame me not for weeping,
O blame me not, I pray,
For I want to see my mother
Ten thousand miles away.

Last night as I lay sleeping,
I had a pleasant dream;
I dreamed I saw my mother
Close by a lonely stream.

They tell me they have laid her
In the cold and silent grave
On the banks of the lonely river
Ten thousand miles away.

As the years roll on before me,
I sometimes kneel and pray

For the banks of that lonely river
Ten thousand miles away.

****

No. 1651

TENTING TONIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

also known as

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground We're Tenting Tonight

This song, written in 1862 by Walter Kittredge, was quite popular during the Civil War years. Kittredge, a professional singer, performed many concerts as a solo vocalist and also as a member of the famous Hutchinson Family. His song is still being printed by music publishers.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 134-135
Arnett, 86
Chapple (HS), 28
Dolph, 328-330
Downes (1940), 155-157
Downes (1943), 186-187
Ford (TMA), 468
Glass (SS-2), 140-141
Johnson (FS), 524-527
Kennedy (TAB), 163-164
Krythe, 157
Luther, 185
Mackenzie (SH), 87-88
Oberndorfer, 109
Silber (HSB), 60
Silverman, II, 309
Staton, 93
Whitman, 39
Wier (SWWS), 217-218

Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts,
A song of home and friends we love so dear.

Chorus

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

****

No. 1652

THE TEN VIRGINS
also known as

O, Zion
There Were Ten Virgins
When the Bridegroom Came
Zion

This is a Biblical spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers, which means it was sung by slaves.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 168
Dett, 72
Marsh (SJS), 159
Parrish, 158
Pike (1873), 199
Pike (1875), 241

The Ten Virgins

Now five of them were wise when the bridegroom came,
Five of them were wise when the bridegroom came.

O Zion, O Zion, O Zion,
When the bridegroom came.

Five of them were foolish when the bridegroom came, etc.

The wise ones all took oil when the bridegroom came, etc.

The foolish took no oil when the bridegroom came, etc.

The foolish ones kept knocking when the bridegroom came, etc.

Depart, I never knew you, said the bridegroom, then, etc.

****

No. 1653

TEXAS COWBOY I
also known as

I Am a Jolly, or Texas Cowboy The Jolly Cowboy

We give here two distinct songs with a common title, versions A and B.
Version A is itself a combination of two songs, one of which was published in 1886 by Thomas Goggan & Bro. under the title The Texas Cowboy. This song was reprinted as a distinct piece by Lomax (CS-1919), 287-289, and he attributes it to "Mrs. Robert Thomson." In the same edition, pp. 284-286, Lomax has stanzas 1 and 3 incorporated in The Jolly Cowboy, a song reprinted in his enlarged edition of 1938.
Version B (below) is a different song with the same title, but it can be and is sung to the same air.
For another version of the B text, see Hudson (FSM), 228-229.

Texas Cowboy I (Version A)

I am a jolly cowboy, an' from ol' Texas hail,
Give me a quirt and pony, I'm ready for the trail;
I love the rolling prairies, all free from care and strife,
Behind a herd of longhorns I'll journey all my life.

Whenever dawn is breaking, and we are far away,
We climb into our saddles and round-up thro' the day;
We rope and brand and ear-mark—I tell you we are smart—
And when the herd is ready, to Kansas then we start.

I am a Texas cowboy, lighthearted, brave and free;
To roam across the prairie is good enough for me.

My trusty little pony is my companion true;
O'er plains and hills and river he's sure to pull
me through.

When threatening clouds do gather and fearful
lightnings flash,
And heavy rain drops splatter, and rolling thunders
crash,
What stops the herd from running, stampeding far and
wide?
The cow-poke's long, low whistle and singing by their
side.

I am a jolly cowboy, an' from ol' Texas hail,
But for my lovin' Lillie I'd quit the longhorn trail.
I dearly love the prairies, all free from care and
strife,
But I'll quit it all this minute, if sweet Lillie will
be my wife.

VERSION B

(A version of this song in Botkin (WFL), 755 is reprinted from Lee (CSB), a folio published in Butte, Montana.

.....

I am a jolly cowboy just off the Texas plains,
My trade is girthing saddles and pulling bridle reins.
I've worked upon the ranches, I've worked upon the trail;
I've seen the flashing lightning and felt the crashing
hail.

My boss he seems to like me, the punchers all have cheek;
Tough one's never call me out—they know I can't be beat.
I'm just a jolly cowboy, I'm happy and I'm free,
And I'll keep punchin' cattle until they bury me.

****

No. 1654

TEXAS COWBOY II
also known as

Come, All You Texas Cowboys
The Dreary Life
O Listen, Texas Cowboys

This song's title is all it shares with the preceding song. Once again, however, we have two versions that are different but which have been linked through reference by several collectors.
Lomax says that he received a report that version A "was composed by a cowboy who was going up the trail from Texas to Montana." On the other hand, Thorp & Fife ascribe the song to the poet, M. S. W. Redwater.
Version B is of unknown authorship.

REFERENCES

Arkansas, 42-44
Botkin (SWFS), 548
Branch, 173, 254, 255
Clark (CS), 64
Felton, 48
Fife, 91-94
Fife (FAC), III, 601, 765
Hobo News, Folio 6
Hudson (FSM), 227-228
James (SC), 35
Larkin (1931), 64-65
Larkin (1963), 40-43
Lee (SR), 36
Lingenfelter, 329-330
Lomax (CS-1919), 229-232
Lomax (CS-1938), 22-24
Nebraska, XI, 2-4
Thorp (1904), 21-23
Thorp (1921), 148-151
Thorp & Fife, 100-101

Texas Cowboy II (Version A)

I am a Texas cowboy
And I'm far away from home;
If ever I get back to Texas,
I never more will roam.

Montana's too cold for me,
The winter's are too long,
Before the roundups begin
Your money is all gone.

I've worked down in Nebraska,
And down upon the Platte,
Where cowboys are good fellows
And the cows are always fat.

I've ridden miles of country,
Seen every kind of land;
I rode the Indian Nation,
And up the Rio Grande.

The Badlands of Montana
Are the worst I've ever seen;
The cowboys are all tenderfeet,
And all the dogies lean.

The work in old Montana
Is six-months in the year;
When all your bills are settled,
There ain't a dime for beer.

Come all you Texas cowboys
And take a tip from me,
And don't go to old Montana
To spend your money free.

Just stay at home in Texas,
Where work lasts all year 'round,
And you'll never get consumption
From sleeping on the ground.

VERSION B

O listen, Texas cowboys,
And heed this word from me:

You don't go to old Montana
For wealth or liberty.

But stay right here in Texas,
And work the whole year round,
Where you won't get consumption
From sleeping on the ground.

In Montana the cowboys
They work six months a year;
They pay for things twice over,
In that land so bleak and drear.

The chuck is bread and bacon,
With coffee black as ink,
And hard old alkali water
That's scarcely fit to drink.

They wake you ev'ry morning
Before the break of day,
To send you out on circle
Some twenty miles away.

Montana is the badland,
The worst I've ever seen,
Where cowboys are all tenderfeet
And the dogies are all lean.

****

No. 1655

TEXAS COWBOY III
also known as
A Toast to the Texas Cowboys

This song is derived from an 1884 broadside, a text of which is in Fife, 107.

Texas Cowboy III

With a sort of careless swagger
And a movement half a stagger,
With now and then a kind of angry frown,
With an air that's free and easy,
And I-don't-care-if-I-please ye,—
That's the way the Texas cowboy seems in town.

He can ride a bucking broncho
From Austin to the Concho
And never once be pitched into the air;
He will rope a cow or rabbit
From the force of early habit,
And live for years without a single care.

He likes to talk of trailing
With one foot on the railing,
And watch the busy bar-keep smile and wait;
When he calls for good, red licker,
He pours a man's six kicker,
And cowboys like him take that licker straight.

If you see him in his glory,
This hero of my story,
Just watch him in a round-up on the plain;
While he's cutting out a "stranger,"
He never thinks of danger,
Nor does he seem to feel the constant strain.

If night should overtake him,
It does not seem to shake him,
Just so his horse can find a place to graze;
With his saddle for a pillow
He dreams of some fine willow
Where he sat with one he love in other days.

He can take a joke or give it;
His life is his to live it,
And little does he care for worldly gains;

And since we we have his measure,
Let us drink a toast with pleasure,
To this daring Texas cowboy of the plains.

****

No. 1656

TEXAS JACK

This song, with text and music, was collected by Ellen J. Stekert and is published in Fife, 125-126. I do not know who composed the tune or where it came from, but the text was printed in Clark Stanley's The Life and Adventure of the American Cowboy (Providence, R. I., 1905), p. 37.

Texas Jack

Come, give me your attention, I'll sing to you a song;
It is a simple story and won't detain you long.
I'll try to tell the reason why we are bound to roam,
And why we are so friendless and seldom have ahome.

My home is in the saddle, upon my pony's back;
I'm just a rovin' cowboy who's on the hostile tract.
They say I am a sure shot, that danger I never knew,
But I've oft heard the story that I now tell to you.

In eighteen hundred, sixty three, a little emigrant band
Was massacred by Indians bound west by overland.
They scalped our noble soldiers, the emigrants had to die,
And the only living captives were two small girls and I.

I was rescued from the Indians by a brave and noble man,
Who trailed the thieving redskins and fought them hand to hand.

He was well-known for his bravery while on the enemy's
track,—
He has a noble history and his name is Texas Jack.

Ol' Jack could tell a story if he were only here,
Of the trouble and the harships of the estern pioneer;
He would tell you how the mothers and comrades lost
their lives,
And how the noble fathers were scalped before their
eyes.

I was raised among the cowboys, my saddle is my home,
And I'll always be a cowboy, no matter where I roam.
And like our noble heroes my help I volunteer,
And try to be of service to the Western pioneer.

Yes, I'm a roving cowboy, I've worked upon the trail;
I've shot the shaggy buffalo and heard the coyote's
wail.
I have slept upon my saddle beneath the heatless moon,
And expect to keep it us, dear friends, until I meet
my doom.

****

No. 1657

THE TEXAS RANGERS
also known as

Come, All Ye Roving Rangers
Come, All Ye Southern Soldiers
The Ex-Ranger's Song
I Was a Southern Soldier
The Roving Ranger, or Rangers
A Southern Soldier
The Texas Cowboy
The Texas Ranger
The Texas Soldier Boy
Texican Ranger
The Texy Rangers
War Song

This is a ballad from the Civil War era. There is a possibility that it was adapted from a much older English song, perhaps a stall ballad. We find versions

designed to fit several different historical situations, including war with Indians, a pro-Confederate and a pro-Union version. Allan (LSB), who printed it as The Texas Soldier Boy in 1874, said it was written by a 15-year-old soldier of the Arizona Brigade. One or two years later a version came along in which Yankees were replaced by Indians, and that version became a Wehman broadside (No. 748). The Union Army also sang an adaptation in Indians were replaced by Rebels: (see Journal of American Folklore, XLIV, 85-86).
For a song that begins much the same as ours, see The Rebel's Escape in this Master Book. For an adaptation called Longstreet's Rangers, see Morris, 29-21.

REFERENCES

Allan (LSB), 38
Belden (BS), 336-339
Belden (PLSB), No. 60
Botkin (WFL), 774-775
Brewster (BSI), 316-317
Brown, II, 544-546; IV, 277
Clark (CS), 59-60
Cox (FSS), 262
Davidson (SRMF), 102
Davis (FSV), 290
Doering, 72-73
Eddy, 291-293
Emrich (FAL), 509-510
Flanders (CSV), 30-31
Flanders (NGMS), 226-228
Fuson, 191-192
Gardner (BSSM), 239-240
Henry (FSSH), 349-351
Henry (MSSH), 85-86
Henry (SNC), 141-142
Hubbard, 291-292
Hudson (FSM), 227-228
Hull (CB), 43
Jones, 4, 11, 300
Jour (AFL), XXV, 14-15; XXVI, 186; XXXV, 417; XLII, 281; XLVI, 48
Laws (NAB), 122
Lingenfelter, 266-267
Lomax (CS-1919), 44-46
Lomax (CS-1938), 359-361
Lomax (FSNA), 331-332
Lomax (OSC), 245-247
Luther, 155-156
Moore (BFSS), 312-314
Morris, 44-45
Nebraska (1), 6-7
Ohrlin, 129-131
Pound, 163-164
Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 12
Randolph, II, 169-173

Sharp, II, 253
Shay (PF-2), 68-70
Shay (PF-3), 152-153
Shoemaker (MMP), 91-92
Shoemaker (NPM), 78, 88-89
Silverman, I, 45
Siringo (SC), 9-11
Sowell, 231-232
Stout, 106-107
Thomas (BMMK), 45
Tolman & Eddy, 417
Will (FCS), 186

The Texas Rangers

Come, all you Texas rangers, wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of some troubles that happened unto me.
My name is nothing extra, no need for it to tell,
But here's to all you rangers: You must know I wish you well.

It was at the age of sixteen that I joined a jolly band;
We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande.
Our captain he informed us—perhaps he thought it right—
"Before you reach the station, boys, you'll surely have to fight."

And when the bugle sounded our captain gave command,
"To arms! to arms!" he shouted, "And by your horses stand."
I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky;
The first thought that struck me, my time had come to die.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give the yell;
My feelings at that moment, no tongue could ever tell.
I saw the glittering lances, their arrows round me flew,
And all my strength it left me, and all my courage too.

We fought full nine hours before the strife was o'er,
The like of dead and wounded I never saw before.

And when the sun was rising, and the Indians they had
fled,
We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead.
'Twas then I thought of mother, who to me in tears
did say,
"To you they are all strangers, with me you had better
stay."
I thought that she was childish, the best she did not
know;
My mind was fixed on ranging, and I was bound to go.
I have seen the fruits of rambling, I know its hard-
ships well;
I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, rode down the
streets of hell.
I have been in the great Southwest where the wild
Apaches roam,
And I tell you from experience you had better stay
at home.

****

No. 1658

THAT'S A HABIT I NEVER HAD

I have not seen this humorous song in print, but have heard it performed many times, beginning the the early 1930s. I learned it from Bob and Joe Shelton, known as The Shelton Brothers, who, in fact, may have written it.

That's a Habit I Never Had

There's all kinds of habits in the world today,
But there's one habit never came my way:
I tell you, folks, you'll soon be dead,
If you don't stop taking nicotine to your head!

O that's a habit I never had!
That smoking habit is mighty bad;
I tell everybody how it makes me glad,
The smoking habit I never had.

I once knew a fellow who was doing fine;
He owned half-interest in a silver mine.
But now that man is broke for life—
The fool had a habit giving money to his wife!

O that's a habit I never had!
That money giving habit is mighty bad.
I tell everybody how it makes me glad—
The money giving habit I never had!

My wife said, "Hey! you're nothing but a slob!
Get up, get out, and go find a job!
All you ever do is lay in bed!"
But I looked up and to her said:

O that's a habit I never had!
That working habit is mighty bad.
I tell everybody how it makes me glad—
The working habit I never had!

****

No. 1659

THEM PRETTY GIRLS WON'T HAVE ME

also known as

A Bachelor's Lament — The Old Bachelor

There are several songs dealing with this same subject matter, but none of them are related to this song. For two other songs sharing the Old Bachelor title with the one below, see: Husband's Complaint I & II in this Master Book. For a song that tells a similar story, see Payne (SBGG), 234-235.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 18
Belden (BS), 263
Brewster (BSI), 311-312
Cox (FSS), 468
Jour (AFL), XXV, 281

Them Pretty Girls Won't Have Me

As I rode out one morning in Spring,
I heard an old bachelor who sadly did sing:
Oh, I don't know what the reason could be,
But them pretty girls won't have me."

I've courted rich, and I've courted poor,
And I have been kicked out of many a door,
But I don't know what the reason could be
Why them pretty girls won't have me.

Now cheer up, boys, and find you a wife,
And never attempt the bachelor life;
I wish I knew what the reason could be,
But them pretty girls won't have me.

He threw himself upon his bed,
And tore the hairs right out of his head!
"Oh, I wonder what the reason could be,
Why them pretty girls won't have me?"

****

No. 1660

THERE'S A GREAT CAMP MEETING
also known as

Don't Get Weary
Don't You Get Weary
Gwineter Mourn and Never Tire
In the Promised Land
Walk Together, Children

This is a pre-Civil War spiritual with a "Promised Land" theme.

REFERENCES

Benziger, 96-97
Dett, 26-27
Johnson (SBNS), 180-182
Krehbiel, 78
Marsh (SJS), 246-247
Work (ANSS), 143
Work (FSAN), 45-46

There's a Great Camp Meeting

O walk together, children,
Don't you get weary!
Walk together, children,
Don't you get weary!
Walk together, children,
Don't you get weary!
There's a great camp meeting
In the Promised Land.

Chorus

Gonna mourn and never tire,
Mourn and never tire,
Mourn and never tire,
There's a great camp meeting
In the Promised Land.

O talk together children, etc.

O clap your hands, my children, etc.

O feel the spirit movin', etc.

****

No. 1661

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET
also known as

Dear Henry
George and Eliza
Heinrich and Henretta
Hendrik and Henrietta

Henrietta and Dear Henry
Henry and Liza, or Lizzy
Hole in the Bucket
Liza and Henry

This is an American adaptation of an old German folk song, and it comes from the Pennsylvania Dutch country. The song exists in several varying versions, including one or two in the German language. It is known as Der Jug hot en Loch, Liewer Heindrich, and Wenn das Pott aber nun en Loch hat?
See and compare, Korson (PSL), 252-255.

REFERENCES

Boyer, 131-134
Brown, V, 462-464
Korson (PSL), 83-85, 266
Leisy, 319-321
Winn (2), 74

There's a Hole in the Bucket

SHE: Fetch the water, dear Henry, dear Henry,
Dear Henry, fetch the water,
Dear Henry, fetch me some water.

He: There's a hole in the bucket,
Henretta, Henretta,
There's a hole in the bucket,
Henretta, a hole.

SHE: Then fix it, dear Henry, etc.

HE: With what shall I fix it?, etc.

SHE: With a stick, dear Henry, etc.

HE: But the stick is too big, etc.

SHE: Well, cut it, dear Henry, etc.

HE: With what shall I cut it?, etc.

SHE: With an axe, dear Henry, etc.

HE: O, the axe is too dull, etc.

SHE: Then sharpen it, dear Henry, etc.

HE: On what shall I sharpen it?, etc.

SHE: On a stone, dear Henry, etc.

HE: O, the stone is too dry, etc.

SHE: Then wet it! dear Henry, etc.

HE: With what shall I wet it?, etc.

SHE: Try water, dear Henry!, etc.

HE: In what shall I fetch it?, etc.

SHE: In a bucket, dear Henry!, etc.

HE: There's a hole in the bucket, etc.

****

No. 1662

THERE'S A MAN GOIN' ROUND TAKIN' NAMES
also known as

The Angel of Death Man Goin' Round Takin' Names

Religio-secular song that is generally ignored by the collectors of folk material. Traditional among Southern blacks, the song has also become a favorit of Jazz musicians in modern times.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 186
Kennedy (M-2), 100-102
Lomax (ABFS), 591
Randolph, IV, 38
Sandburg (AS), 447
Silverman, II, 117

There's a Man Goin' Round Takin' Names

There's a man goin' round takin' names,
There's a man goin' round takin' names,
O, he took my mother's name
An' he left my heart in pain—
O, there's a man goin' round takin' names.

He's takin' down a name at ev'ry door, (2)
O, he's goin' from door to door,
To the rich and to the poor—
O, there's a man goin' round takin' names.

There's a man goin' round takin' names, (2)
O, he took my father's name
An' he left my heart in pain—
O, there's a man goin' round takin' names.

Ol' Death, he is that man takin' names, (2)
O, he's travelin' all around
An' all our names are written down—
O, there's a man goin' round takin' names.

****

No. 1663

THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT
also known as
He's a Blessing Here Tonight A Meeting Here Tonight

This spiritual from the slave era is still widely sung in the United States. The tune was borrowed from the campground spiritual, I Love Jesus, a version of which is in the Revivalist (1868, 1872), p. 254. According to Jackson (SFS), 222, the tune was also called Bonaparte's Retreat.
The song was adapted by the modern Freedom Movement people: see Gonna Be A Meetin' Over Yonder in Carawan, 196-197.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 36-38
Dett, 182
Marsh (SJS), 184-185
Pike, 266
Work (ANSS), 219

There's a Meeting Here Tonight

Camp meeting down in the wilderness,
There's a meeting here tonight!
Somewhere in the wilderness,
There's a meeting here tonight!

Chorus

Get you ready,
There's a meeting here tonight!
Come along,
There's a meeting here tonight!
I know you by your daily walk,
There's a meeting here tonight!

O, I don't know but I've been told, etc.
All angel wings are tipped with gold, etc.

O, when they call that heavenly roll, etc.
I'll be so glad within my soul, etc.

I'm Christian bred and Christian born, etc.
I'll rise a Christian Judgment morn, etc.

****

No. 1664

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN
also known as
There Was a Man in Thessaly

This is an old nursery song. For other versions, see Bertail, 82 and Wier (YAM), I, 75.

There Was a Man in Our Town

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
But when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

****

No. 1665

THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER
also known as

Another Little Drink
Won't Do No Harm
The Auld Soldier
The Old Geezer
The Old Soldier (s)
Old Tobacco Box
The Soldier's Song
There Was a Little Hen
There Was an Old Soldier
and He Had A Wooden Leg
Tobacco Box

This song from the Civil War years has come down to us with many additions and variations, including the parody given below as version B. The tune was borrowed from Turkey in the Straw or Zip Coon, both of which are given in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Beck (SML), 241
Brewster (BSI), 353
Flanders (VFSB), 50
Ford (OTFM), 30
Ford (TMA), 38, 440
Kennedy (TAB), 187-188

Sandburg (AS), 432-433
Scott (FSS), 35
Silverman, II, 191
Trident, 39
White, 401
Whitman, 186-187

There Was an Old Soldier

O there was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg,
He had no tobacco—no tobacco could he beg.
Another old soldier was as sly as a fox,
He always had tobacco in the old Tobacco Box.

Said the one old soldier, "Won't you give me a chew?"
Said the other old soldier, "I'll be damned if I do!
Save up your money and put away your rocks,
And you'll always have tobacco in the old tobacco box."

Well, the same old soldier was feelin' very bad.
He says, "I'll get even, I will, begad!"
He goes to a corner, takes a rifle from a peg
And stabs the other soldier with a splinter from his leg.

There was an old hen and she had a wooden foot,
And she made her nest by a gooseberry root;
And she laid more eggs than any on the farm—
And another wooden foot wouldn't do her any harm.

.....

VERSION B

Other versions of this parody are in Henry (MSSH), 83; Shay (DFW), 37-38; Shay (PF-2), 7 & (PF-3), 149.

There was an old hen and she had a wooden leg,
And nearly every morning she used to lay an egg;
She was the best old hen that we had on the farm,
And another little drink won't do no harm.

We had an old hen and she had a crippled foot,
And she made her nest by a mulberry root;
She ruffled up her feathers for to keep her eggs
warm—
And another little drink won't do no harm.

We had an old cow and she had a crooked tail,
And we always milked her in a wooden pail.
She was the best old cow that we had on the farm,
And another little drink won't do no harm.

****

No. 1666

THESE BONES
also known as

Creation
Dese Bones
Dese Bones Gwine to Rise Again
These Bones Gonna Rise Again

A pre-Civil War slave spiritual. Some versions have a melody remarkably similar to the old German drinking song, Crambambull.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 148-149
Best, 146-147
Brown, III, 580-581;
V, 331-332
Coleman, 88
Haywood (FSW), 42-43
Johnson (EAS), No. 22
Johnson (RAS), 40
Lomax (ABFS), 597-600
Lomax (FSNA), 476
Odum (NHS), 102
Sandburg (AS), 470-471
Silverman, II, 86
White, 83-85
Wilson (SHP), 38
Winn (2), 40-41

These Bones

Good Lord said, I'm gonna make a man!
These bones gonna rise again.

He made him out of mud and a little bit of sand!
These bones gonna rise again.

Chorus

I believe it! Lord, I believe it!
These bones gonna rise again.

Good Lord thought he'd make a woman too, etc.
He didn't know exactly what to do, etc.

Good Lord took a rib from Adam's side, etc.
He made Miss Eve for to be his bride, etc.

He set them down in a garden fair, etc.
Told them they could eat whatever was there, etc.

Near one tree, He said, you must not go, etc.
Jus' leave the apples there and let 'em grow, etc.

One day Miss Eve come a-walkin' around, etc.
She saw that tree all loaded down, etc.

Long came the serpent, 'bout six-foot three, etc.
And he chased Miss Eve up that apple tree, etc.

Good Lord came a-snoopin' all around, etc.
He seen them peelin's all over the ground, etc.

"Adam, Adam! where art thou?", etc.
"I'm here, Lord, an' I'm comin' right now," etc.

"You been eatin' my apples, I believe," etc.
"O no, dear Lord, that was surely Miss Eve," etc

Good Lord rose up in a mighty wrath, etc.
He said, "You two beat it on down the path!," etc.

Now poor Adam he's holdin' the sack, etc.
And wishes he had his ol' rib back!, etc.

****

No. 1667

THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

also known as

Cape Ann
Come All Ye Jolly Sportsmen
The Fox Chase, or Hunt
Lookee There, Now!
Old Circus Song
The Owl and the Jay Bush
Reynard
So We Hunted and We Hollered
The Three Farmers
The Three Hunters, or Huntsmen
Three Jolly Frenchmen
Three Jolly Huntsmen
Three Jolly Welshmen
Three Men Went A-Hunting
'Twas of Three Jolly Welshmen
We Hunted and We Hollered
We Whooped and We Hollered

A type of old English nonsense song that was already popular in 1613, when Shakespeare and Fletcher wrote The Two Noble Kinsmen. Part of the same piece was sung in another play, in 1668, Davenant's The Rivals.
One assumes that this song was known in the American colonies, since most well-known English songs were.
We know for a fact that it was published as Cape Ann in 1843, when it was featured by the famed Hutchinson Family (see Songs of the Hutchinson Family, No. 4).
The same version was published in England (see Davidson's Universal Melodist, II, 1848, p. 317).
Sometimes mistakenly known as Reynard, this song has been confused with a totally unrelated piece, Reynard the Fox (see in MB).
They Whooped and They Hollered has also been reported in England and America as a nursery and a game song.
For an unrelated song with a title in common with some versions of this one, see Three Jolly Welshmen in Korson (MMP), 62.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 76-77
Arnold, 88-89
Baring-Gould (EFSS), 50
Baring-Gould (SW), No. 75
Belden (BS), 246-248
Botkin (NEF), 839-840
Brown, II, 460-462
Cox (FSS), 478-479, 532
Creighton (SBNS), 201-203
Creighton (TSNS), 120
Davis (FSV), 198
Eddy, 208-209
Flanders (GGMS), 28-29
Flanders (NGMS), 127-129
Flanders (VFSB), 125-126
Fuson, 183-184
Halliwell (NRE), No. 208
Ives (SA), 4-5
Jour (AFL), X, 134; XXVII, 71-72; XXXV, 349; XLIX, 233-234
Jour (FSS), I, 128
Karpeles (EFS), II, 331
Linscott, 290-292
Lomax (FSNA), 12-13
Moore (BFSS), 249-250
Newell, 97-98
Opie, 421
Randolph, I, 328
Scarborough (NFS), 57-58
Seeger (3), 36-37
Silverman, II, 180
Williams (FSUT), 179-180
Yolen, 190-191

They Whooped and They Hollered

They whooped and they hollered,
And the first thing they did find
Was a barn on a hill, and that they left behind.
Look-a-there now!
Some say it was a barn, some say nay,
Some said it was a church with the steeple blown away.
Look-a-there now!

They whooped and they hollered,
And the next thing they did find
Was a pig in the lane, and that they left behind.
Look-a-there now!
Some say it was a pig, some say nay,
Some said it was an elephant with his snout cut away.
Look-a-there now!

They whooped and they hollered,
And the next thing they did find
Was the moon in the trees, and that they left behind.
Look-a-there now!
Some say it was the moon, some say nay,
Some said it was a cheese with its half cut away.
Look-a-there now!

They whooped and they hollered,
And the next thing they did find
Was a frog in a well, and that they left behind.
Look-a-there now!
Some say it was a frog, some say nay,
Some said it was a jaybird with the feathers plucked away.
Look-a-there now!

They whooped and they hollered,
And the next thing they did find
Was an owl in the trees, and that they left behind.
Look-a-there now!
Some say it was an owl, some say nay,
Some said it was the Devil and we all ran away.
Look-a-there now!

****

No. 1668

THIS-A WAY, THAT-A WAY
also known as

All for the Men
O This Way Went I
When I Was a Shoemaker
When I Was a Young Girl, or Maid

This song circulates in several different versions in the United States; and it derives from an old English Round and game.

Two versions (A & B) are given below. The A version has a tune similar to that of Did You Ever See a Lassie (see MB), while the tune to the B version is obviously a variation of Mulberry Bush (see MB). This song is paralleled in France by On the Bridge of Avignon, also given in this Master Book. It is also similar in content to Unmarried Bliss I (see MB).

REFERENCES

Arnold, 154-155
Bancroft, 261-262
Bertail, 110
Brown, I, 86; III, 20-21; V, 10, 513
Burns, 515
Chambers (PRS), 135
Collins, 16
Davis (FSV), 169-170
Farnsworth, 86-87
Folklore Journal, VII, 218
Gagnon, 99
Gomme, II, 362-370
Halliwell (PRNT), 130
Johnson (EPG), 135
Jour (AFL), XXIX, 189; XXXI, 151; XL, 15
Lomax (FSNA), 499
Lomax (NFS), 78-80
Morris, 204-205
Newell, 88
Quarterly (SFL), II, 151; III, 221
Seeger (1), 168
Winn (1), 166-167

This-a Way, That-a Way (Version A)

When I was a young girl, a very young girl,
When I was a young girl, then, O then,
It was dress, dress this-a way,
Dress, dress that-a way, and all for the men.

When I had a sweetheart, a handsome young sweetheart,
When I had a sweetheart, then, O then,
It was smooch, smooch this-away,
Smooch, smooch that-a way, and no rest had I.

After we were married, a year or two married,
After we were married, then, O then,
It was fight, fight this-a way,
Fight, fight that-a way, then start in again.

Then I would make up, I'd stand there and make up,
Then I would make up, then, O then,
It was kiss, kiss this-a way,
Kiss, kiss that-away, and no time to cry.

Then one day he got sick, he came home and got sick,
Then one day he got sick, then, O then,
It was doctor this-a way, doctor that-a way,
And no rest again.

Then my husband he died, just lay right there and died,
Then my husband he died, then, O then,
It was sniff, sniff this-a way,
Sniff, sniff that-a way, and no more bride.

Wish I was a young girl, a young unmarried girl,
Wish I was a young girl, then, O then,
O what fun, fun this-a way,
Fun, fun that-a way, but not for the men!

.....

VERSION B

When I was a shoemaker, and a shoemaker was I,
A this-a way, and a that-a way, and a this-a way
went I.

When I was a gentleman, and a gentleman was I,
A this-a way, and a that-a way, and a this-a way
went I.

When I was a lady, and a lady was I,
A this-a way, and a that-a way, and a this-a way
went I.

****

No. 1669

THIS OLE WORLD AIN'T GONNA STAND MUCH LONGER

A Southern spiritual that probably began as camp-ground revivalist hymn. For another version, see: Wheeler (SD), 74-75.

This Ole World Ain't Gonna Stand Much Longer

One good thing my mother done,
She taught me to pray when I was young;
She taught me to bow on my knees and pray,
To get me ready for the Judgment Day.

Chorus

Because this ole world ain't gonna stand much longer!
Reeling and rocking soon one morning,
Getting us ready for the Judgment Day.

Sound your trumpet, Gabriel, blow it loud,
Christ is coming on the cloud.
I know my name is written on High,
And my poor soul ain't afriad to die.

I don't need no pillow when I come to die,
Safe in Jesus, and that will satisfy.
I have been to Jordan and been baptized,
So when Jesus comes I can rise and fly.

****

No. 1670

THIS TRAIN
also known as
This Train is Bound for Glory

This 19th century spiritual has never lost its hold

on its popularity with the American people. It is one of many using the symbol of the railroad in association with the belief in heaven.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 32
Edwards (CNSB), 133
Leisy, 321-322
Lomax (ABFS), 593-594
Lomax (FSNA), 484
Silber (HSB), 15
Silverman, II, 114
White, 64

This Train

This train is bound for glory, this train,
This train is bound for glory, this train,
This train is bound for glory—
That's the mighty gospel story!
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train don't take no gamblers, this train, (2)
This train don't take no gamblers,
Got no room for lowdown ramblers, etc.

This train will pass your station, this train, (2)
This train will pass your station,
Better make your reservation, etc.

****

No. 1671

THIS WICKED RACE
also known as
My Lord's Goin' Move This Wicked Race

A still popular spiritual that dates back to the first half of the 19th century. For another version, see Work (ANSS), 217.

This Wicked Race

Nicodemus, he desired to know,
Desired to know,
Nicodemus, he desired to know:
How can a man be born when he is old?

Chorus

My God's tired of this wicked race,
This wicked race, this wicked race,
My God's tired of this wicked race,
He's gonna raise up a people that will obey!

Marvel not, man, if you want to be wise,
If you want to be wise,
Marvel not, man, if you want to be wise,
Just believe on Jesus and be baptized.

****

No. 1672

THREE BLIND MICE

This is a traditional round, and also popular as a children's song. In song form it was known as early as 1609, for it appeared that year in Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 25
Best, 143
Chamberlain, 53
Chapple (HS), 10
Linscott, 283
Moorat, 25
Most (PCS), 65
Perkins, II, 7
Taylor (BR), 13
Wier (YAM), I, 70
Williams (FSUT), 297
Yolen, 192-193

Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run!

The cat ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off its tail with a carving knife!
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice?

****

No. 1673

THE THREE BUTCHERS
also known as

Dixie and Johnson
Dixon and Johnson
Good Woman
Jackison and Dickison
Johnson and Dickson, or Dixie
A New Ballad of the Three Merry Butchers
The Robbers
Three Gallant Huntsmen
Three Jolly Boochers
Three Merry Butchers and the Highwayman
The Three Worthy Butchers of the North
Two Jolly Butchers
Two Jovial Butchers
Young Woman

The several extant versions of this old song are, as Cox (FSS) noted, "ultimately derived from the seventeenth century black-letter-ballad The Three Worthy Butchers of the North." For a version of the black-letter broadside issued in 1678, signed by Paul Burges, see Ebsworth (RB), VII, 59.
The Burges ballad, consisting of 102 lines, was followed by a greatly reduced adaptation, A New Ballad of the Three Merry Butchers. Other broadsides were issued by Bebbington, Manchester (No. 387); Forth of Pocklington (No. 143); George Walker, Jun., Durham (No. 83); Pitts; and Such (No. 463).
In addition to the Roxburghe Collection, III, 30, 496, IV, 80, see Frank Purslow, Harrowbones, London, 1915, 89; and The Chapbook, edited by C. Lovat Fraser, Sept. 15, 1920.

The three versions (A, B, C) given below are merely representative of the many versions available in England and the United States.

REFERENCES

Ashton (MSB), 401-405
Brown, II, 269-271; IV, 154
Campbell & Sharp, No. 50
Chappell (FSRA), 82-83
Chase (OSSG), 12-13
Cox (FSS), 302
Creighton (SBNS), 208-209
Creighton (TSNS), 120-122
Davis (FSV), 39
Ebsworth (RB), VII, 59-63
Emrich (FAL), 587-588
Euing, No. 235
Flanders (CSV), 14-15
Flanders (NGMS), 238-244
Greenleaf, 82-86
Greig, I, art. 36
Greig & Duncan, No. 186
Jour (FSS), I, 174-175; VIII, 2-3
Karpeles, 132-135
Karpeles (EFS), I, 274-279
Kennedy, 723
Laws (AB), L 4, 166
Leach, No. 59, 160-161
MacColl & Seeger, 118-121
Moore (BFSS), 156-157
Morris, 385-386
Peacock, III, 817-818
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 174
Randolph, I, 375-377
Reeves, 215-216
Sharp, I, 370-372
Williams (FSUT), 275-276

The Three Butchers (Version A)

Johnson said to Dickson one cold winter's day:
Let us go and ride the mountains for to pass the time away.

They rode up on the mountain, the mountain being high,
And Dickson said to Johnson: I heard a woman cry.

They looked off to the right and then to the left,
And Dickson saw a naked woman chained down by herself.

Dickson, feeling warm to all the female kind,
He wrapped a coat round her and took her on behind.

They rode a little farther, to a point on route,
And suddenly the woman leaned back and gave a shout.

Out stepped seven robbers, with weapons all in line,
And one said to Dickson: Young man, your life is mine!

Johnson said to Dickson: Let's take wings and fly!
But Dickson said to Johnson: I'd rather fight and die!

Dickson fought all morning in the hot sunlight;
He killed six robbers and made the seventh take flight.

Dickson, feeling weary, he laid down to rest,
And the woman stole his dagger and she stuck it in his chest.

Good woman, good woman, O what have you done?
You have killed the bravest soldier that ever fired a gun!

VERSION B

It's of three gallant huntsmen, three jolly lads were they,
Their names were John, William and Henry, mark well what I say;
Their daily hunt being over on yonder mountain high,
Then William said to Henry: I heard a woman's cry.

Oh, may you be an idle girl? young Henry he did say,
Or may you be a robber, our lives to take away?
O no! I am no robber, sir, for them I do deny;
They have robbed me here tonight and left me here to die.

They robbed me of my new gold watch and five hundred
pounds,
And they have left me here alone, my hair pinned to
the ground.
O take me home, please take me home! the fair young
maid did say,
My father is a wealthy man and your kindness he will
repay.

Now Henry was a kind young man, and placed her on behind;
He wrapped his cloak around her and tried to soothe her
mind.
They rode away without delay and came to Lumberline
hill,
When she put a bugle to her mouth and blew it hard and
shrill.

She was the leader of a gang that came at her command,
And nine of those robbers brought the huntsmen to a
stand.
Deliver up your gold to us! deliver without delay,
Or in these lovely mountains your lives we'll take away!

Now Henry was a smart young man and discharged his
carbine;
Two of those daring robbers to death he did there
consign.
Then Johnny followed after with heavy balls of lead,
And William raised his shotgun and the others shot dead!

The maiden mounted a milk-white steed to scale the
mountains high,
But Henry followed in quick pursuit while she did him
defy.
His rifle-ball was her downfall, and her blood did
stain the lea.
Hurry! hurry! cried Henry. We have gained a victory!

In the robbers' saddle-bags were many pounds of gold,
Which they had robbed and plundered all on the mountain bold;
Caused many a widow and orphan child in sorrow to complain,
But now in death they're sleeping, and will never rob again.

VERSION C

Young woman, young woman,
What are you doing here?
The robbers they have robbed me,
And left me here to die.

George, being a good man,
A man with willing mind,
He threw his coat around her
And took her on behind.

But George soon grew weary,
And he lay down to rest;
The woman drew her dagger
And stabbed him in the breast.

Young woman, young woman,
Now see what you have done;
You've killed the bravest soldier
That ever fired a gun!

She left him uncovered,
To rot out in the sun,
And now the story's over
And you can tell me one.

****

No. 1674

THREE DEAD SONS
also known as

The Cartin Wife
The Fine Lady Gay
A Knight and a Lady Bride
A Ladie Gay
The Lady and the Children Three
Lady Gay
The Little Dead Boys
The Lone Widow
The Miracle of Usher's Well
A Moravian Song
Song Ballad
There Was a Lady and a Lady Was She
Three Babes
The Three Little Babes
The Three Pore Little Children
Wife of the Free
The Wife of Usher's Well
A Woman Lived in a Far Country

The tradition of this ballad is none too clear, but most American texts are quite consistent. The age of the fragment in Motherwell, I, 270 is uncertain, and information given by others is also scanty. Some of the recovered and published versions bear common titles, such as The Fine Lady Gay and Three Babes. For other songs sharing those titles, see Sally, the Rich Southern Lady and Babes in the Woods elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 56-57
Barry (BBM), 448-451
Belden (BS), 55-56
Brewster (BSI), 97-98
Brown, II, 95-101; IV, 48-52
Brown (BLNC), 9
Bulletin (VFLS), No. 3, 5; No. 9, 6
Burne (1883), 541
Cambiaire, 121-122
Campbell & Sharp, No. 19
Chase (AFTS), 116-117
Child, II, 238-239

Coffin, 83-84
Cox (FSS), 88-93
Davis (MTBV), 161-169
Davis (TBV), 278-288, 576
Eddy, 46-47
Flanders, II, 187-194
Flanders (BMNE), 64-66
Friedman, 18-21
Fuson, 59
Gainer, 51-52
Henry (FSSH), 70-72
Houseman, 92-94
Hudson (FSM), 93-95
Jour (AFL), XIII, 119; XXIII, 429; XXX, 305; XXXII, 503; XXXIX, 96; XLIV, 63
Kinsley, 94-95
Leach (BB), 263-265
Leather (FLH), 198
Lomax (FSNA), 185-186
McGill, 4-5
Moore (BFSS), 61-63
Morris, 279-283
Muir, 153-158
Niles (BB), 181-191
Owens (TFS), 32-34
Pound, 20-21
Pound (SFSN), I, 9
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 152
Quiller-Couch, 136-138
Randolph, I, 122-124
Randolph (Ozarks), 180-181
Reeves, 225-226
Ritchie (FS), 75
Roberts (IP), 47-48
Sanders, 37-39
Scarborough (SC), 167, 402
Scott (MSB), II, 111
Sharp, I, 150-160
Shearin (SKFS), 9
Silverman, I, 184
Wells, 155-156
Wheeler (KMFS), 14-20
Whiting (TBB), 115-117
Wimberly, 226

Three Dead Sons

There was a lady over the way,
And three fine sons had she;
She sent them away to the North Country,
There to gain some high degree.

They had been gone a very short time,
About a year and a day,
When death came a-hastening across country
And swept her sons away.

If there is a God in heaven, she cried,
A God that will grant my boon,
He'll send to me my three young sons—
I pray He'll send them soon.

It was round about Old Christmas time,
When the nights were cold and clear,
She looked and saw her three young sons
A-walking home so near.

She spread a table with a clean white cloth,
She sat out cake and wine:
Come eat, come drink, my three darling sons,
Come in, sit down and dine.

We cannot eat your cake nor bread,
We cannot drink your wine,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
And to Him we must resign.

Green grass, green grass grows over our heads,
Cold clay lies on our feet,
And every tear that you shed for us
Just wets our winding sheet.

****

No. 1675

THREE GRAINS OF CORN
also known as

Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother

Only Three Gains of Corn

This 1848 song was first published as a "popular" ballad. Our traditional American version, below, is somewhat condensed from the original. Obviously

of Irish descent, the song was most likely inspired by the famine that sent thousands swarming across the ocean, to North America.

REFERENCES

Hubbard, 182-183
Hudson (FSM), 172-173
Morris, 444-445
Sandburg (AS), 41
Scarborough (SC), 360, 454
Whitman, 79

Three Grains of Corn

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
'Twill keep this little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.

I'm dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold;
And the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

O what has Ireland done, mother,
O what has Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees them starve,
Perishing one by one.

There's many a brave heart, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Thousands are rolling in gold.

I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
The sight was heaven to me;
I awoke with an eager and famishing lip,
But you have no bread for me.

****

No. 1676

THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

also known as

Four Young Gents, or Girls Were Skating Away
Four Young Ladies
Six Little Girls A-Skating or A-Sliding Went
Three Children Sliding on the Ice
Three Little Girls A-Skating Went
Three Little Girls A-Sliding Went
Three Little Ladies Go Skating on the Ice
Three Old Maids at a Skating Rink
Three Old Maids Went Skating on the Ice
Two Young Couples Skating Went

An old English nursery song that was adapted for game purposes. According to Cox (FSS), "Not much is known about this game, and it is not often reported by collectors." More recently the song has been reported many times, in many forms, including several dance and play-party versions.

According to Linscott, "The story was taken from a poetical tale in Choyce Poems, published in London in 1662. According to Halliwell, however, the date of publication was 1622.

Although some versions are sung to the tune of Chevy Chase (see in MB), version A below is set to an air that seems to be a variation of Mulberry Bush (see in MB). Version B is a text of the nursery rhyme as given in Mother Goose (Dent/Dutton), p. 72.

REFERENCES

Ball, 6-7
Bertail, 40
Botkin (APPS), 64-65, 330-332
Botkin (PPO), 22
Dearmer (ST), 56-57
Gardner (FSH), 238-239
Gardner (SPPG), 128-129

Graham (TNR), 23
Halliwell (NRE), 19
Jour (AFL), LIV, 163
Linscott, 288-289
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 202
Randolph, III, 394-395
Wier (YAM), I, 103
Wolford, 88, 98

Three Old Maids A-Skating Went

Three old maids a-skating went,
Skating went, skating went,
Three old maids a-skating went,
So early in the morning.

Ice was thin, they all fell in, etc.

Gents swing out and ladies in, etc.

Three old maids a-skating went, etc.

VERSION B

Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day;
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
All would not have been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

****

No. 1677

THREE ROGUISH CHAPS
also known as

Colony Times
The Farmer's Three Sons
Good Old Colony Days
In Good Old Colony Days, or Times
King Arthur
Song Ballet
There Was a Mighty King
The Three Rogues
The Three Sons
When Arthur Ruled This Land
When We Were Under the King

An old English song that told of When King Arthur ruled the land was brought to America and became Those good old colony days, or times. It has survived as a children's song in American tradition.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 40
Arnett, 7
Bantock, 53
Belden (BS), 268-269
Botkin (NEF), 841
Broadwood (ECS), 20
Brown, II, 458-459; IV, 246-247
Chappell (FSRA), 185
Cox (FSS), 480-481
Davis (FSV), 136-137
Eddy, 197-198
Farnsworth, 44-45
Flanders (VFSB), 103
Henry (FSSH), 191
Hubbard, 373
Jour (AFL), XXIX, 167; XXX, 348; XXXV, 350; XLV, 47
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 322
Linscott, 213-214
Lloyd, 30-31
Lomax (FSNA), 11-12
Mason, 7
Moore (BFSS), 149-150
Neely, 190
Pound, 234-235
Randolph, I, 416
Sharp (NSS), III, 10-11
Sharp (100), 180-181
Silverman, I, 220
Williams (FSUT), 194

In good old colony days,
When we were under the king,
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps
Because they could not sing.

Because they could not sing,
Because they could not sing;
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps
Because they could not sing.

Now one was a miller, they say,
And one was a weaver by trade;
The other one was a tailor's son,
And what roguish tricks they played.

And what roguish tricks they played, etc.

They say that the miller stole corn,
And that the weaver stole yarn,
And just for fun the tailor's son
Stole the clothes that kept him warm.

Stole the clothes that kept him warm, etc.

The miller was drowned in his dam,
The weaver was hanged by his yarn,
The tailor's son knew his time was done
When the devil grabbed his arm.

When the devil grabbed his arm, etc.

****

No. 1678

THE THREE SISTERS
also known as

Babylon
The Banished Man
The Bonnie Banks o Fordie
Bonnie Banks of Virgie-O
The Bonny Banks of Ardrie-O

The Bonny Banks of Fordy, or Virgie-O
Bonny, Bonny Banks of Virgie-O
Bonny Farday
The Burly, Burly Banks of Barbee-O, or Barbry-O
By the Berneo
Duke of Perth's Three Daughters
Heckey-Hi Si Bernio
On the Pretty Bonny Banks of the Barbry-O
Three Young Ladies

This ballad is not as well known to American tradition as some others, but it was recovered in several areas of the country by various collectors. It may have originated in Scandinavia, for the tragic story is definitely part of Scandinavian folklore.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 72
Bronson, I, 248-252
Brown, II, 44-45
Bulletin (FSSN), VII, 6
Bulletin (TFLS), VIII, 69-70
Child, I, 170-177
Coffin, 46-47
Davis (FSV), 9
Davis (MTBV), 68-71
Flanders, I, 213-222
Flanders (BMNE), 61-63
Gainer, 20-21
Greenleaf, 10-11
Greig & Keith, 15, 121
Herd MSS, I, 38; II, 76
Hudson (SC), 3
Karpeles, 27-28
Karpeles (FSN), II, No. 1
Kinloch (ASB), 212
Kinsley, 199-200
Langstaff (1), 52
Leach (BB), 88-90
Lomax (FSNA), 141
MacColl & Seeger, 61-63
Motherwell, 88
Motherwell MS., 172, 174
Muir, 159-161
Niles (BB), 69-71
Peacock, III, 809-811
Quiller-Couch, 265-266
Sanders, 143-145
Wells, 104-105
Wimberly, 314-320

The Three Sisters

Three young ladies went for a walk,
Oor-ra-lee, and a lonely O;
And they met a robber on their way,
On the bonny, bonny banks of Burley O.

He took the first lady by the hand, etc
He pulled her around and made her stand, etc.

Will you be a robber's sweet wife?, etc.
Or will you die by my hunting knife?, etc.

I will not be a robber's sweet wife, etc.
I'd rather die by your hunting knife, etc.

He took the second one by the hand, etc.
He pulled her around and made her stand, etc.

Will you be a robber's sweet wife? etc.
Or will you die by my hunting knife?, etc.

I will not be a robber's sweet wife, etc.
I'd rather die by your hunting knife, etc.

He then drew forth his big hunting knife, etc.
And he took away her own sweet life, etc.

He took the third lady by the hand, etc.
He pulled her around and made her stand, etc.

Will you be a robber's sweet wife?, etc.
Or will you die by my hunting knife?, etc.

I will not be a robber's sweet wife, etc.
Nor will I die by your hunting knife, etc.

If my brothers they had been here, etc.
You would not have killed my sisters dear, etc.

What are your brothers? where do they dwell?, etc.
What do they do? I pray you tell, etc.

One is a robber just like you, etc.
The other a preacher good and true, etc.

Lord have mercy for what I've done!, etc.
I've killed my sisters, all but one!, etc.

Then he took his big hunting knife, etc.
And quickly took his own young life!, etc.

****

No. 1679

THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW

This parody on nursery rhymes was popular among college students for many years, and was probably created by one of them. I have only seen it in print in two collections: Best, 62 and Winn (2), 102-103.

Throw It Out The Window

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, he called for his bowl,
And threw them out the window.
The window, the second story window!
He called for his pipe, he called for his bowl,
And threw them out the window.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To fetch her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare—
She threw it out the window, etc.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And threw it out the window, etc.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And threw it out the window, etc.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating curds and whey;
Their came a spider and sat down beside her—
She threw it out the window, etc.

****

No. 1680

THE TIE THAT BINDS
also known as
Blest Be the Tie that Binds

This religious song, with words by John Fawcett (1714-1817) and music by Johann Georg Nagali (1768-1836), has long been popular at various Protestant church services. There is a version entitle Nebraska in McCurry, 213. The melody was used for several other hymns, including How Gentle God's Commands, And Are We Yet Alive, With Weary Hearts We Tred, and There is a Blessed Hope. The song was a natural for parody, and, of course, there is one. We give both hymn and parody below. The hymn (version A) does not appear in any folk song collections, but the parody does.

REFERENCES

Benziger, 104
Mackenzie (SH), 138-139
Oberndorfer, 158
Songs (15), 220
Wier (SWWS), 147

The Tie That Binds (Version A)

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

VERSION B

Here's to the tie that binds
My collar to my shirt;
I'm wasting no more dollars upon
new collars,
To hide that ring of dirt.

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have eyes than a nose;
And as for my hair, I'm so glad it's
still there—
I'll be terribly sad when it goes.

I wish that my room had a floor.
I don't care much for a door,
But this walking around without
touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore.

I'm tired of living alone,
I want a sweet wife of my own;
Someone to caress me, someone
to undress me,—
I want the love I've never known.

We'd rather have bad beer than none.
Good whiskey for sure we won't shun!
And as for our virtue, what you don't
know won't hurt you—
We came here for knowledge and fun.

****

No. 1681

TIM FINNEGAN'S WAKE
also known as
Finnegan's Wake

This is an old Irish tune that became a famous vaudeville song in mid-19th century. Following the 1860s, the song became widely popular in the United States. James Joyce borrowed the name for the title of his book, Finnegan's Wake.
For a related song, see The Irish Wake in Randolph, III, 236-237.

REFERENCES

Colum, 611
Creighton (SBNS), 185-187
Downes, 310-312, 366-367
Eddy, 312
Gardner (BSSM), 409-410
Hubbard, 315-316
Kennedy (AB), 43-45
Kennedy (TAB), 193-195
O'Conor, 136
O'Lochlainn, 180-181
Silverman, II, 182
Trident, 58-59
Universal (ISB), 132
Wehman (617), 29

Tim Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived on Walker street,—
A gentleman, Irishman mighty odd,—
Had a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
He had a sort of tippling way,
With a love for liquor poor Tim was born;
To help him through his work each day,
Drop of the creature ev'ry morn.

Chorus

Whack, hurrah, blood hounds, ye sol ye,
Whack the floor, your trotters shake!
Now isn't this the truth I've told ye,
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake?

One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake;
He fell down the ladder and broke his skull,
So they carried him home—his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed
With fourteen candles 'round his feet,
And a couple of dozen around his head.

His friends assembled at his wake,
Missus Finnegan called out for lunch;
First, they laid in tay and cake,
Then pipes and 'caccy and whiskey punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
"Such a purty corpse, did you ever see?
Arrah! Tim Avourneen, an' why did ye die?"
"Och, none of your gab," sez Judy McGee.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,
"Arrah Biddy," says she, "Ye're wrong I'm sure."

But then Judy gave her a belt on the gob,
An' sent her sprawling on the floor.
Each side in the war did soon engage—
'Twas woman to woman an' man to man,—
Shillelah law was all the rage,
An' a bloody runction soon began.

Mickey Mulvaney raised his head
When a gallon of liquor flew at him!
It missed him, an' hopping on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim!
Bedad he moves! see now he rises!
An' Timothy, jumping from the bed,
Crie out while slatering 'round like blazes:
"Bad cess to yer sowls! Did ye think I was dead!"

****

No. 1682

THE TITANIC
also known as

The Great Ship
The Great Titanic
It Was Sad When That Great Ship Went Down
The Ship Titanic
The Sinking of the Titanic
The Titanic Was the Pride of the White Star Line

The Royal Mail Steamer Titanic collided with an iceberg in mid-Atlantic on the night of April 14-15, 1912, and sank to the bottom of the sea. 1,513 people lost their lives. Songwriters went to work immediately and produced dozens of songs commemorating the disaster. The song below was the most popular and the one that endured. For other songs about the disaster, see Sinking of the Great Ship, Destruction of the Titanic, and God Moved on the Waters, etc., in

Brown, II, 662-668, IV, 314-318, and Loss of the Titanic in Peacock, III, 965-966.
The song below was written by Robert Brown.

REFERENCES

Best, 33-34
Botkin (SFL), 723-724
Brown, II, 662-667; IV, 314-318
Brown (BLNC), 12
Friedman, 323-324
Gardner (BSSM), 295
Henry (FSSH), 426-427
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 111-112
Leisy, 322-324
Leisy (SPS), 24-25
Lomax (PB), 136
Randolph, IV, 144-145
Sandburg (AS), 254-256
Silverman, II, 249
White, 347-349, 412
Winn (2), 153-155

The Titanic

Oh, they built the ship Titanic,
To sail the ocean blue;
They said, "Here's a ship
That water will never go through."
But the good Lord raised his hand,
Said, This ship will never stand!
'Twas sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus

Oh, it was sad when that great ship went down!
Yes, it was sad when that great ship went down!
Husbands and wives,
Little children lost their lives!
'Twas sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed away from England,
Away from England's shore,
The rich, they refused
To associate with the poor;

So they put them down below,
Where they were the first to go!
'Twas sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, the ship was full of sinners,
The sides about to burst;
The captain called out,
Save the women and children first!
Oh, the captain tired to wire,
But the lines were all on fire!
'Twas sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they swung away the lifeboats
Upon the raging sea;
The band it struck up
With 'Nearer My God to Thee!'
Little children wept and cried,
As the waves swept o'er the side—
'Twas sad when that great ship went down.

****

No. 1683

TODDY-O!
also known as

Jingle at the Window
Pass One Window Tidy-O
Skip One Window
Tideo, or Ti-de-O

John Lair was of the opinion that this game song derived from the old fiddle tune, I Love Sugar in My Toddy-O. Perhaps. It has a title in common with versions of Yellow-Bird Through the Window, but is not related to that song. See and compare Dance-Song in Scarborough (NFS), 115-116.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 311
Botkin (APPS), 332-335
Cambiaire, 134
Douthitt, 31
Hamilton, 294
Lair, 14
Lomax (FSNA), 400-401
McIntosh (FSSG), 66
Randolph, III, 313-314
Randolph (OPP), 214-215
Randolph (Ozarks), 156-158
Seeger (1), 173
Wilson (BA), 83-84
Wolford, 96-97

Toddy-O

Skip one window, toddy-o!
Skip two windows, toddy-o!
Skip three windows, toddy-o!
Up an' down an' around we go.

All go jingle, toddy-o! (3)
Up an' down an' around we go.

To the center, toddy-o! (3), etc.

Kiss your partner, toddy-o! (3), etc.

****

No. 1684

TO GLORY I WILL GO
also known as
The Beggar Lost City

This is a rellgious parody on the secular song, To Begging I Will Go, a version of which is given in this Master Book as The Jolly Beggar II.
In the Original Sacred Harp (1911, reprinted from the 1844 edition), the words are attributed to John Leland. John G. McCurry (Social Harp, 1854, p. 212), claims credit for the song. Other versions appear in Fuson, 212 and Jackson (SFS), 169-170.

To Glory I Will Go

When I set out for glory,
I left this world behind,
Determined for a city
That's out of sight to find,
And to glory I will go.

Chorus

And to glory I will go,
I'll go, I'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.

Some said I'd better tarry;
They thought I was too young
For to prepare for dying,
But all I ever sung
Was to glory I will go.

The richest man I ever saw
Was one that begged the most;
His heart was filled with Jesus
And with the Holy Ghost,
So to glory I will go.

I neither beg for riches
Nor to be dressed so fine;
The garment Jesus gives me,
The sun will on it shine,
And to glory I will go.

I'd rather a live a Christian life
While here on earth I stay,
Than to possess the riches
Of all Americay,
And to glory I will go.

****

No. 1685

THE TOLLIVER-MARTIN FEUD

also known as

The Rowan County Crew
The Rowan County Tragedy
The Rowan County Tree
Rowan County Troubles, or Trouble Song

The background of this song starts with a man named Bowling; he was just one of several men who had it in for a man named Martin. One day, according to the report, Bowling stepped up to Martin and shot him three or four times.

Bowling was an inspector of timber for a lumber company that was near the grave where Martin was buried. He once loudly proclaimed, "I shot that sonofabitch and I wish he were alive so that I could shoot him again!" One of Martin's sons overheard the remark, went home to get his father's gun, but his mother stopped him. An older brother was informed by Telegram and he returned home from the West, waited in the woods for Bowling, shot him and left the county. Bowling's body rotted before it was found. Officially, no one admitted who killed Bowling, but in reality everybody knew. The feud did not end until 1888.

W. A. Bradley (Berea Quarterly, Oct. 1915, XVIII, No. 4, p. 10) says the song was written by "the blind Day Brothers."

For a re-working of the song, see A West Virginia Feud Song in Cox (FSS), 205. Another version of the reworking is The Tolliver Song in Combs (FSUS), 161.

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 891
Cox (FSS), 203-204
Cox (TBFS), 111, 116
Laws (AB), E 20
Lomax (OSC), 324-326
Raine, 150-157

Randolph, II, 160-162 Thomas (BMMK), 5-9
Roberts (IP), 128-121 Thomas (DD), 148-150

The Tolliver-Martin Feud

Come all young men and women, mothers and fathers too,
I'll relate to you the hist'ry of the Rowan County crew,
Concerning bloody Rowan and her many terrible deeds.
So, friends, please pay attention—remember how it reads.

'Twas in the month of August, upon election day,
John Martin he was wounded, attacked by Johnny Day.
Martin could not believe it, and would not think it so;
He thought that Floyd Tolliver had struck the fatal blow.

They shot and killed Sol Bradley, a good and innocent man,
And left his wife and children to do the best they can;
They wounded young Al Sizemore, and tho' his life was saved,
He seemed to shun the grog shops since he stood so near the grave.

When Martin had recovered, months had come and passed,
in the town of Morehead these men did meet at last;
Tolliver and a friend or two about the streets did walk,
But seemed to be uneasy, and with no one would he talk.

He entered Judge Carey's grocery and stepped up to the bar,
But little did he think, my friends, this would be his fatal hour.
The sting of death was near him, for Martin rushed in the door;
A few words passed between them concerning a row before.

The folks they were all frightened because he was
in that room;
A ball from Martin's pistol sent Tolliver to his doom.
His friends soon gathered round him, his wife did weep
and wail,
And Martin was arrested and locked up in yonder jail.

Some persons forged an order—just who I do not know;
The plan was all agreed to and for Martin they did go.
They put the handcufss on him, his heart was in distress;
They hauled him to the station, to board the night
express.

Martin was in the smoking car accompanied by his wife;
They did not want her present when they took her
husband's life.
When they arrived at Farmers they had no time to lose,
And they approached the engineer and told him not to
move.

They stepped up to the prisoner with pistols in their
hands,
And fired and watched him sinking—he died in iron
bands.
His wife knew what had happened, tho' she was in another
car;
She cried, "O lord! they've killed him!" when she heard
the pistols fire.

The death of Tolliver and Martin caused trouble in our
land,
Caused men to leave their families and take the part-
ing hand;
Retaliation led to war, a war that may never cease—
I wish that I could only see my land once more in
peace!

I sing this song as a warning: O, beware, young men!
Your pistols will cause trouble—on that you can depend.
In the bottom of a whiskey glass the lurking devils dwell;
It burns the breast of those who drink, and sends their souls to hell!

****

No. 1686

TOM BOLYNN

also known as

Tam O' the Linn
Tom Bo-Lin
Tommy Bolin
Tommy Linn

This song dates from the 16th century, and said to have been alluded to in the Complaynt of Scotland, 1549; it is believed to be the Ballett of Tomalin, licensed to be printed in 1557-1558. Basically, the song is a satiric expression on the uncouthness of Scotsmen. In more recent years the song was adapted and directed at the Irish: see Brian O'Linn in this Master Book.
For an unrelated song with similar title, see Old Tom Bolen in Randolph, III, 171.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (BNSR), 18
Baring-Gould (SW), No. 42
Belden (BS), 501-502
Chambers (PRS), 33-34
Christie, I, 192-193
Dixon (TVAB), 87
Downes (1940), 30-31
Downes (1943), 36-37
Flanders (VFSB), 178-179
Gardner (FSH), 211-212
Halliwell (NRE), 34
Halliwell (NRNT), 23
Halliwell (PRNT), 271-272
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 156
Jour (FSS), VIII, 137-141
Johnson (SMM), IV, No. 411

Lomax (OSC), 117-118
Pub (TFLS), VI, 235; X, 168
Reeves (EC), 65-66
Ritson (NG), 3-4
Sharp, II, 202-203
Williams (FSUT), 181-182

Tom Bolynn

Tom Bolynn was a Scotsman born,
His shoes worn out and his stockings torn;
The calf of his leg hung down to his shin—
I'm bulldog and spanter, says Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn bought an old grey mare;
Her sides were worn, her feet were bare,
But off he went through thick and thin—
I'm going a-courtin', says Tom Bolynn.

Tom rode over to the Dutchman's hall;
There he got down amongst them all.
"Come in, come in, I bid you come in."
I've come here a-courtin', says Tom Bolynn.

"Come in, come in, my welcome guest;
Take which of my daughters you love best."
I'll take one for love, the other for kin,
And marry them both, says Tom Bolynn.

After the wedding they'll have a dinner;
Have nothing to eat fit for a sinner,
Neither flesh, fish, food, nor no such thing—
It's a helluva dinner, says Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn's wife and her mother
Both went over the bridge together;
The bridge broke down, they all fell in—
Get out, if you can, says Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn crawled in an old hollow tree;
Very well content he seemed to be.

The wind blew hard and the rain beat in—
It's a helluva lodging, says Tom Bolynn.

****

No. 1687

TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO

also known as

John's Gone to Hilo
Johnny's Gone to Hilo
Shiloh Brown
Tom's Gone to Ilo (Hilo)

According to Doerflinger, this halyard shanty comes "from the nitrate trade around Cape Horn to the West Coast of South America." According to Smith, "The great game was to take Tom the round of all the ports you could remember without getting stuck for a rhyme." It was a favorite shanty among seamen, who sometimes changed "Tommy" to "John."
The shanty Johnny Come Down to Hilo (see Poor Old Man II in Master Book) is not related to this one.
For a similar piece, see Tommy's Gone Away in Sharp (EFC-2), 64 and Terry, II, 46. For an American version of that song, see Tom's Gone Away in Eckstorm, 236.
Also see: Shilo Brown in Parrish, 218.

REFERENCES

Adams, 316
Bone, 61-62
Bullen & Arnold, 22
Chase (AFTS), 157
Colcord, 71
Davis (SSC), 44-45
Doerflinger, 30
Finger (SCCS), 9
Grainger, No. 204
Harlow (MS), 73-74
Hugill (1), 261-263
Jour (FSS), III, 239
King, 10
Linscott, 150-151
Lloyd, 41
Masefield (SG), 360
Sampson, 43
Shay (ASSC), 56

Smith (BOS), 38-39
Smith (MW), 33
Terry, I, 50
Whall (SSS), 53
Williams (SFS), 7

Tommy's Gone to Hilo

Oh, where has little Tommy gone?
Oh, Tommy's gone to Hilo!
I heard he shipped away at dawn.
Oh, Tommy's gone to Hilo! Weigh, Hilo!

Oh, Tommy's gone, what shall I do?, etc.
Oh, Tommy's gone and I'll go to!, etc.

Oh, Tommy's gone to Baltimore!, etc.
We'll dance upon the sanded floor!, etc.

Oh, Tommy's gone to Singapore!, etc.
I guess I'll never see him more!, etc.

****

No. 1688

TOM THE PIPER'S SON
also known as
Tom, Tom the Piper's Son

This is one of two nursery songs about Tom the Piper's Son. The other song is given as version B, to avoid confusion.
For other versions of A, see Bertail, 6 and Wier (YAM), I, 83. For other versions of B, see Arnett, 17; Bertail, 45; Moffat (LSLA), 11; Moorat (NS), 20.

Tom the Piper's Son (Version A)

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig and away did run;

The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went howling down the street.

VERSION B
also known as
Over the Hills and Far Away

Tom he was a Piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play
Was "Over the Hills and Far Away."
Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind shall blow my top-knot off!

Tom with his pipe he made such a noise,
That he pleased both girls and boys;
And they stopped to hear him play
His "Over the Hills and Far Away., etc.

****

No. 1689

THE TRAIL TO MEXICO
also known as
On the Trail to Mexico

This American cowboy song is an adaptation of the English ballad, Early in the Spring (see in MB), which was itself an adaptation of The Seaman's Complaint, a 17th century broadside. Other songs believed to have derived from the same source are: Canada-I-O and The Buffalo Skinners, versions of which are given in this Master Book as Hired On I and Hired On V.
Other song texts sometimes sung to the same air are: Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie and Going To Leave Old Texas (see both songs in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Allen (CL-1933), 72-73
Botkin (AFL), 858
Briegel (4), 28
Clark (CS), 62-63
Emrich (FAL), 516-517
Fife, 179-181
Frey, 68-69
Gaines (SCCS), 151-153
Hendren (TM), 270-279
Larkin (1931), 50-51
Larkin (1963), 61-63
Laws (NAB), 139
Lingenfelter, 394-395
Lomax (CS-1919), 132-135
Lomax (CS-1938), 52-56
Luther, 263-264
Moore (BFSS), 288-289
Ohrlin, 148-152
Roberts (IP), 122-123
Sackett, 64
Sandburg (AS), 285-286
Scott (SA), 83
Siegmeister, 32-33
Silverman, I, 42

The Trail to Mexico

I made up my mind early one fine morn,
To leave the home where I was born,
To leave my home sweet home for awhile,
And travel West for many a mile.

It was in the spring, I was twenty-three,
When old man Spragg came up to me;
He said, "Young man, I'd like you to go
And drive my herd to Mexico."

Well, he signed me on and the time drew near;
I started out with a brand-new gear.
I tell you, boys, 'twas a long, hard go
All on the trail to Mexico.

When we finally got to Mexico,
I missed my girl and longed to go;
A letter I sent, just wishing her near,
But not one word did I ever hear.

When I started back where I lived before,
I went to see the girl I adore;
She said, "Young man, we must part for life,
For I am now another man's wife."

Well, I'll head back West, to God's own land,
And there I'll join some cowboy band;
Where girls are few but never untrue,
I will forget that woman I knew.

****

No. 1690

THE TRAIN THAT NEVER RETURNED
also known as

Lovers Parted The Parted Lovers

Someone substituted a train for a ship and came up with this song. Other versions may be seen in Brown, II, 509-510 C, Randolph, IV, 146, and Richardson (AMS), 42-43.
Also see The Ship That Never Returned in this Master Book.

The Train That Never Returned Tune: The Ship That Never Returned

Going 'round the mountain-side one winter morn,
I saw the steam a-boilin' high;
It came from a fast train on the C and O road,
And the engineer waved goodbye.

Chorus

Did she ever return? No, she never returned,
And until her fate was learned
For hours and hours the watchman waited
For the train that never returned.

The engineer's wife came up to the station,
She said, "My heart has badly yearned;

Last night I dreamed there was a wreck on the
line,
And a train that never returned."

"Go home, go home," said the drunken conductor,
As he waved his hat with delight;
"If the wheels roll and the engineer stays sober,
We will all come home tonight."

****

No. 1691

A TRAMP ON THE STREET
also known as
Only a Tramp

This song has a long tradition in American music. It was written in 1877 by Dr. Addison D. Crabtree, which places it clearly in Public Domain. It was re-arranged by Grady and Hazel Cole and copyright in 1940. That copyright was renewed twice, in 1947 and 1968, by the Dixie Music Publishing Co., Inc.

The song was popularized in the 1940s by Molly O'Day, a country folk-singer, who made a recording of it. Popularity was renewed via a recording by Rose Maddox in the 1950s.

The absence of this song from traditional folk song collections is probably due to its availability on phonograph records and performances on radio by the country performers, but in my opinion this is a poor reason to exclude it from any collection of American traditional music.

The version given here is my own, and I was singing it as early as 1935, and many times on WBT, Charlotte, N. C., where Grady Cole was an announcer and newscaster.

A Tramp on the Street

Laz'rus, a poor man, knew not his sad fate
When he fell down by the rich man's gate;
He begged for some crumbs from the rich man
to eat,
But they left him to die like a tramp on the
street.

Chorus

He was some mother's darlin', he was some mother's
son,
Once he was special, once he was young;
His mother rocked him, her baby to sleep,
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

Jesus, the Saviour, on Cavalry's tree,
Shed His life's blood for you and for me;
They pierced his sides, his hands, and his feet,
And they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

Today if Jesus should knock at your door,
And ask you to let him sleep on your floor,
Would you bid him welcome or turn him away?
Oh, how would he greet you on that great Judgment
Day?

****

No. 1692

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP
also known as

The Prisoner's Hope Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys
are Marching

This is a widely known "popular" song of 1864, written by George F. Root. The version below (A) is from

a Civil War song-book, Grand Army, 12-13, published at Chicago by Root & Cady. The song was revived and adapted several times during the Spanish-American War. A parody sung by the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), a radical labor group, is given below as version B.

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Adler, 95
Agay (2), 132-133
Chapple (HS), 449
Glass (SS-2), 164-165
Kennedy (TAB), 162-163
Lawrence, 421
Luther, 186-187
Mackenzie (SH), 89
Oberndorfer, 108-109
Silverman, II, 308
Songs (15), 52-53
Staton, 134
Wier (SWWS), 223-224
Whitman, 38-39

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp (Version A)

In this prison cell I sit
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And of our bright and happy home
so far away.
And the tears that fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades
and be gay.

Chorus

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And nemeath the starry flag we will breathe the
air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,

And they swept us off a hundred
men or more;
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back, dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er
and o'er.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
They shall come to open wide the
iron door;
And the hollow eyes grow bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends
once more.

VERSION B
also known as
Keep On A-Tramping

For other published versions, see Dobie (CG), 40; Sandburg (AS), 185; and Whitman, 83-84.

.....

If you will shut your trap, I will tell you 'bout a
chap
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair.
He was not the kind to shirk, he was looking for hard
work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

Chorus

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you round again, you will wear the ball
and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street, till the shoes
fell off his feet;
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew.
And he said, "How do you do? May I chop some wood
for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel quite blue:

Finally came the happy day when his life did pass
away;
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died.
When he reached the pearly gate, Santa Peter, mean
old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face, and loudly cried:

****

No. 1693

A TRUE LOVER OF MINE

also known as

Are You Going to the Fair?
Buy For Me an Acre of Land
The Cambric Shirt
The Deil' Courting, or
Courtship
The Elfin, or Elphin Knight
Every Grove is Merry in Time
The Fairy Knight
I Want to Plant Me an Acre
of Corn
I Want You to Plant me an
Acre of Corn
Love Letter and Answer
Mother, Make Me a Cambric
Shirt
My Father Gave Me an
Acre of Ground
Oh, Where Are You Going?
I'm Going to Lynn
The Parsley Vine
Petticoat Lane
Redio-Tedio
Rose de Marian Time
Rosemary and Thyme
Rosemary One Time
Scarboro, or Scar-
borough Fair
The Shirt of Lace
Strawberry Lane
The Two Lovers

Whittingham Fair You Shall Be a True Lover of Mine

This is one of the better known "riddle" songs, and it is quite similar wherever encountered. Child, who has it as No. 2, says, the "elf" was an interloper, and that he disappeared entirely from the U. S. A. versions.

This song has been extensively studied and commented up. It first appeared in printed form in America just prior to the War with Mexico. The story theme is traditional in many countries, East as well as West. Three versions (A, B & C) are given below, with C being the most variated due to its adaptation by sailors, who used it as a shanty.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (BNSR), 3
Barry (BBM), 3-11
Belden (BS), 1-3
Brewster (BSI), 23-28
Broadwood (ECS), 12-13
Bronson, I, 9-33
Brown, II, 12-15; IV, 3-4
Bruce, 79
Buchan (ABS), II, 296
Cazden, I, 98-99
Chappell (FSRA), 11
Chase (AFTS), 112-113
Chase (OSSG), 8
Child, I, 6-20
Coffin, 30-31
Davis (MTBV), 8-13
Dean-Smith, 65
Dobie (TBE), 137-138
Eddy, 2-3
Edwards (CHSB), 58
Flanders, I, 51-78
Flanders (GGMS), 58-59
Flanders (NGMS), 8-11
Flanders (VFSB), 194-196
Fowke (FSC), 138
Friedman, 7-10
Gainer, 4-5
Gardner (BSSM), 137-138
Gray, 78-79
Greig & Keith, 1-2
Halliwell (NRE), No. 171
Harvey, 113
Henry (FSSH), 31
Hudson (SC), 7
Jones, 301
Jour (AFL), VII, 228; XIII, 120; XVIII, 49; XIX, 130; XXIII, 430; XXVI, 174; XXX, 284

Jour (FSS), I, 83; II, 212; III, 274
Jour (IFSS), VIII, 17-18
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 117
Kidson (FSNC), 30-32
Kidson (TT), 43, 172
Kinloch (ASB), 145
Kinloch MSS, I, 75
Leach (BB), 51-53
Leisy, 51-52
Linscott, 169
Lomax (FSNA), 17
MacColl & Seeger, 47-49
Moore (BFSS), 6-10
Morris, 235-236
Niles (BB), 11-19
Notes (1st ser.), VII, 8
Okun, 223-224
Opie, 108
Owens (TFS), 4-6
Peacock, I, 6-8
Pound (SFSN), I, 10
Pub (TFLS), X, 137-138
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 135
Randolph, I, 38-41
Roberts (IP), 4-6
Sanders, 181-182
Sharp, I, 1-2
Sharp (FSFS), No. 64
Sharp (NEFS), 14-15
Shoemaker (NPM), 129
Silverman, I, 100, 187
Stokoe, 54-55
Treat, 15
Webster, 3
Wells, 171-173
Williams (FSUT), 221-222

A True Lover of Mine (Version A)

O where are you going? "To Scarborough Fair,"
Savoury sage, rosemary, and thyme,
"Remember me to a lass who lives there,
For once she was a true lover of mine.

"And tell her to make me a cambric shirt, etc.
Without any seam or neddlework,
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

And tell her to wash it in yonder dry well, etc.
Where no water sprung, nor a drop of rain fell,
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

"And tell her to dry it on yonder thorn, etc.
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
And then she shall be a true lover of mine."

"O will you find me an acre of land, etc.
Between the sea foam, the sea sand:
Or never be a true lover of mine?

"O will you plough it with a ram's horn, etc.
And sow it all over with one peppercorn:
Or never be a true lover of mine?

"O will you reap it with a sickle of leather, etc.
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather:
Or never be a true lover of mine?

"And when you have done and finished your work, etc.
You may come to me for your cambric shirt,
And then you shall be a true lover of mine."

VERSION B

When you go through that lady's town,
Rosemary and thyme,
I wish you would go and sit her down,
And ask her to be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt, etc.
Without a seam or a seamster's work,
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to wash it at a dry well, etc.
Where rain never was and water never fell,
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

Tell her when her work is all done, etc.
I'll get my shirt and know that I've won,
And then she'll be a true lover of mine.

"When you return, as soon as you can, etc.
I want you to see that anxious young man
And ask him to be a true lover of mine.

"Tell him to plant me an acre or more, etc.
Between the salt water and the sea shore,
And then he'll be a true lover of mine.

"When he is finished with his work, etc.
Come to this town, I'll give him his shirt,
And then he'll be a true lover of mine."

VERSION C
also known as
Blow, Ye Winds, Blow

For other versions of this shanty-version, see Linscott, 169-171 and Shay (ASSC), 126-128.

.....

You must make me a fine Holland shirt,
Blow, blow, blow, ye winds, blow,
And not have in it a stitch of needle work,
Blow, ye winds that arise, blow, blow.

You must wash it in yonder spring, etc.
Where there's never a drop of water in, etc.

You must dry it on hedge of green, etc.
On which the sun has never been, etc.

When it's done then bring it to me, etc.
Then you and I shall married be, etc.

****

No. 1694

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL
also known as

As I Walked Out Last Christmas Day
As I Walked Out One Winter Night
Careless Love
Cold Winter Night
Darlin', I'm Going Away
The False-True Lover
Fare You Well
He's Gone Away
Honey Babe
If I Prove False to You
I Truly Understand That You Love Some other Man
Lover's Farewell
The Lover's Vow
My Own True Love
No Change in Me
Oh, Fare You Well, My Own True Love
Oh, Who Will Shoe My Foot?
Oh, Who Will Shoe Your Bonny Feet?
The Seven Seas
Should I Prove False to Thee
So Fare You Well, My Own True Love
The Storms Are On the Ocean
Ten Thousand Mile
Ten Thousand Miles Away
Turtle Dove
Two Loyal Lovers
Who's Going to Shoe Your Foot?
Who Will Shoe My Pretty Little Foot?
Who Will Shoe Your Pretty Little Foot?
Winter's Night
You Have Forsaken Me

This song, because of the "shoe my foot, glove my hand" lines, is frequently confused with various versions of The Lass of Roch Royal (see in MB). The songs are not related.
According to Cox (FSS), The True Lover's Farewell was formerly known as Turtle Dove and is, in fact, part of that song. Sharp, II, has nine versions and his version B is indeed Turtle Dove, or a part of it: the whole of Turtle Dove is no where reported in

United States tradition. On the other hand, The True Lover's Farewell has been widely reported in America, though the versions sometimes vary considerably and bear different titles. It is probably a derivation of the 17th century broadsides of The Unkind Parents, a version of which may be seen in Ebsworth (RB), VII, 552.

For a popular song published in sheet music form under the title, Fare You Well, My Own Mary Ann, in 1856, see My Mary Ann in this Master Book. Also see and compare the Honey Babe song in Scarborough (SC), 124-125 B, which is given as a version of Lass of Roch Royal, the Little Betty Ann text in Henry (FSSH), 69, and Parting Sweethearts in Henry (FSSH), 265. Songs worth comparing in this Master Book are The Lass of Roch Royal, My One True Love, and The Turtle Dove. Not a few versions of The True Lover's Farewell are combined with with other songs. For examples, see the Winter's Night in Arnold, 14-15 and Who Will Shoe Your Pretty Little Foot? in Owens (TFS), 20-21. Three versions (A, B, C) are given below.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 480-482
Bikel (FF), 134-135
Brewster (BSI), No. 13
Broadwood (OES), 34
Brown, III, 299-304, 311-313; V, 181-183
Butterworth, 20-21
Cambiaire, 72-73
Cazden, I, 49
Christie, II, 164
Coffin & Cohen, 68-69
Cox (FSS), 413-414
Davis (TBV), No. 21
Dick, No. 152
Downes (1940), 188-189
Downes (1943), 222-223
Emrich (FAL), 545-546
Gainer, 131-132
Hammond, 34
Henry (FSSH), 68, 207 B, 272
Hudson (FSM), 91, 170
Hudson (SMFL), No. 112
Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 148

Jour (FSS), II, 55;
III, 86
Lomax (FSNA), 214-216
Lomax (OSC), 140
McGill, 94
Moore (BFSS), 58-61
Morris, 349-350
Randolph, I, 115-121
Reeves, 213-214
Review (ML), VI, 514
Sandburg (AS), 3-7, 98
Sandburg (NAS), 66
Scarborough (SC), 125-126
Sedley, 129-130
Seeger (6), 65
Sharp, II, 113-118
Sharp (EFS), I, 92
Sharp (FSFS), II, 26
Sharp (100), No. 55
Silber (HSB), 49
Silverman, I, 132
Wells, 119

The True Lover's Farewell (Version A)

Oh, fare you well, my own true love,
Oh, fare you well for awhile;
I'm sailing away, but not to stay,
Though I go ten thousand mile.

I'll sail the seven seas, my love,
But I leave my heart with you;
Wherever I be, on land or sea,
I will prove forever true.

Oh, who will shoe my little foot,
And who will glove my hand?
Tell me, who will kiss my ruby lips
If you're in some foreign land?

Your father will shoe your little foot,
Your mother will glove your hand,
And no one shall kiss your ruby lips
While I'm in some foreign land.

The moon and stars will disappear,
The earth and the sea will burn,

If ever I prove untrue to you,
Or if I do not return.

VERSION B

As I walked out one winter night
A-drinkin' of sweet wine,
And talking with that pretty little girl
Who stole this heart of mine.

Chorus

So fare you well, my own true love,
So fare you well for awhile;
I'll go away and here you'll stay,
If I go ten thousand mile.

Ten thousand mile, my own true love,
To Scotland, France, or Spain;
But I won't be satisfied, my love,
Till I see your face again.

I'll sail the seven seas, my love,
But I'll leave my heart with you;
Wherever I go, on land or sea,
I will prove forever true.

Oh, who will shoe your feet, my love,
And who will glove your hand,
And who will kiss your red rosy cheeks
While I'm gone to a foreign land?

My father will shoe my feet, my love,
My mother will glove my hand,
And you will kiss my red rosy cheeks
When you return to our homeland.

Oh, don't you see that lonesome dove
A-flyin' from vine to vine,

And mournin' for the loss of a mate—
So why not me for mine?

Yes, love I see that lonesome dove
A-flyin' from vine to vine,
And mournin' for the loss of a mate,
The same as I for mine.

The moon and stars will disappear,
The earth and the sea will burn,
If I prove false to you, my love,
And never more return.

So take this shiny, golden ring,
To wear on your right hand,
And think of my poor aching heart
In ev'ry foreign land.

I wish to God I'd never been born,
Or had died when I was young;
I'd never have seen those sparkling eyes
Or heard that flattering tongue.

My dearest dear, the time is near
That you and I must part,
So come into my arms, my love,
And ease my aching heart.

I'll plant me a red rosy bush
And a weeping willow tree,
And that will show to ev'ry-one
That you've forsaken me.

So fare you well, my own true love,
For only a little while;
You'll find me here when you return,
Though you go ten thousand mile.

VERSION C

Darlin', I'm goin' away,
Yes, I'm goin' away,
I'm goin' to stay for a little while;
But I'll be comin' home,
Yes, I'll be comin' home,
Though I roam ten thousand mile.

Darlin', tell me you will wait,
Oh, tell me you will wait,
No matter how late, think of me and
smile;
For I'll be comin' home,
Yes, I'll be comin' home,
Though I roam ten thousand mile.

****

No. 1695

THE TRUTHFUL LOGGER
also known as

The Frozen Logger The Logger Lover' On the River Kennebec

The version of this tall-tale song given below was obtained from Dickson Hall, who, in his turn, got it from Grady Cole, Radio Station WBT, Charlotte, N. C., in 1935. Another version, The Frozen Logger, or The Logger Lover, credited to James Stevens and published by Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y., c. 1951, was recorded and popularized by The Weavers and other professional folk-singers in the 1950s. For additional information, see James Stevens, Bunk-Shanty Ballads and Tales, Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. 1 (Dec. 1949), No. 4, 241.

REFERENCES

Best, 36
Botkin (WFL), 769-770
Glass (SFRF), 22-23
Leisy (SPS), 88-89
Lomax (FSNA), 120-121

The Truthful Logger

I used to be a logger,
As good a s you'd expect;
That's where I met Jim Hardy,
On the River Kennebec.

He was the best log-roller
From there to Moosehead Lake;
There never was a log-jam
Jim Hardy couldn't break.

He was the toughest logger
From here to Kingdom Come;
He drank his coffee boilin',
And he stirred it with his thumb.

He never shaved a whisker
Until the day he died;
He hammered in the bristles
And bit them off inside!

Now I was right there with him
The day he broke his neck;
He fell into a log-jam
On the river Kennebec.

The broken neck he suffered
Is not what stopped his breath—
The fact he lost his footing
Embarrassed him to death!

****

No. 1696

TURKEY IN THE STRAW

The air to this song is probably the best known "fiddle" tune in the United States. It was originally a stage piece, and it was written by either Dan Byrant or Dan Emmet. It was adapted from another popular stage song, Zip Coon (see in MB), which, in turn, was an adaptation of Natchez Under the Hill (see in MB), the tune of which was itself adapted from an old Irish air, The Old Rose Tree. Nor did the "tune borrowing" stop there. Other songs in this Master Book using the same tune, or a variation thereof, are: All Bound Round With a Woolen String, The Dummy Line, My Old Granny, There Was an Old Soldier, Tough Luck, and We'll Pull Through.
The H. B. Dodworth edition of Turkey in the Straw, New York, 1861, credits its composition to Dan Bryant, a famous Minstrel Stage entertainer of the era. But Hans Nathan (DAN EMMETT and the Rise of Early Negro Minstrelsy, University of Oklahoma Press, 1962) gives the credit to Dan Emmett, the composer of DIXIE. Others also attribute the composition to Emmett, too, and with them I agree.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 44
Agay (2), 66
Best, 140
Botkin (APPS), 335-336
Brown, III, 130-131; V, 72
Downes (1940), 118
Downes (1943), 144
Ford (OTFM), 33
Ford (TMA), 59, 435
Ives (SA), 154-156
Ives (SB), 196-198
Leisy (LAS), 46-47
Linscott, 84-85
Lomax (FSNA), 95-96
Luther, 83
McLendon, 226
Randolph, II, 353-355
Ryan, 108
Sandburg (AS), 94-97
Shaw, 389
Silverman, I, 350
Van Doren, 849

Turkey in the Straw

As I was going down the road
With a tired team and a heavy load,
I cracked my whip and the leader sprung,
The wheel horse busted the wagon-tongue.

Chorus

Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
Take a chaw tobaccer and what you say,
Twist about, turn about, hind turkey paw,
And whoop 'em up a tune called Turkey in the Straw.

Went out to milk and didn't know how;
I milked the goat instead of the cow!
A monkey sittin' on a pile of straw
A-winkin' his eye at his mother-in-law!

I met Mister Catfish comin' down the stream,
Says Mister Catfish, "What does you mean?"
I caught Mister Catfish by the snout,
And I turned Mister Catfish inside out!

Come to the river and I couldn't get across;
I paid five dollars for an old blind horse.
He wouldn't go ahead, he wouldn't stand still,
Jus' went up an' down like an old sawmill!

As I came down the New Cut road,
I met Mister Bullfrog, I met Miss Toad;
An' ev'ry time Miss Toad would sing,
The old Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing!

****

No. 1697

THE TURTLE DOVE

also known as

The Crow is Black
The Little Turtle Dove
The Lonesome Dove
Poor Little Turtle Dove

This is a fragment of an old English traditional song. The original is not known to American tradition, but the story theme has frequently been used for songs in this country. For example, see The True Lover's Farewell in this Master Book. According to English folk scholars, the fragment given below and The True Lover's Farewell are derived from the broadside ballad, The Languishing Lamentation of Two Loyal Lovers; or, The Unkind Parents.

For a variation of the first stanza, see the Do You See That There Bird in Yonder Tree? in Creighton (MFS), 85. For an old Negro song that borrowed the first stanza of our fragment, see Mourning Slave Fiancess in Talley, 129.

REFERENCES

Bikel (FF), 134-135
Brewster (BSI), 348-349
Brown, III, 274-275; V, 157
Butterworth, 20-21
Davis (TBV), 277
Farnsworth, 20-21
Ives (SA), 108-109
Ives (SB), 166-167
Okun, 193-194
Owens (TFS), 20-21
Roberts (IP), 223-225
Seeger (1), 179
Sharp (ECFS), 34-35
Silverman, I, 89
Thomas (SG), 34-35
Warner, 27
Wells, 119-120

The Turtle Dove

O don't you see that little turtle dove,
Sittin' under the White Oak tree?
Hear how she mourns for her own true love,
As I, my love, shall mourn for thee,
As I shall mourn for thee.

It's hard to love and not be loved,
It's hard to please your mind;
You've broken the heart of many a poor girl,
But you never shall break mine, my love,
You never shall break mine.

****

No. 1698

'TWAS WINTER AND BLUE TORY NOSES

This song, written by Oliver Arnold, a relative of Benedict Arnold, is a parody on The Banks of the Dee (see in MB). The song was written in 1755 when British troops were in Boston and violent clashes between them and American rebels were frequent.

REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 77
Dolph, 482-484
Loesser, 70-71
Rabson, 27-28
Silber (SI), 62-63
Vinson, 32-34

'Twas Winter and Blue Tory Noses — Tune: Banks of the Dee, or Langolee

'Twas winter, and blue tory noses were freezing,
As they marched o'er the land where they ought not to be;
The valiants complain'd at the fifers' curs'd wheezing,
And wished they'd remain'd on the banks of the Dee.

Lead on, thou paid captain! Tramp on, thou proud
minions!
Thy ranks, basest men, shall be strung like ripe
onions,
For here thou hast found heads with warlike opinions,
On shoulders of nobles who ne'er saw the Dee.

Prepare for war's conflict; or make preparation
For peace with the rebels, for they're brave with
glee:
Keep mindful of dying, and leave the foul nation
That sends out its armies to brag and to flee.
Make haste, now, and leave us thou miscreant tories!
To Scotland repair! there court the sad houris,
And listen once more to their plaints and their
stories
Concerning the "glory and pride of the Dee."

Be quiet and sober, secure and contented:
Upon your own land, be valiant and free,
Bless God that the war is so nicely prevented,
And till the green fields on the banks of the Dee.
The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,
The lads on its banks will again be seen playing,
And England thus honestly teaxes defraying,
With natural drafts from the banks of the Dee.

****

No. 1699

THE TWELVE APOSTLES
also known as

Come and I Will Sing
to You
Come, Let Us Sing
Counting Up
The Dilly Song
Green Grow the Rushes
The Holy Baby
I Will Sing You One O

The One O
Scripture in the Nursery
Singing the Ten Commandments
The Story of Twelve
The Ten Commandments
Two Little White Babes

This is a very old cumulative number or carol-type song that is sometimes encountered with a secular text. It is also mistakenly referred to as The Dilly Song, probably because Baring-Gould and, later, Cecil Sharp misled others by printing versions under that title. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the real Dilly Song has not received much attention. The real Dilly Song text is as follows:

I can tell you one.
What is your one?
One is God Almighty,
Teacher of Variety,
And so let us sing.
Who can sing as well as me?
Two is God's only Son,
Three is Trinity,
Four is the Dilly Hour.
Five is the Filly Bird,
Six is the Crucifix,
Seven is the stars of heaven,
Eight is the daybreak,
Nine is the moonshine,
Ten is begin again,
Eleven are the gates of Hell,
Twelve are the gates of Heaven.

According to Belden, Randolp, Sharp and Mason, The Twelve Apostles had its "origin in the Hebrew rubric 'Counting the Omer' or the 'Song of the Kid,' which is in the Jewish Service Book and used in the Passover ceremony."

For a history of this carol, see Newell in Jour (AFL), IV, 215-220. For a comparative study, see Kittredge in Jour (AFL), XXX, 365-367.
The song is known in most European countries and, in fact, there is wide variation in the symbolism of English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Scandinavian versions that have been recovered.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (BNSR), 62
Baring-Gould (SW), No. 78
Broadwood (ECS), 154-155, 156-157
Brown, II, 199-205; IV, 126-128
Bulletin (FSSN), IX, 3-4
Campbell & Sharp, No. 109
Chambers (PRS), 44-47, 82
Christmas, 31
Cox (TBFS), 159
Flanders (VFSB), 83-85
Fuson, 187
Gardner (BSSM), 365
Greenleaf, 91-93
Henry (FSSH), 156-157
Hubbard, 370-371
Jour (AFL), IV, 215; XXX, 335-337; XXXII, 501; LXII, 382; XLV, 36; XLVI, 42;
Jour (FSS), VI, 24
Karpeles, 251-252
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 372
Leisy, 138-143
Lomax (FSNA), 482-483
Moore (BFSS), 239-243
Peacock, III, 785, 800
Quarterly (M), XVI, 190
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 73-75, 247-250
Randolph, IV, 34-38
Roberts (SBS), 132-133
Scott (SA), 71
Sharp, II, 283-286
Sharp (EFS), II, No. 47
Sharp (FSFS), No. 87
Sharp (NEFS), 31-33
Sharp (100), 226-229
Shearin (SKFS), 34
Thomas (SG), 44-47
Williams (FSUT), 286-288

The Twelve Apostles

Come and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?

I will sing you Twelve, O.
What is your twelve, O?

Twelve is the twelve apostles,
Eleven of them is gone to Heaven;
Ten is the Ten Commandments,
Nine is the moonshine bright and clear.

Eight is the eight Arch Angels,
Seven is the seven stars in the sky,
Six is the charming Waiters,
Five is the Ferrymen in the boats,
Four is the Gospel Preachers;

Three of them are strangers,
Two of them are lily white babes,
Clothed in darling green, O,
One and one is all alone,
And ever shall remain so.

****

No. 1700

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS
also known as

A Christmas Song
The First Day of Christmas
Old Christmas Ballad

Now recognized as a Christmas carol this song began, apparently, as a Christmas game piece. Gomme says, "It was a customary thing in a friends house to play 'The Twelve Days' every Twelfth Day night." Unlike most carols, there is nothing religious about this one. The year of the song's origin has not been established with certainty.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 512-513
Best, 34-35
Brewster (BSI), 354-355
Brown, I, 70-71; II, 208-210; IV, 129-131
Bruce, 129
Chambers (PRS), 42-43
Flanders (BMNE), 213-216
Flanders (VFSB), 86-97
Gardner (FSH), 198-199
Gomme, II, 315-321
Halliwell (NRE), 63, 73
Husk, 181
Jour (AFL), XIII, 230; XVIII, 56; XXX, 365; XLVI, 46; LXII, 399
Jour (FSS), V, 277-278
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 334
Leisy, 326-329
Leisy (LAS), 165
Leisy (SPS), 166-167
Linscott, 52-53
Lomax (FSNA), 245
Morris, 416-418
Opie, No. 100
Rimbault (NR), 52-53
Ritchie (SFC), 188
Sharp (100), 224-225
Silverman, I, 330
Thomas (SG), 50-51
Winn (2), 26-27
Yolen, 160-164

The Twelve Days of Christmas

The first day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
A partridge on top a pear tear.
The second day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Two turtle doves, and a partridge
on top a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas
My true sent to me
Three French hens, two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Four collie birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on top
a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Five gold rings, four collie birds,
Three French hens, two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four collie birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four collie birds,
Three French hens, two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The eighth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-
swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold
rings, four collie birds, three French
hens, two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-
milking, seven swans a-swimming, six
geese a-laying, five gold rings, four
collie birds, three French hens, two
turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping, nine drummers
drumming, eight maids a-milking,
seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-
laying, five gold rings, four collie
birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping,
nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-
milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese
a-laying, five gold rings, four collie
birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

The Twelfth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies
dancing, ten pipers piping, nine drummers
drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven
swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
five gold rings, four collie birds,
Three French hens, two turtle doves,
And a partridge on top a pear tree.

****

No. 1701

TWELVE WHITE HORSES
also known as

Band of Gideon
Gideon's Band
How I Long to See that Day
I Long to See dat Day

This is a slave spiritual that was probably adapted from a campground revival song. Brown, III, 601-602

has two texts of which the editors say that they were "uncertain whether to entitle this song 'Noah's Ark' or 'Gideon's Band,' the two motifs are so mixed." What Brown actually had was a composite, not a version of either song.
See and compare: Two White Horses in Sandburg (AS), 472-473 and Gideon's Band in Winn (2), 46-47.
The version below is from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers in Marsh (SJS), 238-239.

REFERENCES

Dett, 56-57
Johnson (BANS), 156-157
Keach, 41
Wier (SSS), 161

Twelve White Horses

Oh, the band of Gideon, band of Gideon, band of Gideon,
Over in Jordan, band of Gideon, band of Gideon,
How I long to see that day!
Oh, the milk-white horses, milk-white horses, milk-white horses,
Over in Jordan, milk-white horses, milk-white horses,
How I long to see that day!

I hail my sister, my sister she bow low,
Say, don't you wanna go to heave? How I long to see that day!

Chorus

Oh, the twelve white horses, twelve white horses,
Twelve white horses, over in Jordan;
Twelve white horses, twelve white horses,
How I long to see that day!
Oh, hitch 'em to the chariot, hitch 'em to the chariot,
Hitch 'em to the chariot, over in Jordan;
Hitch 'em to the chariot, hitch 'em to the chariot,
How I long to see that day!

****

No. 1702

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Randolph reports, that "According to the Boston Transcript (Dec. 8, 1928), this poem was written by Dill Armor Smith, between 1845 and 1847, in Pittsburgh, Pa." Two other persons, Frances Huston and William Willing, have been credited with composing the song. A copy in my library, published in 1866 by S. Brainard & Co., Cleveland-Chicago, reads: "Composed and Arranged by William Willing. A version is also in McGuffey's Fifth Reader, published in 1879. But according to John Lair, the song was popular in the 1850s, when it became a favorite of Abraham Lincoln.
For a different song with an identical title, see Shay (PF-1), 151-152 or (PF-3), 84-85.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 280-281
Ford (TMA), 318-319
Lair (SLL), 70-71
Moore (BFSS), 356-358
Randolph, IV, 393-395
Roberts (IP), 186-189
Sandburg (NAS), 37

Twenty Years Ago

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playing ground
That sheltered you and me.
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
That played with us upon the lawn,
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom;
Bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then,

With spirits just as gay.
But George Masters sleeps upon the hill
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place
Just twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still;
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom,—
The stream appears less wide.
The grapevine swing is ruined now
Where once we played with Joe,
And flirted with the pretty girls
Just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low. 'Twas once so high
That we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so
To see how much that I had changed
Since twenty years ago.

****

No. 1703

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

A nursery rhyme written by Jane Taylor (1783-1824), but by whom it was first set to music is unknown. The rhyme appeared in Rhymes for the Nursery, published in England in 1806.
Brown tells us that the tune to his version's refrain "resembles very closely that of a Czechish Dance: Polka."

Be that as it may, Haydn, Mozart, and other classical composers, have used the same melody in their works.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 41
Botkin (APPS), 337
Brown, V, 415-416
Mackenzie (SH), 132
McCaskey, I, 95
Opie, 397-398
Wier (SWWS), 193
Wier (YAM), I, 89
Winn (1), 84

Twinkle Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, Twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?

****

No. 1704

TWO BONNY LASSIES
also known as
Bessie, or Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
Bessie, or Bessy Bell and Mary Lee

An old Scottish folk-song that survives in America only in fragmentary form. In Scottish tradition, the song deals with two girls who were devoted friends;

they fled from their homes when the plague broke out in 1645 and built themselves a bower in the place known as Burnbraes. It is said that a young man who was in love with both of them brought them food and other necessities and, while doing so, transferred the plague to them. The girls perished together and were buried in a common grave. In the London Times, July 8, 1832, we read the following: "Lord Lynedoch has lately at considerable expense, fenced in the grave of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray...so long celebrated in tradition and song."
For a ballad-poem entitled Bessy Bell, to which this piece is unrelated, see Johnson (BBLL), 93.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 278-279
Bulletin (VFS), No. 5, 8; No. 9, 7
Child, IV, 75-77
Cox (FSS), 134
Davis (TBV), 432-434
Friedman, 302
Gainer, 74
Johnson (SMM), No. 128
Kinsley, 617-618
Lyle, 160
Moore (BFSS), 100-101
Quiller-Couch, 865
Scarborough (SC), 190-191
Scott (MSB), I, 45
Sharpe (BB), 62
Smith (BSUS), 2
Thomson (OC), I, 2-4

Two Bonny Lassies

Now bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lassies;
They built their home on yon Burn Bay
And thatched it o'er with rushes.

They would not have their shoes of red,
Nor would they have them yellow;
They both preferred a bonnie green,
To walk the streets of Yarrow.

They thatched their home with rushes brown,
They covered it with heather;
The pest came up from Burrow's town,
And slew them both together.

They do not lie in yon church-yard
Beside their kith and kin,
But both of them are in Burnbraes,
With one lone grave to lie in.

****

No. 1705

TWO BROTHERS
also known as

As Two Little Boys Were Going to School
Billy Murdered John
Brother's Murder
The Cruel Brother
Edward Ballad
Jessel Town
Little Willie
Martyr John
Monday Morning Go (Going) to School
The Murdered Boy
Our Young Son John
The Rolling of the Stones
The Twa Brothers
Two Born Brothers
The Two Little Boys
Two Little Boys Going to School
Two Little Brothers from School One Day
Two Little Schoolmates
Willie and Johnny
Yonder School

In this old Scottish ballad the story tends to vary from place to place and from version to version. Considerable confusion attends the various versions, and specially those known in the United States. The constant factor in all versions is the "slain brother," although the motive for the murder is not always the same. Nor is it always clearly stated.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 99-106
Belden (BS), 33-34
Brewster (BSI), 55-57
Bronson, I, 384-402
Brown, II, 59-60
Bulletin (FSSN), V, 6
Campbell & Sharp, No. 11
Chappell (FSRA), 17
Child, I, 435-444
Coffin, 60-62
Cox (FSS), 33-35
Cox (TBFS), 21
Creighton (TSNS), 25-26
Davis (MTVB), 92-101
Davis (TBV), 146, 563
Eddy, 26-28
Flanders, I, 316-331
Flanders (BMNE), 96-99, 230-232
Friedman, 169-172
Gainer, 30-31
Gray, 75
Houseman, 103-105
Hudson (FSM), 73-74
Jamieson, I, 59-65
Jour (AFL), XXIII, 293; LII, 35; XLVIII, 298
Kinsley, 234-235
Kirkland, 65-66
Kittredge (BS), 292-293
Leach (BB), 164-167
Linscott, 278-280
McGill, 54-58
Moore (BFSS), 38-41
Morris, 254-257
Motherwell, I, 211-216
Niles (BB), 113-115
Peacock, III, 827-830
Pound, 45-46
Pound (SFSN), I, 5
Quarterly (SFL), II, 65-66; VIII, 140-142
Quiller-Couch, 284-286
Randolph, I, 76-80
Scarborough (SC), 166-167
Seeger (1), 177
Sharp, I, 65-67
Sharp (AEFS), 8-14
Sharpe (BB), No. 19
Shearin (BBCM), 4
Shearin (SKFS), 7
Smith (SCB), 17
Tolman, 158
Treat, 35

Two Brothers

Oh, brother, come to the rolling of the stones,
Or shall we toss the ball?
Or will you go and see pretty Susie,
And dance among them all?

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
And Johnny fell to the ground,
And out of his pocket their fell a knife
That fatally wounded his side.

Oh, brother dear, take off my shirt,
And tear it from gore to gore,
And place it upon my bleeding wound,
That it may bleed no more.

His brother he then removed the shirt,
And tore it from gore to gore,
And placed it upon his bleeding wound,
But it still bled the more.

Oh, brother, take me upon your back and go,
And carry me to the churchyard ground;
Go dig my grave there both wide and deep,
And easily lay me down.

Oh, brother, what will I tell our father dear,
When he does call his son?
Tell him I'm in the merry green woods
A-training hounds to run.

His brother then dug his grave for him alone,
He dug it wide and deep;
He laid a Bible down at his head
And a hymn-book at his feet.

****

No. 1706

TWO LITTLE CHILDREN
also known as
The Orphans Two Little Orphans

This sentimental "tear-jerker" (as such songs were once called) dates back to the 1860s or 1870s; it deals with

a little boy and girl who froze to death by a church door. The song regained some of its lost popularity when taken up and performed by country singers, such as Bradley Kincaid, in the 1920s and early 1930s.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 394; IV, 220
Burton & Manning, 17-18
Cambiaire, 32
Davis (FSV), 114-115
Greenleaf, 483
Henry (SSSA), 126-127
Moore (BFSS), 365-366
Owens (TFS), 287-290
Roberts (IP), 192-193
Warner, 145

Two Little Children

Two little children, a boy and a girl,
Sat by an old church door;
The little girl's feet were as brown as
the curl
That fell on the dress that she wore.

The boy's coat was faded, and hatless his
head,
A tear shone in each little eye:
"Why don't you run home to your mama?"
I said;
And this was the maiden's reply:

"Mama's in heaven. They took her away,
Left me and Jim all alone.
We come here to sleep at the close of
the day,
For we have no mama at home.

"We can't earn our bread, we're too little,"
she said;
"Jim is five and I'm only seven.

We have no one to love us since Papa
is dead
And our darling mama's in heaven.

"Papa was lost out to sea long ago,
We waited all night on the shore;
For he was a life-saving captain,
you know,
But he never came back any more.

"Then Mama got sick. Angels took her
away,
She said, to a home warm and bright;
She said they'd come for her darlings
someday,—
Perhaps they are coming tonight.

"Perhaps they have no room in heaven,"
She said,
"For two little children to keep."
She then placed her hand on Jim's
little head;
She kissed him, and both fell asleep.

The sexton came early to ring the church
bell;
He found them beneath the snow white.
The angels made room for two children
to dwell
In Heaven with mama that night.

****

No. 1707

ULYSSES GRANT

In 1868 the Republicans nominated a Union military hero, Ulysses Simpson Grant, as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The song below was used during the campaign and probably helped in his election. For another text, see Luther, 215.

Ulysses Grant — Tune: Auld Lang Syne

So, boys, a final bumper
While we in chorus chant:
For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant.

And if asked what state he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be:
From bear Appomattox Court House
With its famous apple tree.

For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight.
Now, boys! To Grant for President
And God defend the right!

****

No. 1708

UNBELIEVING SOULS
also known as
The Downward Road is Crowded

Spiritual and revival song from the 19th century. It

shares a title with another song to which it is not otherwise related: The Downward Road Is Crowded (see MB).

REFERENCES

Dett, 14
Lomax (FSNA), 485-486
Lomax (OSC), 28
Odum (NHS), 73
Work (ANSS), 163

Unbelieving Souls

O the downward road is crowded, crowded, crowded,
O the downward road is crowded with unbelieving souls.

The wind blows east, and the wind blows west,
It blows like the Judgment Day,
And ev'ry poor soul that never did pray,
Will be glad to pray that day.

O the downward road is crowded, etc.

Some folks say they believe in Him,
But don't do like He say;
They ride around on empty air
And sin their souls away.

O the downward road is crowded, etc.

Now you may run and slip and slide,
And love your neighbor's wife;
But God will come and cut you down,
And judge you on your life.

O the downward road is crowded, etc.

****

No. 1709

UNCLE BUD

This is a roustabout dance song from the steamboat era, recovered and published by Wheeler (SD), 96-97. I have not seen it in any other collection.

Uncle Bud

Oh, Uncle Bud going down the road,
Hauling women by the wagon-load.

Chorus

Uncle Bud, Uncle Bud, Uncle Bud,
Bud, doggone it, Uncle Bud.

Up he slipped and down he fell,
Mouth fell open like a mussel shell.

He passed by here, and sweeping low
Forgot his bottle and off he go.

Way down yonder where I was born,
Feed them niggers on hard, parched corn.

Growed so tall, growed so fat,
Swelled up big—couldn't wear a hat.

Some folks say Uncle Bud is dead,
It's a goddamn lie! he's dere in bed.

****

No. 1710

UNCLE EPH

also known as

Broder Eton Got de Coon Bro', or Brother Ephram

Brother Ephram Got de Coon and Gone On

Brudder Eph'em
Ephram, Ephram

Uncle Eph's Got the Coon
Uncle Ep's Got the Coon and Gone On

This is a Blue Grass dance tune that undoubted derives from an old minstrel song. It is one of those songs in which lines and stanzas belonging to other songs are frequently encountered.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 122
Bass, 430
Brown, III, 519; V, 291
Scarborough (NFS), 101-102
Steely, 216
White, 223

Uncle Eph

Hitch my horse up to my hack,
Buckle my banjo to my back;
Buckle broke and the banjo too—
The devil's got a buckle and a banjo too.

Chorus

Uncle Eph's got the coon and he's gone on,
Gone on, gone on.
Uncle Eph's got the coon and he's gone on,
He's left us a-lookin' up a tree!

Took myself to my corn patch,
Chicken of mine about to hatch;
Hen saw me and made a fuss;
She pecked at my toes till she made me cuss.

Fox was in my cotton field,
Sneaking round and trying to steal;
Got no time to fool with you,
Cause foxes never have no work to do.

****

No. 1711

UNCLE JIM'S WIFE
also known as

Bessy Bingle
Betty Pringle's Pig
Johnny Pringle's Pig
Little Betsy Pringle
The Little Old Woman
The Little Pig, or Piggie
The Old Couple and the Pig
Old Joe Finley
Old Sam Fanny, or Finny
The Old Woman and Her Pig
The Old Woman and the Little Piggee
Old Woman as the Pig
Old Woman's Little Pig
Old Woman Who Bought a Pig
Tale of a Little Pig
There Was an Old Woman and She Bought a Little Pig
Uncle Sam Simmie

Originally an English nursery rhyme, this song became popular in some areas of America, spawning many versions. The version below is from North Carolina.

REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 97
Brown, III, 181-182; V, 107-108
Cox (FSS), 496-497
Davis (FSV), 192-193
Eddy, 179-181
Gainer, 160-161
Gardner (BSSM), 468
Halliwell (NRE) 1st. ed., No. 27; 6th ed., No. 542
Halliwell (NRNT), 104
Lomax (ABFS), 308-310
Mackenzie (QB), 74
Mason, 32-33
Moore (BFSS), 259-261
Morris, 427-428
Niles (MSHF), 14-15
Rimbault (ONR), No. 34
Ritchie (FS), 27
Ritchie (SSB), 52-53
Roberts (SBS), 196-197
Seeger (1), 102-103
Seeger (3), 50-51
Sharp, II, 343-344
Silverman, I, 309
Sturgis (SHV), 46-49
Yolen, 60-61

Uncle Jim's Wife

My uncle Jim's wife bought a little pig,
Oink! oink! oink!
My uncle Jim's wife bought a little pig;
It didn't cost much for it wasn't very big.
Oink! oink! oink!

That little ol' pig did a lot of harm, etc.
Kept making tracks all around the barn, etc.

That little ol' pig he died in bed, etc.
It died because it couldn't get bread, etc.

My uncle Jim died from too much grief, etc.
And wasn't that really a great relief?, etc.

Well, uncle Jim's wife broke down and cried, etc.
And that was just before she died, etc.

Their bodies lay upon the kitchen shelf, etc.
If you want more you'll have to sing it yourself, etc.

****

No. 1712

UNCLE JOE
also known as

Come On, Mister Tree
Did You Ever See the Devil, Uncle Joe?
Hop Up, Ladies
Hop Up, My Ladies
Jump Up, My Darling

The two tunes used for various versions and adaptations of this song should be quite familiar, because both of them are famous——one is the air used for Billy Boy (see in MB) and the other is used for square dancing as Miss McLeod's Reel. Other pieces using one or the other of the tunes associated with this one are Green Mountain, Hop Light, Ladies and Walk Jawbone. Lines and stanzas in the song below are also found in

other songs, sometimes making it difficult to decide which is which. For examples of this confusion, see Brown, III, 119-120; Lomax (FSNA), 128-129; Perrow (XXVIII), 138, 184; and Randolph, III, 182-183.

REFERENCES

Ford (OTFM), 19
Ford (TMA), 47
Lomax (OSC), 58
Seeger (3), 66-67
Silverman, I, 354
Thede, 100

Uncle Joe — Tune: Miss McCloud's Reel

Do you wanta go to heaven, uncle Joe?
Do you wanta go to heaven, uncle Joe?
Do you wanta go to heaven, uncle Joe,
Where the sun don't shine and the wind
don't blow?

Are you very fond of kissing, uncle Joe?, etc.

Did you ever see the devil, uncle Joe?, etc.

Would you like a drink of whiskey, uncle
Joe?, etc.

****

No. 1713

UNCLE JOHN
also known as

Uncle Joe is Ill in Bed
Uncle John is Very Sick
Uncle Johnny
Uncle Johnny's Sick A-bed

This is an old game song said to have originated in England, though there has been considerable argument to the contrary. Writing in 1883, Newell said the

song was "one of the most familiar of all children's rounds in our country." The tune is obviously a variation of Yankee Doodle (see in MB). The text may have derived from the old English game, The Wind, the words of which is in Gomme, II, 387-390. Also see and compare Wall-Flowers in this Master Book. For an American variation, see Johnny, Johnny, So They Say in Gardner (FSH), 240. A similar text is recorded in Brown, III, 106-107, while yet another is in Randolph, IV, 123-125.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 303-304
Bertail, 101
Brown, I, 132-133
Chambers (PRS), 118
Gardner (SPPG), 106-107
Gomme, II, 321-322
Jour (AFL), XL, 13
McIntosh (FSSG), 67
Newell, 72
Northall, 379
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 212-213
Randolph, IV, 124-125
Whitney & Bullock, 149-150
Wier (YAM), I, 149
Wilder, 74-75
Wolford, 97

Uncle John

Uncle John is very sick. What shall we send him?
Three good wishes, three sweet kisses,
And a slice of ginger bread.
Who shall we send it by? By the gov'nor's daughter.
Take her by her lily-white hand
And lead her 'cross the water.
I went to the door, I picked up a pin,
And asked Missus Smith if Johnny was in.

Uncle John is ill in bed. What shall we send him?
A piece of cake, a piece of bread,
A piece of apple dumpling.
Who shall we send it with? Mrs. Tindal's daughter.
She is neither without, she is neither within,

She is up in the parlor romping about.
She came down stairs dressed in silk,
A rose in her breast as white as milk;
She pulled off her glove, she showed me her ring—
Tomorrow, tomorrow the wedding shall begin.

****

No. 1714

UNCLE SAM AND MEXICO

This song dates from 1846, when the text was published in The Rough and Ready Songster, a collection of songs from the War with Mexico compiled by an officer in General Taylor's army.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 404-405 Jackson (ESUS), 36 Luther, 116

Uncle Sam and Mexico Tune: Old Dan Tucker

Throughout the land there is a cry,
And folks all know the reason why:
Shy Mexico's two-legged b'ar
Is 'tacking Uncle Sammy's star.

Chorus

Then march away, rum, dum a dum,
Then march away, rum, dum a dum,
Then march away, bold sons of freedom—
You're the boys to skin and bleed 'em.

They're kicking up gun-powderation
About the Texas annexation.
Since Mexico makes such ado,
We'll flog her and annex her, too!

Miss Texas when quite in her teens
Did give 'em a dose of lead and beans,
An' now old Sammy is called out—
They'll catch salt-petre sour crout!

They met us on the Rio Grandy;
We showed 'em Yankee Doodle Dandy!
But when brave Taylor cross'd the line,
He made 'em snot like a steam bullgine!

****

No. 1715

UNCLE SAM'S FARM

This song, written by Jesse Hutchinson, Jr., was published in 1850. Its popularity was due, perhaps, to the fact that it expressed the sentiments of the then population toward immigration with a lot of national pride thrown in. The tune is a variation of The Educated Man I (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 474-475
Ford (TMA), 446
Glass (SW), 9-11
Jordan, 379-381
Lawrence, 408
Lloyd, 106-107
Wilder, 87-88

Uncle Sam's Farm

Of all the mighty nations in the East of in the West,
O this glorious yankee nation is the greatest and
the best.
We have room for all creation, and our banner is un-
furl'd—
Here's a gen'ral invitation to the people of the world.

Chorus

Then come along, come along, make no delay;
Come from ev'ry nation, come from ev'ry way!
Our lands, they are broad enough, don't be alarm'd,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

Our father's gave us Liberty, but little did they dream,
The grand results that pour along this mighty age of steam;
For our mountains, lakes and rivers, are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning, on the telegraphic wire.

Yes! we're bound to beat the nations for our motto's "Go ahead!"
And we'll tell the foreign paupers that our people are well fed;
For the nations must remember that Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting, and the children go to school.

****

No. 1716

UNCLE SAM TO TEXAS
also known as
Uncle Sam's Song to Miss Texas

This song was popular among the populace as well as among the soldiers during the War with Mexico. The

reference in the text to "Johnny Bull" points up the fact that England was anti-American during that war and wanted to occupy Oregon.
Other collections presenting versions of this song are: Dolph, 415 and Luther, 115-116.
The text is from The Rough and Ready Songster, circa 1848.

Uncle Sam to Texas — Tune: Yankee Doodle

Walk in, my long-hair'd Indian girl;
Your hand, my star-eyed Texas.
You're welcome to our White House hall,
Tho' Mexy's hounds would vex us.
Come on and take some johnny cake,
With 'lasses snug and coodle;
For that and Independence make
A full-blood Yankee Doodle.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle is the word surpassing all creation!
With the pipe or with the sword it makes us love our nation!

My overseer, young Jimmy Polk,
Shall show you all my nieces;
And then the cabinet we'll smoke
Until our eagle sneezes.
If Johnny Bull's fat greedy boys
About our Union grumble,
I'll kick up such a tarnal noise
'Tweill make 'em feel quite humble.

If Mexy, back'd by secret foes,
Still talks of getting you, gal,

Why we can lick 'em all, you know,
And then annex 'em too, gal.
For freedom's great millennium
Is working earth's salvation;
Her sassy kingdom soon will be
Annexing all creation!

****

No. 1717

UNDER THEM BOILERS SLEEPING
also known as
Where Wuz You Las' Night?

I learned part of this song on the wharfs at Wilmington, N. C., when I was little boy, and later sang it on radio programs. I have seen it only in Wheeler (SD), 78-79, where I found a chorus and a stanza not known to me. I have included both, here, because they fit the air like a glove.

Under Them Boilers Sleeping

Went down in the valley, Lord,
But didn't go to stay.
Under them boilers sleeping,
My soul got happy, Lord,
And I stayed all day!
Under them boilers sleeping.

Chorus

Oh, where wuz you las' night?
Where wuz you las' night?
Where wuz you las' night?
Under them boilers sleeping.

If I get to heaven, Lord,
I want to go there right.
Under them boilers sleepin.

I want a garment, Lord,
Brand new, clean, an' white.
Under them boilers sleeping.

The head mate hollered
And the Captain squalled,
Under them boilers sleeping.
An' those riggers started to go,
When they heard him call.
Under them boilers sleeping.

I been on this river, Lord,
For almost twenty-five year,
Under them boilers sleeping.
Now all I'm hopin', Lord,
I'll get out of here,
Under them boilers sleeping.

****

No. 1718

THE UNFAITHFUL LOVER I
also known as
Tavern in the Town There Is a Tavern in the Town

This is an Americanized version of the English ballad, There Is An Ale-House In Yonder Town (see Unfaithful Lover II below). Some lines in this song are also found in The Butcher Boy (see Unfaithful Lover IV below), and the songs are obviously related.
This particular song has been credited to several composers, none of whom really composed it. It was copyrighted in 1883 by William H. Hillis, a fact duly noted in The College Song Book of 1885, issued by Oliver Ditson at Boston. Since then the song has appeared in many popular music "folios" and in sheet music form. In more recent times, a version was claimed by Rudy Vallee, who was repsonsible for its popularity during

the 1930s and '40s. But a performer's name on sheet music, it must be remembered, is not a guarantee that he or she really wrote the song.
This and the other three Unfaithful Lover songs that follow it are all related.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 180-181
Best, 37
Kennedy (AB), 84-85
Kennedy (TAB), 277-278
Leisy (SPS), 120
Mackenzie (SH), 57
Pound, 62
Shay (PF-1), 114-115
Shay (PF-3), 62-63
Silverman, I, 115
Spaeth (REW), 94-95
Waite, 20-21

The Unfaithful Lover I

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And he drinks his beer as merry as can be
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part,
must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, yes, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you!
I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark;
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love who was once true to me
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh, now I see him nevermore, nevermore;
He never knocks upon my door, upon my door.
Oh, woe is me! he pinned a little note,
And these were all the words he wrote:

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast you may carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died for love!

****

No. 1719

THE UNFAITHFUL LOVER II
also known as

My True Love Once He Courted me

There Is an Ale-House in Yonder Town

This is the English fore-runner of the preceding song. For a Canadian variation, She Died For Love, see Peacock, III, 705-706.
The version below is from Kidson (TT), 44-46.

REFERENCES

Butterworth, 14-15
Karpeles (EFS), I, 597-605
Sedley, 114-115
Sharp, II, 76-78

The Unfaithful Lover II

My true love once he courted me,
And stole away my liberty;
He stole my heart with my free good will,
I must confess I love him still.

There is an alehouse in this town,
Where my love goes and sits him down;

He takes another girl on his knee—
O! isn't that a grief for me.

A grief to me, I'll tell you why:
Because she has more gold than I;
Her gold will waste, her beauty blast—
Poor girl, she'll be like me at last.

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,
I wish I were but free again;
But free again I'll never be,
Till an apple grows on an orange tree.

There is a bird in yon churchyard;
They say it's blind and cannot see.
I wish it had been the same with me,
Ere I joined my true love's company.

****

No. 1720

THE UNFAITHFUL LOVER III
also known as

The Brisk Young Lover
A Brisk Young Sailor
A Brisk Young Sailor Courted Me
False Lover
Love Has Brought Me to Despair
Oxford Tragedy

This is another version of Ale-House in Yonder Town (see preceding song). The ballad was also changed considerably as it traveled through American tradition. Here "the brisk young sailor" disappeared from the song. For an older English version, see The Oxford Tragedy in the Polka Song Book No. 15, London, 1846, p. 517. Also see and compare The Auxville Love in Combs (FSMEU), 205.

REFERENCES

Brewster (BSI), 276-277
Broadwood (ETSC), 92-95
Butterworth, 14-15
Campbell & Sharp, 286
Cole, 52-53
Cox (FSS), 427-429
Greig, II, art. 75
Hubbard, 63-64
Jour (EFDSS), V, 16-17
Jour (FSS), I, 252; II, 155; III, 188; V, 181
Karpeles (EFS), I, 597-605
Kidson (EFSD), 57
Kidson (GEFS), 36
Kidson (TT), 44-46
Leather, 205
Reeves, 90-92
Sharp, II, 76-78
Sharp (EFS), II, 40
Sharp (FSE), II, 9-11
Sharp (100), No. 94
Williams (FSEC), 9

The Unfaithful Lover III

In Halifax town, with some time to spare,
I took a walk to take the air;
While viewing the fields and valleys around,
I heard a clear and mournful sound.

My father he is a wealthy knight,
My mother is a lady bright,
I was their child and only heir,
But love has brought me to despair.

I was courted by a handsome knight,
Who at my beauty took delight;
He courted me both night and day,
And then my heart he did betray.

I know of a tavern in this ol' town
Where goes my love and there sits down;
He takes a young girl upon his knee,
And tells her things he once told me.

In yonder meadow, I've heard some say,
There is a rose blooms night and day;

In yonder meadow she quickly ran,
Picking flowers with either hand.

She picked of purple and picked of green;
She picked of ev'ry kind she'd seen.
She picked of red, she picked of blue,
And never thought what love could do.

She chose the green grass for her bed,
A pillow of roses beneath her head;
She laid herself down and nevermore spoke,—
Poor girl, poor girl, her heart was broke!

Now when they found that she was cold,
They saw her love and him they told;
I'm glad she's dead, and wish her well—
I hope her soul will land in hell!

They dug her grave both wide and deep,
A marble slab laid at her feet,
A turtle dove upon her breast,
To let him know she was at rest.

****

No. 1721

THE UNFAITHFUL LOVER IV
also known as

Ballad of the Butcher Boy
Boston Town
The Brisk Young Lover
The Butcher's Boy
Died for Love
Down in a Village
Dublin City
The Farmer's Boy
The Forsaken Lovers
The Girl Died for Love
In Boston Town
In Jefferson City
In Jersey City
In Jessie's City
In Johnson City
In London City
In New York City
In Yonder City
Jersey City Maiden
London City

Sheffield Park

Sweet William
The Turtle Dove

This song was more popular in America than either of its three preceding relatives (given above). According to Cox, Randolp, and others, this piece is "made up of lines and stanzas from at least four" older British ballads: The Cruel Father, The Deceived Maiden, A Brisk Young Sailor, and There Is An Ale-House In Yonder Town. Some versions contain modified extracts from the English broadside, Sheffield Park and a much older ballad, Sweet William (The Sailor Boy). Despite its borrowed lines and stanzas, however, this song is, as Belden said it was, "definitely an American product."

Scarborough and Sharp and one or two others, refer to this song as being merely a version of Unfaithful Lover III (see above), but, on evidence, it seems to be much more than that. For a lengthy discussion, see Kittredge in Jour (AFL), XXXV, 361 and XXXIX, 170. For versions of songs related to this one, at least in story theme, see: The Auxville Love in Combs (FSMEU), 205 & (FSUS), 176; Black Birds in Brown, II, 278; I Am a Rambling Rowdy Boy in Henry (SSSA), 173; She's Like the Swallows in Karpeles (FSN), 112; and Sweet William in Brown, II, 278.

Versions and variations were distrubuted as broadsides in America by De Marsan, Partridge, and Wehman.

For English songs that tell a similar story, see Three Worms on Yonder Hill in Jour (FSS), V, 188; Died For Love in Jour (FSS), 158; and Sheffield Park in Gillington (HFS), 14.

Three forerunners, The Deceased Maiden Lover, The Constant Lady, and The False-Hearted Squire, are in the Roxburghe Ballads, I, 260-262 & VIII, 635-636.

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Allsopp, II, 207
Arnold, 66-67
Barry (ABB), No. 41
Belden (BS), 201-207
Brewster (BSI), 198-201
Broadwood (ETSC), 92
Brown, II, 271-279; IV, 155-156
Cox (FSS),430-432, 530
Combs (FSKH), 30-33
Creighton (SBNS), 33-34
Davis (FSV), 72-75
Eddy, 129-131
Edwards (CHSB), 59
Edwards (OS), 180-181
Emrich (FAL), 527-528
Flanders (VFSB), 115-116
Folklore Journal, VII, 32
Friedman, 110-111
Gardner (BSSM), 117-119
Henry (BMFS), 36-37
Henry (FSSH), 195-199
Hubbard, 65
Hudson (FSM), 160-161
Hudson (SMFL), 31
Jour (AFL), XXII, 78; XXV, 13; XXIX, 169; XXXI, 73; XXXV, 157; XXXIX, 122; XLIV, 76; XLV, 72
Jour (FSS), II, 159; V, 181; VII, 74
Kennedy (TAB), 368
Kincaid No. 1, 43
Laws, P 24, 260
Leach (BB), 737-738
Linscott, 179-181
Luther, 49-50
Mackenzie, 157-160, 398
Mackenzie (QB), 9-10
Morris, 334-336
Neely, 146-149
Okun, 211-212
Owens (TFS), 68-69
Ozark Life, V, No. 9
Pound, 60-62
Pound (SFSN), V, No. 2
Quarterly (NYF), III, 29-30
Randolph, I, 226-230
Reeves (EC), 96-98
Robison, 15
Roberts (IP), 106-108
Sandburg (AS), 324 B
Scarborough (SC), 282-288, 431-433
Sedley, 112-113
Seeger (4), 50
Shay (PF-1), 33-34
Shay (PF-3), 12-13
Shellans, 28
Silverman, I, 105
Spaeth (WSM), 128-129
Stout, 37-41
Thompson (BBB), 387-388

The Unfaithful Lover IV

In Jersey City, where I did dwell,
A butcher's boy I loved so well;
He courted me my life away,
And then with me he would not stay.

There is a house in this same town
Where goes my love and sits him down;
He takes another girl on his knee,
And tells her things he once told me.

She went upstairs to make her bed,
And nothing to her mother said;
Her mother came and said with fear,
"What's wrong? What's wrong, O daughter dear?"

For me this world contains no joy,
Because I love a butcher's boy.
Bring me a chair to set me down,
And pen and ink for writing down.

Her father came and her door he broke,
And found her there upon a rope;
He took his knife and cut her down,
And on her breast these lines he found:

Dig me a grave both wide and deep,
Put marble stones at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world that I died for love.

****

No. 1722

THE UNFORTUNATE LIFE I
also known as

The Irish Rake
Lock Hospital
The Rakish Young Fellow
The Sailor Cut Down in His Prime
Saint James Hospital

Soldier Boy Cut Down in His Prime
The Trooper Cut Down in His Prime
The Unfortunate Lad
The Unfortunate Rake
The Young Man Cut Down in His Prime
The Young Sailor Cut Down in His Prime

This old Irish-English ballad about a man who is dying from the effects of a venereal disease has never been known by the title given it here. Our title is merely a device which allows the placing together here, under a single heading, several songs that are clearly related. The Unfortunate Life II, III, IV and V which follow this song are all derived from it. Although V is not directly related, it is nevertheless a re-working of the original story.

Joyce (OIFMS), who prints a stanza taken down December 17, 1848, reports that Mr. W. Aldwell of Cork, the man who sang and played the song for him, "heard air and song...about the year 1790." In its original form the song was quite bawdy, and the bawdiness remained in nearly all the English versions. Within two or three years of Joyce's 1848 stanza presentation, several English broadsides appeared, variously entitled: Saint James Hospital, The Sailor Cut Down in His Prime, The Irish Rake, The Unfortunate Lad, etc. The broadside texts all dealt in plain language with a young sailor, or soldier, who was dying from a venereal disease. A comrade, generally another sailor or soldier, comes upon him "down by Lock Hospital," where he hears the sad story from the lips of the dying man.

"Lock Hospital" supplys the story with some credibility, since it was actually a special hospital for the treatment of venereal disease, on Harrow Road, in London.

A broadside issued by Such, The Unfortunate Lad, popularized the "Lock Hospital" version in England and, to

some degree, in North America, where those stanzas dealing with venereal disease were quickly discarded. The "sailor" and "soldier" were also discarded in America, to be replaced by the "cowboy" and the "lumberman."

Of the three versions given below, version I A consists of the original tune and one stanza, version I B is a more complete text accompanied by a melodic variant, and version I C is yet another variation of the tune.

REFERENCES

Bulletin (FSSN), VII, 18
Carey, 116
Crosby, 158
Henry, No. 680
Holloway, No. 17
Jour (AFL), 341; XXV, 276-278
Jour (FSS), I, 254; III, 292; IV, 325-326; V, 193-194
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 442
Karpeles (EFS), II, 122
Laws, Q 26, 285
Lloyd, 157
Lomax (FSNA), 385-386
MacColl & Seeger, 336-339
Madden, IV, 227
Peacock, II, 420-421
Reeves, 188
Reeves (EC), 225-226A
Sedley, 182-183
Sharp, II, 164
Silverman, II, 346
Yeats (5th yr), No. 4

The Unfortunate Life I A

Had she but told me when she disordered me,
Had she but told me and I'd known it in time,
I might have got salts and pills of white mercury,
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime.

.....

Version I B

As I was a-walking along upon Harrow,
By Lock's hospital I happened to stray;

And who should I spy there but one of my
shipmates!
He was wrapped in white flannels, and colder
than clay.

He said, dear companion, come sit yourself
by me,
Hear my sad story as you pass me by;
It's all on account of a flashy young woman
And the sickness she gave me—I'm going to die.

If only she'd told me she had a disorder,
Had I but known of the trouble in time,
I might have got salts and pills of white mercury,
Instead I am cut down in the height of my prime.

So play the fife softly and beat the drum
slowly,
Play the dead march and take me along;
And bury me deep in the churchyard out yonder,
Where the birds every morning will sing me a
song.

O bring me, O bring me a cold cup of water,
Water to cool off my poor aching head—
But when I returned with the cup of cold water,
And the spirit had left him and the sailor was
dead.

As we carried his body three maidens stood
watching,
One to another they said in good time:
Here comes the young sailoe—what money he
squandered!—
On his way to the graveyard, cut down in his prime!

.....

Version I C

No words. Tune only. See in the
TUNES SECTION

****

No. 1723

THE UNFORTUNATE LIFE II
also known as

Annie Franklin
The Bad Girl's Lament
One Morning in May
White Copper Alley
The Whore's Lament
The Young Girl Cut Down in Her Prime

This female oriented version of the prededing song was once very popular in England, Ireland and America. Like her male counterpart, this young woman expired due to a life of dissipation and sin.

REFERENCES

Bulletin (FSSN), XI, 18
Barry (SAFS), 277-278
Creighton (SBNS), 219-220
Friedman, 426-427
Hubbard, 272-273
Jour (AFL), XXV, 277
Jour (EFDSS), III, 129
Jour (FSS), III, 192; IV, 325; V, 193
Laws, Q 26
Lomax (FSNA), 193-194
Mackenzie, 301
Peacock, II, 420-421
Reeves (EC), 225-226 B
Thorp & Fife, 151
Williams (EFS), 108

The Unfortunate Life II

As I woke up in prison one morning,
I heard the sound of the soft falling rain,
And I saw a fair and comely young woman
Wrapped up in a blanket and weeping from pain.

Chorus

O beat your drums and play your pipes merrily,
And play the dead March as you take me along;
Take me to the graveyard, throw the ground o'er me,—
I am a young girl and know I've done wrong.

Once on the streets I went to earn money,
Once on the streets I did wander so gay;
I'd go to the ale-house, then down to the dance-hall,
But here in this jailhouse I'm dying today.

O come, dear mother, sit down beside me,
Sit down beside me for soon I'll be gone;
My poor head is aching, my heart is breaking,
I am a young girl and know I've done wrong.

O let some young sailors carry my coffin,
And have a few young men sing me a song;
And get me some roses, some red and white roses,
To place on my coffin after I'm gone.

Send for a preacher to pray o'er my body—
No need for a doctor, if one comes along;
But send for the young man who first came to court me,
For I want to see him before I'm gone.

****

No. 1724

THE UNFORTUNATE LIFE III
also known as

As I Walked Out On the Streets of Laredo
The Cowboy's Lament
The Cowboy Song

The Dying Cowboy
Old Laredo
The Streets of Laredo
Tom Sherman's Barroom
The Wild Cowboy
The Wounded Cowboy
The Young Cowboy

The popularity of the preceding songs led to many other adaptations and parodies, the most notable in America being the one given below. It remains to this day one of our better known and best liked "cowboy" ballads, generally bearing the title of The Dying Cowboy, a fact responsible for much confusion in reference lists since that is also the title of another popular cowboy song (see Cowboy X in this Master Book).
The oldest published version of Unfortunate Life III, of which I am aware, is the broadside issued as The Cowboy's Lament by Wehman (No. 952) in 1887. Owen Wister used the text in his novel Lin McLean (Harper Bros., N. Y., 1898), p. 274, calling it The Lament. According to Jack Thorp (Songs of the Cowboys), the song was written by Tray Hale of Battle Creek, Nebraska, which may or may not be true.
Lines and stanzas belonging to this song have floated into other songs, such as The Dying Ranger, The Dying Girl's (or Nun's) Message, The Kansas Line, and Rosin the Beau. There is also a large number of analogues and parodies, including:
The Ballad of Bloody Thursday; The Ballad of Sherman WU; Book-Worm's Lament: The Dying Lineman; The Dying Outfit; The Feathery Passage; Git Along, Little Dogies; Highway Boy; I Once Was a Carman in the Big Mountain Con; Jack Combs' Murder; My Home's in Montana; Streets of Hamtrack; Subway Lament; Sun Valley Song (The Dying Skier); The Teacher's Lament; The Troubadour of Red Fork Ranch (Old Chape); and Wrap Me Up in My Old Stable-Jacket.

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Agay (1), 40
Agay (2), 183
Allen (CL-1933), 118-120
Ames (SAFS), 219-220
Arkansas, 15-16
Autry (RR), 30
Barnes (CHS), 125
Barry (SAFS), 277-278
Belden (BS), 393, 397 H
Best, 118
Binns, 64-65
Botkin (AFL), 859-860
Botkin (WFL), 766-767
Botsford, I, 9-10
Brown, II, 615-618
Bulletin (CFS), I, No. 3, 30
Bulletin (FSSN), VII, 16-18; VIII, 16; XI, 18
Bulletin (TFS), VII, 4
Clark (CS), 10-11
Clifton, 39
Combs (FSMEU), 209-210
Coolidge, 130-132
Cowboy, 17
Cox (FSS), 242-246
Cox (FSWV), 24-26
Cromwell, 232-233
Davis (FSV), 287-288
Dudgeon, 21
Eddy, 283-284
Emrich (FAL), 507
Felton, 14-17
Fife, 321-322
Fife (FAC), II, 591; III, 71, 135, 273, 305, 487
Flanders (NGMS), 250-252
Fowke, 248
Frey, 55
Friedman, 424, 465
Gardner (BSSM), 252
Glass (SW), 32-33
Gray (OC), 23
Hall (SOCT), 217
Hand (WSL), 144, 159
Henry (FSSH), 360
Hobo News, folio 24
Howard, 303-304
Hubbard, 310
Hull (CB), 49-50
Ives (SA), 214-215
Ives (SB), 260
Jones, 4-5, 11
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 341
Kentucky Girls, 34-35
Kincaid No. 1, 40
Kincaid No. 3, 28
Klickmann, 27-28
Larkin (1931), 14-15
Larkin (1963), 30-31
Laws (AB), B 1
Laws (NAB), 131
Lee (SR), 43
Lee (TTGC), 148-149
Leisy, 67-70
Leisy (LAS), 22-23
Leisy (SPS), 188-189
Lindroth, 11-12
Lingenfelter, 426-427
Lloyd, 157
Lodewick, 98-109
Lomax (BLAFS), 206-207
Lomax (CS-1919), 74-76

Lomax (CS-1938), 417-422
Lomax (FSNA), 384-385
Lomax (USA), 206-207
Lone Ranger, 22-23
Luther, 207-208
Macknezie, 302
McMullen, 98
Moore (BFSS), 309-310
Morris, 41-42
Nebraska, I, 3-4
Neely, 181-184
Pack, 63
Patterson (SRR), 10-11
Perrow, XXV, 153-154
Pie Plant, 6
Pound, 170-171
Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 7
Pound (TBN), 16-17
Randolph, II, 179-181
Rhinehart (3rd ed.), 6
Roberts (IP), 120-121
Robison (WGC), 35
Rogers (FCS), 39
Sackett, 56-57
Sandburg (AS), 263
Scarborough (SC), 353-359, 442
Seeger (6), 41
Sharp, II, 165 B
Shay (PF-1), 159-169
Shay (PF-3), 80-81
Shearin (SKFS), 15
Silverman, I, 26
Sires, 4-5
Sizemore (2), 28; (3), 26; (4), 29
Stout, 103-105
Thorp (1904), 29-30
Thorp (1921), 41-44
Thorp & Fife, 153-182
Warner, 61
Will, 258-259

The Unfortunate Life III

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linnen as cold as the clay.

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,
He said unto me as I boldly walked by;
Come, sit down beside me and hear my sad story—
I'm shot in the chest and I know I must die.

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as they carry me along;
Place bunches of flowers all over my coffin,
Flowers to deaden the clods as they fall.

O once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I had my own way;
First down to Molly's and then to the barroom—
I'm shot in the chest and I'm dying today.

His eyes they were glazing and death was approaching,
His lips were all curled and twisted with pain;
He spoke in a whisper of things far behind him,
His home and his parents and hopes now in vain.

Go tell my old father I tried to live honest,
I tried to be square and give each man his due;
I first took to drinking and then turned to gambling,
Which took me to trouble, and now I'm all through.

O tell him I wish I had heeded his warning,
That drinking and gambling would lead me astray;
Got shot in the chest by a Wichita gambler,
Got shot in the chest and I'm dying today.

Get sixteen gamblers to carry my coffin,
Get six pretty maidens to sing me a song;
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong.

****

No. 1725

THE UNFORTUNATE LIFE IV
also known as
The Wild Lumberjack

This is an adaptation of the preceding song. Just as cowboys took over songs from the lumber camps and adapted them to their occupation and environment, so did the lumbermen take songs over from them. In this case, the text is so little changed that there is no real need to repeat all the stanzas. For longer and

more complete texts consult works listed below, under references.

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Hand (WSL), 159-160
Korson (PSL), 352-353
Shoemaker (NPM), 196-197
Thorp & Fife, 170-171

The Unfortune Life IV Tune: Unfortunate Life III

As I was a-walking one day on the mountain,
I heard a wood robin and happened to spy
A young lumberjack on the banks of the river,
All dressed in white linen and laid out to die.

O beat the drum lowly, and play the fife softly,
Play the dead march as you haul me along;
Take me to yon mountain and shovel sod o'er me,
For I'm a wood-cutter and know I've done wrong.

O once in the timbers I used to go slashing,
O once in the forest I used to be gay,
But I took to drinking and loving loose women,
Was stabbed in the breast and I'm dying today.

O bring me somebody who'll write to my mother,
My father and brother and sister so dear;
And there is one other, another much dearer,
Who'd weep for me now if she knew I was here.

Go tell all the logger, the cutters and rollers,
They'll see me no more on the tall timber-line;
O had I but listened to my poor old mother,
I'd still be a-cuttin' and fallin' the pine.

O won't someone please fetch me some water,
Some cool spring water, the lumberjack said.
But when I got back with the cup of spring water,
He breathed his last breath and I saw he was dead.

****

No. 1726

THE UNFORTUNATE LIFE V
also known as

Gambler's Blues
How Sad Was the Death of My Sweetheart
Old Time Gambler's Song
St. James' Hospital
St James Infirmary
Those Gambler's Blues

Here is a fairly modern adaptation of the preceding four songs. The story line is more similar than is noticable at first glance, and the melody is, of course, even more similar. This is a "country blues" approach developed by black singers and musicians, and, as such, it stands as a classic American folk song in its own right.

Under the title St. James Infirmary the song was extremely popular across the United States, and, since the 1920s, it has been recognized as a blues-jazz standard. It was staple piece for years in the repertoire of the late Jack Teagarden, who played trombone and vocalized with his own band and others, including a long stint with Louis Armstrong's group.

REFERENCES

Best, 7-8
Downes (1940), 324-325
Downes (1943), 380-381
Leisy (SPS), 122-123
Lomax (PB), 134
Roberts (IP), 110-112
Sandburg (AS), 228-231
Scarborough (NFS), 94
Silverman, II, 71
Thorp & Fife, 166, 173

The Unfortunate Life V

I went down to Boaker's barroom,
On the corner by the square;
I had a drink or two of whiskey,
And the same crowd of gambler's was there.

At the bar I seen Joe Willis,
And his eyes was whiskey red;
"It's sad, so sad, ol' buddy,"
Were his words, and he hung down his head.

"I went to St. James Infirmary,
An' I seen my baby there,
All stretched out on a table,
All in white, and so cold and so fair.

"I went up to see the doctor,
'Son, she's very low,' he said;
Went back to see my woman
An', O Lord! she was laying there dead.

"Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be;
If this ol' world keeps turnin',
Ain't no damn woman gonna marry me!

"I went walkin' an' met her mother,
Head a-hangin' low as mine;
Put flowers on her coffin, Lord,
An' come down here to drink myself blind.

That's the end of my sad story—
Have another round of booze;
If anyone should ask you,
Tell 'em I got the gambler's blues!"

****

No. 1727

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN
also known as
I'm a Very Unfortunate Man

This is obviously a professionally written song, and one used on stages by performers. In time, however,

it departed the popular music field and found a place in traditional song. It hasn't shown up in many published folk collections, yet it has been recovered in various areas of the country from oral sources.

REFERENCES

Carmer (SRA), 169 Moore (BFSS), 380 Randolph, III, 193

The Unfortunate Man

I once had a sweetheart who said she'd be mine.
Of course I thought she was simply divine!
But another young fellow did one day return,
And she made up her mind to hide me in a churn!

Chorus

I'm a very unfortunate, a very unfortunate,
Really, I'm a very unfortunate man.

Her mother came running right into the room,
"With all of that cream, you must churn it up soon!"
She poured the cream on me, right out of the pan,
Which made me a very unfortunate man!

I'm really a very unfortunate man!
I try to be happy wherever I can,
But at home or away, boys, let me go where I will,
My unlucky luck it will follow me still.

Now if some fair maiden would pity my case,
And think more of my heart than she did of my face,
I would try to maintain her the best that I can,
If she only could love and unfortunate man!

****

No. 1728

THE UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY

also known as

Miss Bailey Miss Bailey's Ghost

This song is set to a melody that is much older than the words, and one that has been used for several other notable songs. According to Chappell (PMOT), the earliest form of "this tune is as No More, Fair Virgins, Boast Your Power, introduced in Love Is A Riddle, in 1729. Later, the tune was used for The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess..." Then Foote used the tune for Ally Croaker in his comedy, The Englishman in Paris, in 1773; and it was later printed in Apollo's Cabinet, or The Lady's Delight, II (Liverpool, 1757), p. 218 and in Thompson's Country Dances, I, p. 141.

George Coleman appropriated the tune for this song, which became as popular in the United States as in England. The tune was later used by Samuel Woodsworth for his Hunters of Kentucky, a version of which is given elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Ashton (MBS), 180-181
Best, 14-15
Cazden, II, 38-39
Chappell (PMOT), II, 714
Friedman, 54-55
Ives (SB), 146-147
Jackson (ESUS), 199
Leisy, 232
Leisy (SPS), 96-97
Silber (HSB), 67
Silverman, II, 165

The Unfortunate Miss Bailey

A captain bold in New Orleans, who lived in rural
quarters,
Seduced a maid who hanged herself one Sunday by her
garters;

His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach daily,
He took to drinking bourbon straight, and thought about Miss Bailey.

Chorus

Oh, Miss Bailey! Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

One night the captain went to bed, for he had caught a fever;
Said he, "I am a handsome man, and I'm a gay deceiver!"
But when his clock struck twelve o'clock, his candle burned quite palely;
And a ghost stepped up to his bedside, and said:
"Behold, Miss Bailey!"

Hello, Miss Bailey, he then cried, You cannot scare me, really.
"Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, "You've used me ungenteely,
The coroner's quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,
And parson Scraggs won't bury me, tho' I'm a dead Miss Bailey!"

"Dear Miss," said he, "accounts between us we must forever close,
And there's a fifty dollar bill—you may have it, I suppose.
'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave." The ghost then vanished gaily,
Crying, "Bless you, wicked Captain Smith! Remember poor Miss Bailey!"

****

No. 1729

UNFRIENDLY WORLD
also known as
I'm a-Rolling

This is an early 19th century slave spiritual; it was introduced to American and English audiences by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Over the years since the post-Civil War era the spiritual has maintained its popularity with successive generations of gospel singers.

REFERENCES

Brewer, 166
Dett, 186-187
Johnson (BANS), 145-147
Jubilee (PS), 8-10
Marsh (SJS), 133
Pike (1873), 173
Pike (1875), 215

Unfriendly World

O brothers, won't you help me,
O brothers, won't you help me pray hard?
O brothers, won't you help me,
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?

Chorus

I'm a-rolling, I'm a-rolling,
I'm a-rolling thro' this unfriendly world!
I'm a-rolling, I'm a-rolling
Thro' this unfriendly world!

O sisters, won't you help me, etc.

O preachers, won't you help me, etc.

****

No. 1730

THE UNHAPPY LOVER I
also known as

As I Was Walking One Morning in Spring
The Happy Stranger
I'm a Poor Stranger Far From My Home
Long Ways From Home
One Morning in May
O Polly, O Polly
The Poor Stranger
Poor Stranger Far From Home
A Stranger Far From Home
Sweet England
Sweet Europe
A Thousand Miles From Home

This is the first in a series of related songs about unhappy lovers. According to most collectors and editors of folk-song material, this song, known variously as The Happy Stranger, The Poor Stranger, Sweet England, and Sweet Europe, is the principal source for all the others. The tune probably ante-dates the text, for it was used for a wide variety of songs in England and in Ireland prior to its arrival as an unhappy lover song in colonial America and Canada. It does not require an expert to recognize that the seven unhappy lover songs and their various variants and versions are interrelated, or that some of them are more closely related than others.

Two versions of this song is given below, with version A being English and version B is the Americanization of version A

REFERENCES

Arnold, 48-49
Baring-Gould (EFSS), No. 22
Belden (BS), 487
Brewster (BSI), 350
Cox (FSS), 346-347
Gardiner, 35-37
Jour (FSS), 243
Joyce (AIM), 73
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 389
Kittredge (BS), 344-345
Moffat (MI), 10
Sharp (FSFS), II, No. 46

The Unhappy Lover I (Version A)

As I was a-walking one morning in spring,
To hear the larks whistle, the colley-bird sing,
I heard a fair maiden a-making her moan:
O alas! I'm a stranger away from my home.

O where is your country? I gladly would know.
And what mean the tears, that so freely flow?
What caused you to wander so far from your home,
And makes you lament in a strange land alone?

I came from sweet England with mother and dad;
They thought in America all might be had—
Of gold and silver and acres galore,
And never need hunger in poverty more.

But alas, for sweet England! my father is dead,
My mother could earn but a little for bread,
And mercy! the white sails of the ships as they
fly
Across the blue sea, and leave me here to die!

Now mother is dead, and I'm here all alone.
If I were in England no more would I roam!
I've an aunt who is old, but she loves me amain,
Oh, would that some ship take me back home again!

She has got a neat cottage, a home I adore!
Her pots and her dishes I'd wash, and her floor;
I'd kiss her old cheeks, and I'd nurse her in
pain,
And thank God I was back in England again.

VERSION B

I walked out one morning, one morning in spring,
To hear the birds warble and nightingales sing;
I heard a fair young maiden a-makin' a moan:
O! I'm a poor wanderer a long way from home.

I walked up to her, saying: Miss, please pardon me,
I hope you will forgive my being so free—
It's sad to be lonesome, to be all alone,
To be a poor stranger and a long way from home.

Her cheeks blushed like rose, her eyes sparkled so clear,
And she spoke so softly I bowed down to hear:
Please, sir, don't abuse me out here all alone,
For I'm a poor stranger and a long way from home.

I'll never abuse you, so fear not that I will;
And if it would help you, my life's blood I'd spill.
I'm here to relieve you and ease your sad moan,
To convey you, dear lady, safely back to your home.

O, where is your country? I'm longing to know.
And what great misfortune did you undergo?
O, why have you wandered so far from your home,
To be a poor stranger in this place all alone?

O, sir, if you'll listen, the sad truth I will tell:
I once lived in old London, and lived there quite well.
As for my misfortune, a love I'd long known,
He did betray and forsake me a long way from home.

Young men in old London, they're all roving blades;
They take great delight in deceiving fair maids.
They'll hug you and kiss and call you their own,
And then they will forsake you a long way from home.

Said I, My dear lady, the whole truth you must know:
I came here from London, and not long ago—
If we were to marry you would not be alone;
We'd be strangers together, a long way from home.

****

No. 1731

THE UNHAPPY LOVER II
also known as

Forsaken	One Morning in May
The Forsaken Girl	Sweet William, or Willie
Inconstant Lover	The Unconstant Lover
The Onconstant Loveyer	Young Girls Take Warning

An English broadside ballad known as The Forsaken Girl arrived in America during the 18th century. It was a textual rehash of The Poor Stranger, or, at the very least, was influenced by it.
In America, where the folk process took over the song at the very beginning, The Forsaken Girl evolved into The Unconstant Lover amd began spawning a wide variety of versions, adaptations, and parodies. Examples of this process are obvious in the two versions given below. There are wide differences between A and B, because B is a parody, but their relationship is clearly revealed in texts as well as in the tune.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 473-476	Downes (1940), 99
Brewster (BSI), 346-347	Downes (1943), 112
Brown, III, 271; V, 154	Jour (AFL), XXX, 349-352
Cambiaire, 38	Jour (IFSS), IV, 33
Carmer (SRA), 169	Sharp (FSE), I, 25

The Unhappy Lover II (Version A)

One morning, fair morning, one morning in May,
I spied a fair damsel a-raking of hay.
I walked up to her as close as could be,
Then asked her pardon for making so free.

"Polly, pretty Polly, don't think it unkind,
But I've come to be with you and tell you my mind.
Polly, pretty Polly, would it be amiss
If I come and sit by you and give you a kiss?"

She bowed down her head and made a low moan,
And said, "I'm a poor girl a long way from home.
No woman on earth is more lonesome than me,
For I am forsaken here in this strange country.

"I met him in pleasure, I miss him in grief—
And inconstant lover is worse than a thief!
A thief may rob you and take all you save,
But an inconstant lover just leads to the grave.

"Come, all you fair maidens, and listen to me:
Don't hang your affections on a sycamore tree;
The leaves will soon wither and all turn to dust,
For an inconstant lover just won't do to trust."

"Polly, pretty Polly, it's forsaken you feel,
And the Lord knows I'm sorry, but fortune must deal.
I've gone to the army and may not return,
But I'll always remember and for you I'll yearn."

VERSION B

O come on, all you lovers,
Come along with us and go,
And we'll all settle down
On the Ohio.

We'll chaw on our tobacco,
And we'll puff on our ol' pipe;
And we'll eat our pertaters,
If the 'taters git ripe.

Now meetin' is a pleasure,
And all partin' gives grief,
But an unconstant lover
Is a skunk and a thief.

A thief is jus' a robber,
And he'll steal jus' what you save,
But an unconstant lover
Sends your soul to the grave.

****

No. 1732

THE UNHAPPY LOVER III
also known as

Adieu to Old Kentucky A Forsaken Lover

This is another variation on The Forsaken Girl theme, with obvious professional touches added. For a long list of references, see Kittredge (BS), 349-352. The text below was recovered in West Virginia by John Harrington Cox.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 271 A
Campbell & Sharp, 215
Cox (FSS), 425-426
DeMarsan (SJ), I, 738
Herd (1776), II, 180
Jour (IFSS), IV, 33

The Unhappy Lover III

O Johnny is on the water,
Let him sink or swim!
For if he can live without me,
I can live without him.

Johnny is a young boy,
But still younger am I;
For how often has he told me
His love would never die.

I'll take off this black dress,
And I'll flourish in green;

For I don't care if I am forsaken,
I am only nineteen.

O meeting is a pleasure,
But to part with him was grief;
And an unconstant true lover
Is worse than a thief.

A thief can but rob you
And take all you save;
But an unconstant lover
Will take you to your grave.

The grave it will rot you
And turn you to dust;
There is scarce one man in twenty
That a young girl can trust.

They will court you and kiss you
And get your heart warm,
Then, as soon as your back's turned,
They'll laugh you to scorn.

The cuckoo is a pretty bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings
And tells us no lies.

Forsaken, forsaken,
Forsaken am I!
But he'll find himself mistaken,
If he thinks that I'll cry.

****

No. 1733

THE UNHAPPY LOVER IV
also known as

A False Lying True Love
False Maria
Hard Is the Fortune
I Am a Poor Girl

I'll Build My Log Cabin on a Mountain so High
The Last Farewell
Lovely Emma
Lovely Willie
Loving Nancy
My Fortune's Been Bad
My Horses Ain't Hungry
The Poor Girl's Warning
Poor Johnny
Pretty Mary
The Wagner Boy
The Wagoneer
The Wagoner Boy
The Wagoners
The Wagoner's Lad

This song is also a form of The Forsaken Girl and The Poor Stranger. Like Unhappy Lover I and II, this song originated in England; it became Americanized during the post-Revolutionary years when the successful fight for Independence brought new freedom to the American manufacturer and the pioneer. The rapid growth and expansion of business made the trade of wagon-driving, i. e. freight-hauling, an important part of the national and local economies. For example, more than three thousand freight wagons rolled between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh each day. It is not surprising that songs were made about the wagon-trade, with the drivers at the center. Wagon-drivers may not have been the finest men on earth but, like the cowboys who came later, they believed they were.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 275-279; V, 157-162
Cambiaire, 37
Chase (AFTS), 181-182
Davis (FSV), 83-85
Edwards (CHSB), 40
Fife, 13-14
Glass (SW), 56-57
Henry (FSSH), 279-281
Henry (SSSA), 18
Jour(AFL), XX, 268; XLV, 108-109
Leach (BB), 738-740
Leisy, 343-344
Luther, 44-45
Okun, 92-93
Owens (TFS), 278
Quarterly (SFL), III, 212-213, 215-216
Roberts (IP), 230-231

Roberts (SBS), 109-110
Scarborough (SC), 272-276, 277, 428-429
Seeger (1), 110-111
Seeger (6), 21
Sharp, II, 123-127
Silber (HSB), 106-107
Silverman, II, 397
Wyman (LT), 62-64
Wyman (TKMS), 1

The Unhappy Lover IV

In old Pennsylvania is where I was born,
And there I got nothing but laughter and scorn.
It's horses I drive, and haul freight down the line;
A man needs a woman to make his life shine.

One morning quite early, while out for a walk,
I met a fair maiden and started to talk.
The more I spoke with her the more my heart yearned;
I wanted to love her, but feared to be spurned.

I've always been a poor girl, my fortune's been bad;
I've often been courted by a wagoner's lad.
He courted me daily, by night and by day;
His wagon's now loaded and he's going away.

O, Johnny, my darling, O, how can it be,
That I can go with you but you can't stay with me?
You know that I love you and crave you with joy,
But I cannot run off with a wagoner boy.

Your parents don't like me because I'm too poor;
They say I'm not worthy of entering their door.
I work for a living, my money's my own,
And them that don't like me can just leave me alone!

Your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay,
Then come sit down by me, I've something to say.
My horses ain't hungry; they don't want your hay.
It's fare you well, Nancy, I have no time to stay.

The night is too stormy, the moon gives no light;
Your horses can't travel that dark road tonight.

My horses are harnessed, my whip's in my hand,
So fare you well, Nancy, for my horses can't stand.

The Cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies.
She feeds on sweet flowers, to make her voice clear,
And never hollers "coo-coo" till the spring of the year.

Your parents are against me, and you are the same;
Search out your heart, Nancy, and blot out my name.
Now drive ahead, boys, we've got a fair load,
And I am damned tired of this dark, stormy road.

I'm going to the army, I'm going to fight;
I'm sick of these wagons and driving at night.
When I top yon mountain, I'll look back and say:
No need to feel sorrow 'cause I'm going away.

****

No. 1734

THE UNHAPPY LOVER V
also known as

At the Foot of Yonder Mountain
The Brown Girl
Lone Valley
Pretty Mary
Pretty Sairey (Sairy)
Pretty Sarah
Pretty Saro
Saro, Dear Saro
Way Down in the Lone Valley
When First to, or Unto This Country

The following songs, versions A and B, are adaptations of Unhappy Lover I and II. Version A came into existence around 1779, at a time when considerable immigration to North Carolina from Ireland and Scotland was occurring. We know A has its roots in England because the term "free-holder" in the 4th stanza is defintely British. Version B is merely one of those variations in text that crops up from time to time in American

tradition. For examples of other songs with a similar theme, see Creighton (MFS), 70-71; Hudson (FSM), 166; McGill, 34, 50; and Randolph, IV, 224, 242.

REFERENCES

Brewster (BSI), 362
Brown, III, 285-287; V, 166-170
Campbell & Sharp, No. 76
Chase (AFTS), 152-153
Creighton (FSNB), 31-32
Creighton (TSNS), 139
Davis (FSV), 89-90
Henry (FSSH), 283
Hudson (FSM), 164-165
Hudson (SFML), No. 33
Jour (AFL), XLV, 112
Laws (AB), 227
Lloyd, 75
Lomax (PB), 38
Lomax (SBS), 39-40
Memoirs (AFL), XXIX, 106
Okun, 167-168
Peacock, II, 355-356
Randolph, IV, 222-224
Ritchie (FS), 74
Ritchie (SSB), 92-93
Scarborough (SC), 327, 443
Sharp, II, 10-12
Shearin (SKFS), 22
Silverman, I, 93

The Unhappy Lover V (Version A)

When first I came to this country, in eighteen hundred and nine,
I saw many fair lovers, but I never saw mine.
I saw love all around me, but I was alone;
I was a poor stranger many miles from my home.

When I look down in the valley, the lone green valley below,
I hear all the birds singing and I feel the wind blow;
I think of pretty Saro, my darling so sweet,
And I long to hold her and my heart skips a beat.

If I was only a poet and had a very fine hand,
I'd write her a letter that she might understand;

I'd send on the waters that so smoothly flow,
For I think of sweet Saro wherever I go.

If Saro really did love me I'd go offer my hand,
But she wants a "free-holder" and I own me no land.
Yet I could maintain her with my silver and gold,
And buy all the fine things her old house could hold.

O Saro, pretty Saro, I must now let you know
That I truly do love you—O, I do love you so!
No tongue can express it, no poet can tell
How truly I love you, for I love you too well.

O, it's not the long journey that I'm dreading to go,
Or leaving this country, or the debts that I owe;
There's only one thing now that troubles my mind,
And that's leaving my Saro, sweet Saro behind.

VERSION B

When first to this country I came as a stranger,
I placed my affection on a woman I'd seen;
O she was young and tender, with waist neat and slender,
And appeared like some goddess or beautiful queen.

When first on the banks of the river I saw her,
She stood tall and handsome with her face all aglow;
Her eyes were bright as diamonds, her hair gently waving,
And her cheeks were like roses or blood upon snow.

Her cruel old father he caused a disturbance,
Because in his mind I was of lower degree;
But I was determined she and I would be married,
Tho' her folks were much richer than my folks or me.

She cried, "O my darling, don't be melancholy!
My father is stubborn but in time he will agree.

No other man on this earth shall my love deliver,
And I'll always be yours, if you truly love me."

"O love, since you love, a bride I will make you;
I'll put rings on your fingers and gold in your hair.
I'll give you pearls and rubies, bedeck you with
diamonds,
And I'll love you forever, my darling, I swear."

The promise was empty and I had to leave her,
And now through this wide world as a bummer I roam.
I was too fond of sporting, night walking and courting,
And now I'm a stranger in this land with no home.

****

No. 1735

THE UNHAPPY LOVER VI
also known as

I'm Going to Georgia	O Polly, O Polly
Lillie, Sweet Lillie	Pretty Mollie, or Molly
Oh Lily, Oh Lily	Pretty Polly
Oh Lulu, Oh Lulu	The Rabble Soldier
O Lily, Dear Lily	The Rebel Prisoner
O Lillie, O Lillie	The Rebel Soldier
O Mollie, O Mollie	Sweet Lillie, or Lily
O Molly, O Molly	Sweet Willie, or Willy

One or another version of this song was immensely popular throughout the South during the Civil War and for a decade after. It is, as Kittredge observes in Jour (AFL), XXX, 345, an adaptation of The Unhappy Lover II. Many versions circulated without any reference to the military or prison. Stanzas are frequently found in other suchs, such as a B version given by Cox (FSS), where the first five stanzas belong to The Sunny South II (see in MB) Fife prints a version of this

song as the C version of the cowboy song, Old Paint. Three versions are given below (A, B, C), and all three are versions of the same song and can, therefore, be sung to the same tune.

REFERENCES

Allan (LSB), 80
Brewster (BSI), 350
Brown, II, 372-374
Cox (FSS), 279-280
Fife, 228 C
Hudson (FSM), 258-259
Jour (AFL), XXVII, 129; XXVIII, 177; XLII, 292
Joyce (AIM), 72-73
Manny, 293
McGill, 51
Morris, 135-136
Ozark Life (July 1930), 33
Randolph, II, 317; IV, 205
Sandburg (AS), 284-285
Sandburg (NAS), 102
Sharp, II, 212-215

The Unhappy Lover VI (Version A)

O Polly, dear Polly, it's for your sake alone
I left my old father, my country and home;
I left my dear mother to weep and to moan,
To be a rebel soldier far away from his home.

It's grape-shot and musket and the cannon so loud;
There's many a mangled body, a blanket for a shroud.
O, many a mangled body abandoned and alone—
Just poor rebel soldiers far away from their home.

I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry;
If the Yankees don't kill me, I'll live till I die.
I've got a bottle of whiskey, and it's all my own—
I'm a poor rebel soldier far away from my home.

A cup of good brandy, a glass of fine wine—
You drink to your true love and I'll drink to mine.
For them that don't like me, just leave me alone!
I'm a poor rebel soldier far away from my home.

I've rambled and gambled all my money away;
I'm still with the gray army, and with it I'll stay.
With this rebel army, dear Polly, I roam—
Just a poor rebel soldier far away from my home.

VERSION B

Oh, Willie, sweet Willie, Oh, Willie farewell!
You're going to leave me in sorrow to dwell.
"My foot's in the stirrup, my rein's in my hand,
I'm going away now, to some foreign land.

"I'm going to Georgia, I'm going to roam;
I'm going to Georgia to make it my home.
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor;
They say I'm unworthy to enter their door."

"Oh, Willie, sweet Willie, you know I don't care;
You know if you ask me I'll go anywhere.
Oh, Willie, sweet Willie, please take me along!
I'll travel to Georgia and right ev'ry wrong."

VERSION C

O Lillie, O Lillie, it's for your sake alone
That I leave my old parents, my friends and my home.
You drove me to drink, and caused me to roam—
I'm a rambling gray soldier, and Dixie's my home.

Jack o' diamonds, Jack o' diamonds, I know you of old—
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold!
O whiskey, you villain! you've been my downfall;
You've kicked me and cuffed me, and you don't care at all!

I'll eat when I'm hungry, and drink when I'm dry;
If the army don't kill me, I guess I won't die.
O Lillie, O Lillie, I've told you before,
Just make me a pallet—I'll sleep on the floor.

My foot's in the stirrup, the rein's in my hand;
It's farewell, sweet Lillie, I'm leaving this land.
I'm going to ramble, to ramble and roam—
I'm a rambling gray soldier, and Dixie's my home.

****

No. 1736

THE UNHAPPY LOVER VII
also known as

Ace and Deuce of Diamonds
A Card-Player's Song
Clinch Mountain
The Drinking Gambler
The Drunkard's Song
The Drunken Hiccups
Eat When You're Hungry
High Up On Clich Mountain
I'll Eat When I'm Hungry
Jack of Diamonds
Molly, O Molly
Rye Whiskey
Rye Whiskey, Rye Whiskey
Way Up On Clinch Mountain

In one or another of its many versions, this song is known all over the United States. Some versions have constantly appeared in professional song collections, folios and song books. The currently popular version is a fusion of two separate versions, Jack of Diamonds (which is about a gambler) and Rye Whiskey (which is about a drunkard). Sometimes the "Jack of diamonds" stanza is used as a repetitive chorus, and other times the "Rye whiskey" stanza is so used. Many lines and stanzas are floaters, showing up in other songs. For examples, see Hustling Gamblers in Cambiaire, 23-25; Unhappy Lover VI A & B (above); and the version C of Old Paint in Fife, 228. A floating set of lines that that seem to belong to no specific song are:

I'll build me a cabin on a mountain so high,
Where my true love can see me when she comes
riding by.

Now and again the unusal is encountered, such as the lines in a version of this song in Brown, V, 45:

Ace and deuce of diamonds,
How we juggled the bones....

It should also be noted that the old blues song known as Jack of Diamonds is not related to this song. The A, B, C versions below are all sung to the same tune.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 7
Belden (BS), 376 C
Botkin (AFL), 855-857
Brown, III, 80-81; V, 44-45
Chase (AFTS), 142-143
Dobie (CG), 64-65
Downes (1940), 220-221
Downes (1943), 260-261
Ford (TMA), 126
Hudson (FSM), 207-208
Jour (AFL), XVIII, 129; XXVIII, 120; LIV, 38
Kolb, 236
Leisy, 288-290
Leisy (SPS), 114-115
Lomax (ABFS), 170-173
Lomax (CS-1919), 292-294
Lomax (CS-1938), 163, 253
Lomax (OSC), 303-305
Lomax (PB), 104
Lomax (USA), 218-219
Miles, 109-120
Patterson (SRR), 24-26
Pub (TFLS), V, 169; VII, 153-154
Randolph, III, 136-139
Sandburg (AS), 307
Sandburg (NAS), 53
Seeger (6), 69
Shay (DFW), 40-41
Silverman, II, 388
Talley, 114
Thede, 51
Thomas (DD), 128-129
Wetmore, 8-9

The Unhappy Lover VII (Version A)

Molly, O Molly, if you'll say you're my own,
I'll leave my old parents, my house and my home.
I'll quit all my gambling, and with you I'll roam;
We'll travel through Dixie and find us a home.

Chorus

Jack of diamonds, jack of diamonds,
I know you of old;
You've robbed my poor pockets
Of silver and gold.

It's not the long journey that worries me so,
It's leaving this country and people I know.
I've played cards in England, in France and in Spain;
I'm going to Dixie and play my last game.

I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow,
I'll have me sweet music wherever I go.
I've rambled and gambled, I've lost and I've won,
But if you will have me my gambling is done.

VERSION B

If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up!

Chorus

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry;
If I can't get rye whiskey I surely will die!

I'm ragged, I'm ragged, I'm ragged I know,
But it's nobody's business how ragged I go.

O whiskey, you villain! you've been my downfall!
You've kicked me and cuffed me, but I love you for all.

Beefsteak when I'm hungry, whiskey when I'm dry,
Greenbacks when I'm hard-up, and heaven when I die.

I drink and I gamble—my money's my own!
And them that don't like me can leave me alone!

VERSION C

Way up on Clinch mountain my life is my own,
I built a log cabin to live in alone.

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, you demon of old,
You rob my poor pockets of silver and gold.

O Lilly, dear Lily, O what will I do?
I'll just be a drunkard if I can't have you.

Your parents despise me. I told you before,
They think I'm not worthy to enter your door.

Way up on Clinch mountain, way up near the sky,
I'll drink my rye whiskey till the day that I die!

I'll never be nothing no more than I am;
And if you don't love me, I don't give a damn!

Just give me some whiskey to drink ev'ry day,
and high on Clinch mountain is where I will stay.

I'll stay on Clinch mountain, way up near the sky,
Where my love can see me when she passes by.

Jack of diamonds, Jack of diamonds, too hard to roll!
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, you have got my poor soul!

****

No. 1737

THE UNHAPPY LOVER VIII

also known as

Courting Too Slow
Old Smokey, or Smoky
On Top of Old Smoky
Smoky Mountain
Way Up on Old Smoky

This is by far the most popular descendant of The Unhappy Lover family of songs. In fact, it is still one of America's most popular songs; it is a commercial as well as a traditional winner.
Although the tune is quite different from that of the preceding song, both songs can be sung to either air.

A matter of geographic importance is the location of "Old Smoky," which is a peak of the Blue Ridge mountain range in North Carolina said to be forty miles long. It is also interesting, I think, that except for the line "On top of old Smoky" there is not one line in any version of the song that cannot be found in other songs.
See and compare The American's Have Stolen My True Love Away in Karpeles (EFS), I, 631-632.

REFERENCES

Best, 25
Botkin (SFL), 740
Brown, III, 287-290; V, 170-173
Carmer (SRA), 169
Cox (TBFS), 151
Emrich (FAL), 535
Fuson, 119-120
Glass (SW), 47-49
Henry (BMFS), 28-29
Henry (FSSH), 273-275
Henry (SSSA), 2-3
Jour (AFL), XLV, 105-107
Leach (BB), 739-740
Leisy, 35-36
Leisy (LAS), 35-36
Leisy (SPS), 70-71
Lomax (FSNA), 221
Lomax (PB), 27
Lomax (USA), 60-61
Lunsford, 54
Morris, 134-135
Neely, 236-238
Okun, 153-154
Owens (TFS), 97
Perrow, XXVIII, 159
Scarborough (SC), 276-277, 278-299, 429-430
Scott (SA), 59
Seeger (6), 60
Sharp, II, 127 E
Silverman, I, 104
Wheeler (KMFS), 69-74

The Unhappy Lover VIII (Version A)

On Top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover for courtin' too slow.

Now courtin's a pleasure, but parting is grief,
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief!

A thief he will rob you, and take what you save,
But a false-hearted lover will send you to your
grave.

She'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies
Than cross-ties on a railroad, or stars in the skies.

VERSION B

On top of old Smokey, old Smoky so high,
Wild birds in the tree-tops all hear my sad cry.

On top of old Smoky my fortune's been bad;
I've rambled and gambled and lost all I had.

I lost my true lover, and why I can't say;
I woke up one morning and she'd gone away.

Well, I can love little and I can love long,
I can love one sweetheart till another comes on.

I hug them and kiss them, and treat them so kind,
Then turn my back on them—and also my mind.

On top of old Smoky, old Smoky so high,
I'll build a log cabin and live till I die.

****

No. 1738

UNMARRIED BLISS I
also known as

When I Was a Maid When I Was a Maiden

As Kidson noted, this song "itself bears intrinsic evidence of being a very old ditty...and the allusions to shoes of 'Spanish black' and to the rich girdle confirm it."
This song is one of several on the same general theme,

and is given here merely to set the stage for the similar songs in the Unmarried Bliss series which follow.
It has no place in American tradition, but it is probably the source for songs that are widely known here. For example, see: This-A Way, That-A Way in this Master Book.
For English traditional versions of the song below, see: Jour (FSS), VIII, 148-150; Kidson (TT), 156-157; and Mason (NRCS), 42.

Unmarried Bliss I

When I was a maid, a maid, a maid,
And lived with mother at home,
I'd meat and I'd drink and fine clothing,
And money I wanted none.

Chorus

O then, O then, I was a maid,
And lived with mother at home,
I'd meat and I'd drink and fine clothing,
And money I wanted none.

My gown it was made of finest silk
And flounced down to the ground;
The girdle I wore around my waist
Was sold for a hundred pounds.

My stockings were made of finest wool,
With ribbons at the knee;
My shoes were made of Spanish black,
And buckled right merrily.

A young fellow came a-wooing me,
And he asked me to wed;
So silly I was when showed the ring,
That "yes" was the word I said.

My gown it was made of coarsest stuff,
And slit down to my hand;
The girdle I wore around my waist
Was only a tarry band.

****

No. 1739

UNMARRIED BLISS II
also known as

A Drunkard
The Drunkard's Wife
How I Wish I Was Single Again
If I Were a Single Girl Again
I Wish I Were a Single Girl Again
A Married Woman's Lament
Oh, I Wish I Were Single Again
The Single Girl
When I Was Single

This is a female version of the I Wish I Was Single genre, and it was printed as far back as 1850 in Sam Cowell's 120 Comic Songs. Judging by the number of places in which traditional versions have been recovered, the song must have been tremendously popular.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 59
Arnold, 112
Belden (BS), 437
Brown, III, 54-56; V, 28-29
Cazden, II, 87
Davis (FSV), 167
Downes (1940), 196
Downes (1943), 230
Eddy, 185
Fuson, 118
Jones, 299
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 185; XLI, 576
Jour (FSS), IV, 192; VIII, 145
Leisy, 177-179
Lloyd, 67
Lomax (ABFS), 154-155
Lomax (FSNA), 166
Lomax (USA), 48-49
Morris, 155-156

Owens (TFS), 123-124
Randolph, III, 69-70
Scarborough (SC), 320-321, 442
Scott (BA), 171
Sharp, II, 32-34
Spaeth (REW), 26-28
Stout, 92-93
Whitman, 171
Williams (FSUT), 111

Unmarried Bliss II (Version A)

When I was single I always dressed so fine,
Now that I'm married I go ragged all the time.
And I wish I was a single girl again,
Oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

There are three children with ragged clothes to mend,
And not another soul on whom I can depend!
And I wish I was, etc.

Wash day is coming, the rent is over due,
And all the children cryin' 'round the house for you!
And I wish I was, etc.

It's wash all their feet and then put them to bed,
In comes a drunk husband and he wishes them dead!
And I wish I was, etc.

All you young ladies should now listen to me,
Don't ever get married, and let the drunkards be!
And I wish I was, etc.

VERSION B

I left my poor old father, and broke his commands,
I left my poor old mother a-wringing her hands—
O Lord, I wish I was a single girl again!

Chorus

The drunkard, the drunkard is a man on his own,
Always a-drinking and away from his home.
O Lord, I wish I was a single girl again!

When I was single I wore very fine shoes;
Now I am married my toes are sticking through.
O Lord, I wish I was a single girl again!

When I was single I wore a very fine dress;
Now I am married and rags are my best.
O Lord, I wish I was a single girl again!

When I was single I had plenty to eat;
Now I am married, it's cornbread and meat.
O Lord, I wish I was a single girl again!

It's floors to be swept, the spring to go to,
Little ones a-crying—O what shall I do?
O Lord, I wish I was a single girl again!

Washing their clothes, putting them to bed—
In comes the drunkard, wishing I was dead!
O Lord, I wish I was a single girl again!

****

No. 1740

UNMARRIED BLISS III
also known as

The Careless Batchelor
I Wish I Was Single Again
The Married Man
Oh, Then
Oh, When I Was Single
Once I Was Single
When I Was a Young Man
When I Was Single
The World It Went Well With Me Then

This is the male oriented version of the I Wish I Was Single theme, and is a much more modern song than the preceding female version. In its present form the song represents the minstrel-shows of mid-

19th century. And one fact is sure: the song is much older than any of the individuals credited with having composed it. In Quarterly (MW), I, 1914, p. 170, Belden reports that the authorship of the song had been claimed by "a Kansas ballad maker named George Meeks." This credit was repeated in Randolph, III, p. 66; but "claimed" and "having done" are two very different things. Many performers and writers have constructed their own special versions of this as well as other popular traditional songs, but to attribute such compositions to these people is pure nonsense. For example, see I'm Satisfied in Richardson (AMS), p. 58, a song which is nothing more than a rewrite of this one, which is rightly attributed to Gid Tanner. Yet Tanner no more created that song than did the other "country music" performers who constructed their versions of this one under various titles.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 77
Belden (BS), 438-439
Best, 17
Brown, III, 37-40; V, 21-22
Bulletin (TFS), V, 34-36
Cambiaire, 99-100
Cazden, II, 102-103
Chappell (FSRA), 133
Combs (FSMEU), 211-212
Combs (FSUS), 181-182
Creighton (TSNS), 216-217
Davis (FSV), 168-169
Delaney No. 6, 22
Eddy, 181-185
Ford (TMA), 327-328
Fuson, 85-86
Ives (SA), 282-283
Gainer, 144-145
Hubbard, 242-243
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 187; XL, 238-239
Jour (FSS), VIII, 148-150
Leisy, 177-179
Leisy (SPS), 62
Levy, 101
Lomax (ABFS), 156-158
Lomax (USA), 50-51
Luther, 50-51
Lynn (CS), 9
Mackenzie, 347-348, 405
Moore (BFSS), 382-383
Morris, 154-155
Pound, 207-208

Pound (SFSN), XXI, No. 7
Pub (TFLS), VI, 232-234
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 182
Randolph, III, 66-69
Sandburg (AS), 47
Scott (BA), 169-171
Scott (FSS), 55
Shay (PF-1), 153-154
Shay (PF-3), 71
Shearin (SKFS), 31
Shellans, 20-21
Stout, 92-93
Whitman, 170-171
Williams (FSUT), 111

Unmarried Bliss III

When I was single, O then, O then,
When I was single, O then,
When I was single my pockets would jingle,
And I wish I was single again.

I married me a wife, O then, O then,
I married me a wife, O thin,
I married me a wife; she's the curse of my life!
And I wish I was single again.

My wife she died, O then, O then,
My wife she died, O then,
My wife she died, and I laughed till I cried,
To think I was single again!

I married another, O then, O then,
I married another, O then,
I married another—the devil's stepmother!
And I wish I was single again.

She beat me and banged me, O then, O then,
She beat me and banged me, O then,
She beat me and banged me, and once tried to
hang me!
O, I wish I was single again.

Now listen to me you young married men,
Now listen to me you young men:
Be good to the first--the next will be worse!
O, I wish I was single again.

****

No. 1741

UTAH CARROLL
also known as
Utah Carl

This is a well-known cowboy ballad. Versions are in several commercial folios, usally the kind issued by country music personalities. Lomax (CS) reports: "J. T. Shirley of San Angelo, Texas, says that a cowboy on the Curve T Ranch in Schleicher County wrote this song." It could be true, of course, but I wish I had a dime for every similar story regarding old songs that I have heard.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL-1933), 96-98
Botkin (WFL), 760-761
Clark (CS), 48-49
Fife, 217-219
Frey, 86-87
Hudson (FSM), 224-226
Larkin (1931), 115-118
Larkin (1963), 119-122
Laws (NAB), 135
Lee (CSB), 50-51
Lingenfelter, 436-437
Lomax (CS-1919), 66-68
Lomax (CS-1938), 125-128
Moore (BFSS), 325-327
Ohrlin, 153-155
Patterson (SRR), 52-53
Randolph, II, 239-241
Silverman, I, 37
Sires, 6-7
Wylder, 16-17

Utah Carroll

Now, friend, if you should ask me why I'm so sad and still,
And why my brow is darkened like clouds above a hill;
I'd have you step in closer, and I'll tell you the tale
Of Utah Carroll, my friend, and his last ride on the trail.

In a grave without a headstone, without a date or name,
Quietly lies my partner in the land from which I came.
Long, long we rode together, had ridden side by side;
I loved him as a brother and I wept when Utah died.

On a round-up one gray morning, our work was almost done,
The cattle quickly started on a wild and madd'ning run.
The boss' little daughter, who was riding on the side,
Rushed in to stop the stampede, and there poor Utah died.

Lenore, upon her pony, tried to turn the cattle right;
Her blanket slipped beneath her, but she caught and held
on tight.
And when we saw the blanket, each cowboy held his breath,
For should her pony fail her, none could save the girl
from death.

Just then she lost her balance in front of that wild tide;
Carroll's voice controlled the round-up, "Lie still,
girl!" he cried.
And then close up beside her came Utah riding fast,
But little did he dream that ride would be his last.

Now often from the saddle he had caught the trailing
rope;
To pick her up at full speed seemed to be his only hope.
He swung low from the saddle, to take her in his arm—
We thought he had done it, and the girl was safe from
harm.

Such a strain upon his saddle had never been put before;
The cinces gave beneath him and he fell beside Leonore.
When the girl fell from her pony, she had dragged the
blanket down,
And it lay close beside them, where they lay upon the
ground.

Utah picked it up again and to Lenore he said,
"Lie still," and quickly running waved the blanket o'er
his head.

He turned the maddened cattle from Lenore, his little
friend,
And as the cattle rushed toward him, he turned to meet
his end.

And as the herd approached him, his gun he quickly drew;
He was bound to die defended, as all brave cowboys do.
The weapon flashed like lightning—it sounded loud and
clear;
As the cattle rushed and killed him, he dropped the
leading steer.

When I broke thro' the circle to where poor Utah lay,
With a thousand wounds and bruises his life-blood ebbed
away.
I knelt down beside him, and I knew that it was o'er
As I heard him faintly whisper, "Goodbye, my sweet
Lenore."

Next morning in the churchyard, I heard the preacher say,
"Don't think our good friend Utah was lost on that
great day;
He was a much loved cowboy, and afraid to die,
So we'll meet him at the Round-up on the plains beyond
the sky."

****

No. 1742

THE UTAH HORROR
also known as
The Mountain Meadows Massacre

Several songs about the Mountain Meadows horror were once in circulation, but this one seems to be the only traditional survivor. For comprehensive discussions of the event, see Juanita Brooks' Mountain Meadows Massacre, Stanford University Press, 1950

and A. L. Neff's History of Utah 1847-1869. Details of the massacre are inscribed on a bronze plaque at the Mountain Meadows vicinity where it occurred, September 7-11, 1857: "A company of about 140 emigrants from Arkansas and Missouri led by Captain Charles Fancher, enroute to California, was attacked by white men and Indians. All but 17 small children were killed. John D. Lee, who confessed to participation as leader, was legally executed here March 23rd, 1877."

It should be noted, however, that John D. Lee said that his superior officers, William H. Dame and Isaac C. Haight were responsible for the massacre. As a result, both men were excommunicated from the Mormon church.

REFERENCES

Burt, 118
Burt (MBM), 150-151
Cheney, 202-205
Fife (MMM), 229-237
Fife (SSS), 72-73
Hubbard, 445-446
Laws (NAB), 142
Lingenfelter, 234-235
Silber (SGAW), 77-79
Toelkin, 169-171

The Utah Horror

Come, all you sons of liberty,
Unto my rhyme give ear;
'Tis of a bloody massacre
You presently shall hear.

In splendor on the mountains
Some thirty wagons came;
They were awaited by a wicked band—
Oh, Utah! where's thy shame?

On a crisp October morning
At the Mountain Meadows green,
By the light of bright campfires
Lee's mormon bullets screamed.

In Indian garb and colors
These bloody hounds were seen
To attack the little train
All on the meadows green.

When Lee, the leader of the band,
His word to them did give,
That if their arms they'd give up
He'd surely let them live.

When once their arms they'd given,
Thinking their lives to save,
The words were broken by the rest,
Which sent them to their grave.

Both men and women, young and old,
All rolling in their gore;
And such an awful sight and scene
Was ne'er beheld before!

Their property was divided
Among the bloody crew,
And Uncle Sam is bound to see
This bloody matter through.

The soldiers will be stationed
Throughout the Utah land,
All for to find those murderers out
And bring them to his hand.

By order of their president
This awful deed was done—
He's leader of the Mormon clan,
His name is Brigham Young.

****

No. 1743

THE UTAH IRON HORSE

also known as

The Iron Horse

This is a railroad song that appeared in The Bee-Hive Songster, 1868, pp. 26-27, where the composer was listed as Ieuan (John Davis). In 1869 the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific railroads came together at Ogden, Utah—thus establishing a cross-nation rail system for the first time.

For another song dealing with the same event, see Jour (AFL), LVIII, 299-300.

REFERENCES

Cheney, 92-94
Hubbard, 453-455
Ives (SA), 182
Ives (SB), 258
Quarterly (WFL), VI, 51
Silverman, II, 414

The Utah Iron Horse

The iron horse now draws nigh with his smoke nostrils high,
Eating fire as if grazing, drinking water while he's blazing.
Then the steam forces out, whistles loud, clear the route,
For he's fond of racing and he will not heed a shout.

Build him roads to come on, lay the track he will run,
Dig tunnels thro the mountains, turn the currents of the fountains,
Bridges build, stations make, lay the tracks he will take,
For the iron horse is moving with a train in his wake.

****

No. 1744

VAIN MAN
also known as
Death

This is an early 19th century gospel-type song, and one that was a favorite of Abraham Lincoln. The version below is from Dickson Hall's Abe, The Railsplitter, a musical narrative, an LP Album on the 20th-Fox label. For another printed version, see Lair (SLL), 11.

Vain Man

Vain man, no matter where you are,
Reflect! your end is nigh!
Death at the fatherest can't be far,
Repent before you die.

Reflect! you have a soul to save!
O, sinners, don't you know?
What are your hopes beyond the grave?
Reflect before you go!

Today! the Gospel calls today,
O, sinner, just for you.
Let ev'ryone forsake his way
And to the Lord be true.

****

No. 1745

THE VALIANT LADY
also known as

Brisk Young Lively Lad
The Brisk Young Plow-Boy
The Female Sailor Boy
Jock the Jolly Plow-Boy
The Jolly ploughboy
Little Plowing Boy

The Ploughboy
The Poor Ploughboy
The Pretty Ploughboy
The Pretty Ploughing-Boy
The Simple Ploughboy

Despite wide circulation through oral transmission and in print, this old ballad of lovers determined to be together after being forcefully separated is difficult to categorize. Some versions could easily be placed among the Masquerading Woman songs (see in MB). In Mackenzie's version, for example, the young lady "dressed herself in full sailor's array." Even in one of the versions Cecil Sharp recovered in the Appalachians, the text informs us that "she dressed herself in men's clothes." Again, in an Ozark variation found by Randolph, the young woman also masquerades as a man. But this circumstance may be the result of popular associated, for, in most versions, we learn that the young woman invariably "dressed herself all in her very best." For versions carrying the "masquerade" theme, see: Barrett, No. 16; Greenleaf, 162; Greig & Duncan, No. 170; Jour (FSS), III, 109-110, IV, 336-337; Randolph, I, 344-345; and Sharp, I, 369.

This song shares titles with other songs with which it is not related, such as The Jolly Ploughboy in Broadwood (ECS), 152; Moffat (MI), 12; and Sumner, 23. Also see Masquerading Woman V in this Master Book. Broadside versions of The Valiant Lady were issued by Bebbington, Manchester; Catnach; Harkness, No. 488; Jackson & Son, Birmingham; James Paul & Co.; and Such.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 59
Broadwood (ETSC), 72-73
Brown, II, 322-323; IV, No. 103
Campbell & Sharp, No. 49
Creighton (TSNS), 176
Ford (VSBS), 284
Finger (FB), 2-3

Greig, No. 117
Greig & Duncan, No. 170
Jour (FSS), I, 132-133, 216; II, 146-147; IV, 303-310; VIII, 268-269
Joyce (OIFMS), 223
Karpeles, 165-166
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 218
Laws, M 24, 191-192
Leather, 208
Mackenzie, 130-131
Merrick, 10-11
Ord, 233
Peacock, I, 224-225
Quiller-Couch, 837-838
Sharp, I, 369
Sharp (ECFS), 192
Sharp (FSFS), No. 111

The Valiant Lady

A poor but handsome farmer boy was ploying in his field,
And he left his horses standing in the shade;
Off he went to yonder grove just a-whistling as he walked,
And there by chance he met a lovely maid, lovely maid,
And there by chance he met a lovely maid.

Now as they walked along the way he took her arm and said,
Lovely maid, you are of very high degree;
If we should fall in love and your parents found us out,
Don't you know they would send me off to see, off to sea, etc.

Then when her loving parents came to understand the truth,
And they saw the farmer plowing on the plain,
All in haste they sent a press-gang to take her love away,
To the wars—where they hoped he might be slain, might be slain, etc.

The maid she dressed herself all in her very finest
clothes,
And she lined her pockets well with bags of gold.
And with tears in her dark eyes began to trudge the
streets
All in search of her plowing boy so bold, so bold, etc.

She came upon a sailorman, a sailorman she knew,
"Where is my plow-boy? Tell me the ship he's on!"
"He is there, in yonder fleet, soon to sail upon the
deep.
Hurry! Quickly now, for he will soon be gone, soon
be gone, etc."

She hurried to the barbor where the warring fleet
did lay,
And she went up to the captain to complain:
"You have stolen my sweet plow-boy, to take him off
to sea,
Off to some old war, to where he will be slain, will
be slain, etc. "

She took three bags of shining gold and gladly paid
it down;
"For my plowing-boy I'll pay you three bags more."
Soon her plowing-boy he was safe all in her loving
arms,
And there he remained till they were safe ashore,
safe ashore, etc.

They went away to some far place, but where they did
not say;
And the maiden vowed they'd be apart no more.
Then she set the bells to ring, and the valleys round
did sing,
For now she had the one she did adore, did adore, etc.

****

No. 1746

VALLEY OF THE SHADOWS

This is a variation of the very old campground "revival" spiritual, Lonesome Valley (see in MB). The song is from Dickson Hall, New York City, who recorded it on a 10-inch LP for London Records, and it is used here with his permission.

Valley of the Shadows

Through the valley of the shadows,
Through that dark and great unknown,
Ev'ryone must journey someday,
And each of us must walk alone.
All alone through that valley,
Through that dark and great unknown;
Ev'ryone must journey someday,
And each of us must walk alone.

****

No. 1747

VAN BUREN VS CASS AND TAYLOR
also known as

Free Soilers' Song The New Party

This is a Presidential campaign song. In 1848 both the Whig and the Democratic parties were badly divided and, as a result, went into convention with the problem of several splinter parties. Both Whigs and Democrats were divided into numerous groups and subgroups, with each representing a shade of opinion concerning slavery. For example, the "Hunkers" (conservative Democrats), who "hankered" after office and were and opposed any kind of abolition, were at

one end of the spectrum while at the other end were the Barnburners, who were named for a fictional farmer who had burned down his barn to prevent rats from living in it. The "Barnburners" hated slavery and fought to keep the lands in the West free of it. They seceded from the party and organized the Free Soil Party, and nominated Van Buren for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-President. The Democrats nominated Lewis Cass, Michigan, and William Orlando Butler, Kentucky. The Whigs nominated Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore.
Taylor and Fillmore were elected because the Free-Soilers polled more than enough votes to defeat the Democrats. The song below is from a songster, Free Soil Songs for the People, 1848. The same text may also be seen in Lawrence, 323.

Van Buren vs Cass and Taylor Tune: Old Dan Tucker

Come all ye who're fond of singing,
Let us set a song a-ringing,
Sound the chorus loud and hearty,
And we'll make a Free Soil Party.

Chorus

Get out o' the way, Cass and Taylor,
You can't come to the White House ever!

Some want Cass and some want Taylor,
But we say we won't have either;
We've a man that's far above them,
He's the man that's pledged for Freedom.

What has Zachary Taylor done
That he should to the White House come?
He's good for fighting, we'll allow,
But we don't want him anyhow.

And now it is proposed, you know,
To make Slave States in Mexico;
And General Taylor's just the man
To carry out the Southern plan.

And then there's Lewis Cass, they say:
He's with every one, in every way!
He's what the people of this place
Denominate a great doughface.

Get out o' the way, with your Slavery!
Get out o' the way, with your Slavery!
Get out o' the way, Cass and Taylor!
You can't come to the White House ever!

****

No. 1748

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND
also known as

The Gallant Poachers
Henry's Downfall
The Poachers
Poor Tom Brown of Nottingham Town

Van Dieman's Land is situated in Tasmania, Australia; it is one of three penal settlements established by the British government. At least 7000 criminals were transported from 1793 to 1810, a number that increased to more than a 1000 a year by 1814. For the period 1831 to 1840 the record is clearer, and it tells us that the number of males was 43,000 and the number of females was 7,700. Some estimates say that 25,000 females were carried to Australia in convict ships between 1797 and 1852.
This ballad was popular in Ireland, England, Scotland, and North America. Broadsides were issued by: Bebbington, Manchester; J. Cadman, Manchester, No. 234; Catnach; J. Gilbert, Newcastle, No. 125; Harkness, Preston, No. 366; and Such, No. 335.

For similar ballads, see The Banks of Newfoundland I and Botany Bay in this Master Book and Richard and I in Creighton (MFS), 49.

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Broadwood (ETSC), 2-3
Colcord, 172
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Dean, 95
Edwards (OS), 1-2
Creig, No. 33
Greig & Duncan, No. 252
Hubbard, 269-270
Hugill (1), 411
Jour (FSS), I, 142-143; II, 166-167
Karpeles (EFS), II, 146-148
Kennedy, 573
Kidson (TT), 130
Laws, L 18, 176
Leach (BB), 708-709
Lloyd (FSE), 78
MacColl (SS), 27
Mackenzie, 304-305, 404
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O'Lochlainn, 42-43
Ord, 384-385
Petrie, No. 808
Reeves, 217-218
Seeger & MacColl, 88
Silverman, I, 291
Williams (FSUT), 263-264

Van Dieman's Land

Come all you gallant young poachers, that ramble free
from care,
That walk out on a moonlight night with your dog,
your gun and snare;
The harmless hare and pheasant you have at your command,
Not thinking on your last career upon Van Dieman's land.

There was young Jack Brown Glasgo, Willie Thompson and
Monroe—
They were three daring poachers, as everyone did know;
The Keeper caught them hunting, caught them with guns
in hand—
They were fourteen years transported into Van Dieman's
land.

The very day we landed upon that fatal shore,
The settlers gathered round us, full forty score or more;
They herded us like cattle, they sold us out of hand—
They yoked us up to the plow, my boys, to plow Van Dieman's land.

There was a girl from Scotland, Sue MacDougal was her name,
And she was sent for playing round, for the playing of the game.
The captain bought her freedom and married her out of hand,—
She gave us all good usage going to Van Dieman's land.

****

No. 1749

THE VICAR OF BRAY
also known as
The Country Garden

An old British ballad that is often taken to be a satire on organized religion. In truth, it is a satire on political opportunism. Chappell (OEPM) reports that "Nichols in his Select Poems says that the song of the Vicar of Bray 'was written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of Dragoons, in the reign of Geroge I.'" For a parody, The American Vicar of Bray, see version B below.

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Silverman, I, 288
Whitman, 109-110

The Vicar of Bray (Version A)

In good King Charles' golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd:
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtained the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit—
But for the Revolution.
And this law, etc.

When William was King, he declared
To heal the nation's grievance.
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him Allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance,
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, etc.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,

Another face of things were seen—
And I became a Tory:
Occasional Conformists base,
I scorned their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was
From such prevarication.
And this is law, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
I turned the cat-in-pan once more—
And so became a Whig, Sir.
And this preferment I procured,
For our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, etc.

The illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant seccession,
To these I lustily will swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never once will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be—
Except the times should alter.
And this is law, etc.

VERSION B

When royal George ruled o'er this land
And loyalty no harm meant,
For church and King I made a stand,
And so I got preferment.
I still opposed all party tricks
For reasons I thought clear ones,
And swore it was their politics
To make us Presbyterians.

Chorus

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, Sir,
Let whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Stamp Act passed the Parliament
To bring some grist to mill, Sir,
To back it was my firm intent
But soon there came repeal, Sir.
I quickly joined the common cry
That we should all be slaves, Sir,
The House of Commons was a sty,
The Kings and Lords were knaves, Sir.

Now all went smooth as smooth could be,
I strutted and looked big, Sir;
And when they laid a tax on tea,
I was believed a Whig, Sir.
I laughed at all the vain pretense
Of taxing at a distance,
And swore before I'd pay a pence,
I'd make a firm resistance.

A Congress now was quickly called
That we might act together.
I thought that Britain would, appalled,
Be glad to make fair weather,
And soon repeal the obnoxious bill
As she had done before, Sir,
That we might gather wealth at will
And so be taxed no more, Sir.

But Britain was not quickly scared;
She told another story.
When Independence was declared
I figured as a Tory.

Declared it was rebellion base
To take up arms——I cursed it,
For, faith, it seemed a settled case
That we should soon be worsted.

The French Alliance now came forth;
The Papists flocked in shoals, Sir,
Frisseurs, marwuis, valets of birth,
And priests to save our souls, Sir.
Our "good ally" with towering wing
Embraced the flattering hope, Sir,
That we should own him for our King,
And then invite the Pope, Sir.

Then Howe, with drum and great parade,
Marched through the famous town, Sir.
I cried, "May fame his temples shade
With laurels for a crown, Sir."
With zeal I swore to make amends
To good old Constitution,
And drank confusion to the friends
Of our late Revolution.

But poor Burgoyne's announced my fate;
The Whigs began to glory.
I now bewailed my wretched state
That e'er I was a Tory.
By night the British left the shore,
Nor cared for friends a fig, sir;
I turned the cat in pan once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir.

I called the army butchering dogs,
A bloody tyrant King, Sir;
The Commons, Lords, a set of rogues
That all deserved to swing, Sir!
Since fate has made us great and free,
And Providence can't falter,

So Congress e'er my King shall be—
Unless the times shall alter.

****

No. 1750

VICKSBURG 'ROUND THE BEND

This old roustabout work song is from Wheeler (SD), 22-23. Wheeler gave no information concerning the song, and I haven't found any.

Vicksburg 'Round the Bend

Oh, Vicksburg is 'round the bend,
Natchez jes' below,
Angola is a county farm,—
Oh Lawd, I don't want to go.

Oh, tell my Baby, don't be uneasy,
I'll be back some day.
Oh, when I leave here,
I'm goin' back down the way.

Oh, Vicksburg is a hilly town,
Any way you go;
And the Yankees blowed it down,—
Oh Lawd, I don't want to go.

A woman I love lives there;
Makes me feel so low
To see her tears run down,—
Oh Lawd, I don't want to go!

I'm comin' back someday, Babe—
Hear the whistle blow?
It means goodbye, goodbye,
But Lawd, how I hate to go!

****

No. 1751

THE VICTIM
also known as

A Blind Man He Can See
A Cruel Wife
Eggs and Marrowbones
Marrowbones
Old Man and Old Woman
The Old Woman
The Old Woman From Slab City
The Old Woman in Dover
The Old Woman in Slab City
The Old Woman of Clinton
The Old Woman of London
Old Woman of Slapsadam
Old Woman of Yorkshire
Old Woman's Blind Husband
An Old Woman's Story
The Rich Old Lady (Woman)
She Loved Her Husband Dearly
There Was an Old Woman in Dover, or Ireland
There Was a Rich Old Woman
The Wife of Kelso
The Wily Auld Carle

This song is often confused with Johnny Sands and Betty Hague. The fundamental difference, of course, is that "Johnny Sands" was adapted from this song by John Sinclair in 1842. Subject and theme remained the same, which accounts for the confusion. See Johnny Sands and Betty Hague elsewhere in this Master Book.

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Damon, No. 30
Davis (FSV), 164-165
Dobie (TBE), 165-166
Doerflinger, 281
Eddy, 90-91
Gainer, 148-149
Greig, I, art. 13
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Hubbard, 224-226
Hudson (FSM), 71

Hughes, 166
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 174; XXIX, 179; XXXV, 385; XL, 40-41; XLIX, 235
Karpeles, 151-152
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Laws, Q 2, 274
Leach, 282
Leisy, 94-96
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Ord, 93
Peacock, I, 261-264
Pub (TFLS), X, 165
Randolph, IV, 248-249
Reeves, 204-205
Scarborough (SC), 239-240
Sedley, 220-221
Sharp, I, 348-349
Sharp (NEFS), 1-4
Shearin (SKFS), 10
Silverman, II, 177
Wolford, 93-94

The Victim

I knew an old woman in Ashville,
Her story I will tell;
She loved her husband dearly,
But another man twice as well.

Oh, another man twice as well!
Sing a song of folly,
Sing loud and true,
Sing a song of folly, do.

One day she went to see a doctor;
She wanted most to find
A smidge of secret potion,
That would make her husband blind.

That would make her husband blind, etc.

He said, "Get eggs and marrowbones,
And have him suck them all.
Then," said he, "I guarantee
He can't see you at all."

He can't see you at all, etc.

She got some eggs and marrowbones
And made him suck them all,
And then he said, "My dear wife,
I can't see you at all.

I can't see you at all, etc.

"Without my sight I'd rather die,
And I would die today;
I'd drown myself this minute,
If I could see and find the way."

If I could see and find the way, etc.

She quickly took him by the hand,
Led him to the river's brim;
But as she pushed, he did turn,
And she fell in instead of him.

And she fell in instead of him, etc.

As she struggled in the water deep,
He heard her frantic call;
He said, "I'd like to pull you out,
But I can't see you at all."

But I can't see you at all, etc.

She flipped and flopped and struggled,
And seemed about to win,
But so fond was he of her,
He kicked her further in!

He kicked her further in, etc.

****

No. 1752

VIEW THAT LAND
also known as

Away Over Jordan
Away Over Yonder
My Father's Gone
Oh, Way Over Jordan
Our Father's Gone to View That Land
To Wear A (That) Starry Crown
View the Heavenly Land
Way Over Jordan

This early 19th century spiritual is a reworking of a campground hymn. In the Union Harp (1909) and the Original Sacred Harp (1911) the song is credited to S. M. Denson, of Alabama. There is a variant in the Revivalist, Albany, N. Y., 1868, which is close to the version below.
Also see and compare: Going Up in this Master Book; In the Kingdom in Dett, 92; and I Wish I Been Dere in Allen (SSUS), 67-68.

REFERENCES

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Fuson, 209
Jackson (SFS), 189
Jackson (WSSU), 236-237, 246
James, 524
Marsh (SJS), 202
White, 435

View That Land

I wanna go to heaven when I die,
View that land, view that land,
I'll shout salvation as I fly,
Oh, view that heavenly land!

Chorus

Oh, way over yonder, view that land, view that land;
Way over yonder, Oh! view that heavenly land!

Old Satan's mad, and I'm so glad, etc.
He missed a soul he thought he had, etc.

You say you're aiming for the skies, etc.
You better stop a-telling lies, etc.

You say the Lord has set you free, etc.
Why don't you let your neighbors be?, etc.

****

No. 1753

VIGNDIG A FREMD KIND
also known as
Baby Sitter's Lullaby

This is an ancient Yiddish lullaby that is also known as a song for "baby sitters." Other versions are in Silverman, I, 247 and Winn (1), 32-33.

Vigndig a Fremd Kind

Zolst azoy lebn, un zayn gezint,
Virich vel dir zitan un vign s'kind.

Chorus

Aylyu-lyu, shasha-sha!
Dayn mameshi z'gegangen in mark arayn.
Ay-lyu-lyu, shlef mayn kind,
Di mameshivet kimen gich un go-shavied.

Zolst azoy lebn, s'geyt mir derinen!
Dayn mameshi z'gegangen in mark arayn fardinen!

Andere meydelech tantsn un shpringer
Un ich muz n's'kind vindelach washin!

ENGLISH TEXT

May you live on and keep well, dear lady;
I will sit here and rock your baby.

Chorus

Loo ah loo, sha sha sha!
Your mama has gone to the marketplace.
Loo ah loo, darling one,
She will bring you back some lace.

May you live long, and all your dreams
come true;
Mama's at work to provide for you.

While other little girls can dance and swing,
I sit and rock the baby and sing.

While other girls have money for candy,
I stay and wash the baby's panty.

****

No. 1754

VILIKENS AND DINAH
also known as

Billikins and His Dinah
Billy and Diana
Diana
Diana and Sweet William
Fair Dinah
Jimmy and Diana
The Merchant's Daughter
Miss Dinah
Robert Lerow and His Dila
Sir William and Diana
Sweet William
Villikens and His Dinah
Villikings and His Dinah
Wilkins and Dinah
William and Dinah
Willikins and His Dinah
Young Diane

This is an old ballad that has managed to get around the English-speaking world in many forms and guises. Two versions are given below. The first (A) is a parody on the second (B). The parody is given first because it was popular in the United states and became the

source of several other songs which have become traditional. For examples, see Clay Morgan in Sharp, II, 274; Brigham Young II and Sweet Betsy From Pike in this Master Book.

The original ballad, Diana and Sweet William (see B), was never traditionally popular in America.

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Eddy, 149-150
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Fuson, 90
Gardner (BSSM), 395-398
Gardner (FSH), 209-210
Greig & Duncan, No. 211
Hudson (FSM), 146-147
Jour (AFL), XXIX, 190; XXXV, 418-420; XXXIX, 112-113
Kincaid No. 3, 23
Leach (BB), 767-769
Levy, 341-342
Linscott, 301-303
Morris, 339-340
Pound (SFSN), V, No. 4
Randolph, I, 331-332
Sedley, 211-212
Spaeth (REW), 59-60
Stout, 54-55
Tolman & Eddy, 418-420
Turner (CS), 5

Vilikens and Dinah (Version A)

A very rich merchant in London did dwell,
He had a young daughter, and loved her quite well;
Her name was fair Dinah, just sixteen years old,
And she had a fortune in silver and gold.

Chorus

Singing too-ral-i, too-ral-i, too-ral-i-a;
Sing too-ral-i, too-ral-i, too-ral-i-a.

As Dinah was walking the garden one day,
Her father came to her and thus he did say:

"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in finest array;
I'll bring you a husband both gallant and gay."

"Oh, father, dear father, I've made up my mind:
To marry just now I don't feel inclined.
I have a large fortune that I will give o'er,
If you'll let me stay single a year or two more."

"You'll have to leave home," her father replied,
"Unless you consent now to be a young bride.
I'll leave my fortune to my nearest kin,
And none of the family will take you back in."

She dressed herself neatly, in finest array;
He brought her a husband that very same day.
As Vilikens was walking the garden around,
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground.

A cup of cold poison was there at her side,
The very same poison by which she had died;
He drank of the poison like a lover so brave,
And Vilekens and Dinah lay in the same grave.

VERSION B

Way over in London there lived, I declare,
A noble rich lord with a daughter so fair;
Her name was Diana, and sixteen years old;
Her fortune was twenty thousand guineas in gold.

Chorus

Sing to-roor-i to-roor-i roor-i roor-aye,
To-roor-i toor-roor-i too-roor-i-aye.

She'd have an estate should her father die,
Which brought many a man to woo and to sigh;
And among that number sweet William was one,
And he hope to make Diana his own.

It was early one morning her father did say,
"Come dress yourself, Diana, both gallant and gay;
I have a knight worth ten thousand a year,
And he wishes to make you his wife and his heir."

"Oh, father, father, I pray you be kind;
To marry this knight I do not feel inclined.
Besides, honored father, I beg and implore,
Please let me live single for a few years more."

"Oh, stubborn daughter, it's what do you mean?
I say you must wed or else no more be seen,
Considering ten thousand a year you shall have."
"Oh, father, I would rather go to my grave."

It was late in the evening Diana walked out,
She came to the grove and she wandered about;
She came to the spot where sweet William and she
Had oftentimes met and on love did agree.

"Ten thousand times, Willie, I bid you farewell!
The love I feel for you no mortal can tell.
I wish you sweet joy, and more when I'm gone—
May you marry another, both charming and young."

She fell on her knees, and no more did say;
With a dose of poison she took her own life away.
Sweet William found her with a note lying by,
Which gave an account of how she did die.

He fell on his knees and he kissed her cold lips,
And the joys of breathing began soon to slip;
He leaned on his sword like a true lover brave—
Diana and William were laid in one grave.

****

No. 1755

VIRGINIA JONES
also known as

Jennia Jones
Jenny Jones
Jenny O Jones
Miss Jennia Jones
Miss Jennie O Jones
Miss Jenny Jones

This game song derives from an older love story, complete with cruel parents and blighted affection and death. The original hero has been replaced by girl friends, who follow the ancient custom in which girls of a village take an active part in the interment of one of their number.
For a variation, see Jilly Jo in Hornby, 42. For an older English version, Rositina and The Bride's Burial, see the Roxburghe Collection, I, 186-189.

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Quarterly (SFL), VI, 188
Reeves (EC), 166
Wier (YAM), I, 145

Virginia Jones

We've come to see Virginia Jones,
Virginia Jones, Virginia Jones,
We've come to see Virginia Jones—
And how is she today?

I'm sorry but she's ill, sir, etc.
You can't come in today.

What color shall we dress her in, etc.
In red or white or blue?

Red is what the soldiers wear, etc.
And that will never do!

Blue is what the sailors wear, etc.
And that will never do!

White is what dead people wear, etc.
So that is what we'll do.

O where shall we bury her?, etc.
Under the apple tree.

****

No. 1756

VIRGINIA REEL
also known as
McDonald's Reel

The "Virgina Reel" is the name of a country dance, not the title of a specific tune. The dance itself is done to various airs, and sometimes to a medly. In England, as Sir Roger de Coverly, the dance did have its own particular tune, but it was discarded in America. In New England, according to Linscott, the dance is performed to three tunes: The Irish Washer-Woman, The White Cockade and Yankee Doodle (see all three in this Master Book). King George III participated in this dance when it was called Hemp-Dresses Dance.
See and compare: Do-se-do in Botkin (APPS), 176-177, Miss Liking in Gardner (SPPG), 112-113, and Meet Half-way in Piper (SPPG), 281-282.
For a desciption of the dance, see Ford (TMA), 222.
For other versions of the tune, see Ball, 9-10; Ford (TMA), 108; Linscott, 115-117; and Ryan, 160.

SEE UNDER TUNES

No. 1757

THE WABASH CANNON BALL

This is an old Sothern railroad song; it has been a "standard" with "country music" performers for a long time. It should surprise no one, therefore, that several performers have claimed to be its composer. Lomax thought the song might be "a remake of the post-Civil War 'Uncle Sam's Farm'" (see in MB), but that song uses the air of The Creation Song (see The Educated Man I in MB).

In 1930 a version of the song appeared in The Hobo's Hornbook. Three years later, A. P. Carter (Carter Family) recorded it and put his name down as author-composer. That version was published by Peer International Corporation, New York, N. Y., c. 1933. Other publishers and performers followed suit. Roy Acuff published and recorded a version in the 1940s, and he, too, put himself down as author-composer. Leeds Music Corporation (now MCA Music) published a version in 1949, crediting the words and music to Roger Truhart (probably a pseudonym). In the 1950s, Vaughn Horton, a songwriter and musician, wrote yet another version which is published by Southern Music, Inc., New York. None of these people wrote the song: they rewrote it. Despite all the "altering" and "fixing" and "claiming," The Wabash Cannon Ball has retained its popularity.

REFERENCES

Botkin (LMBD), 462
Botkin (RFL), 462
Edwards (CHSB), 107
Ives (SA), 242-243
Leisy, 341-342
Leisy (SPS), 26-27
Lloyd, 163
Lomax (FSNA), 420-421
Milburn, 189-191
Randolph, IV, 363-364
Seeger (6), 85
Silverman, II, 146

The Wabash Cannon Ball

From the wide Pacific ocean to the broad Atlantic
shore,
All across the hills and mountains and the valley's
grassy floor,
When you see a train a-comin' and you hear a whistle
squall,
You can bet your bottom dollar it's the Wabash Cannon
Ball.

It rolls across the country with a rumble and a roar;
Its never missed a schedule in fifty years or more.
You can have your railway racing cars, but I tell you
one and all,
No train on earth can equal the Wabash Cannon Ball!

O listen to her rumble, and listen to her roar,
As she rolls down through the valley and rolls along
the shore!
Oh, when my life is over, and the curtains round me fall,
Please send me to the graveyard on the Wabash Cannon
Ball.

****

No. 1758

WADE IN THE WATER
also known as
God's A-Gwineter Trouble de Water

This is a slave-era spiritual that was adapted from a similar campground spiritual. It was adapted in modern times by the Freedom Movement (see Carawan, 28-29).

REFERENCES

Gainer, 216-217
Johnson (SBNS), 84-85
Lomax (FSNA), 470-471
Parrish, 170-171
Silber (HSB), 43
Silverman, II, 110

Wade in the Water

O, see them folks all dressed in white?
God's a-goin' to trouble the water!
The leader looks like an Israelite,
God's a-goin' to trouble the water!

Chorus

Wade in the water! Wade in the water, children!
Wade in the water! God's a-goin' to trouble the water.

O see them folks all dressed in red?, etc.
Looks like the folks that Moses led, etc.

If you don't think I've been redeemed, etc.
Just follow me down to Jordan's stream, etc.

O let me tell you what I see, etc.
The Holy Ghost comin' after me!, etc.

****

No. 1759

WAIT FOR THE MUSIC
also known as
California Ball Miner's Ball

This California "gold rush" song is credited to John A. (Old Put) Stone, who included it in Put's Golden Songster, San Franciso, 1858. The text was reprinted in the Los Angeles Star, April, 1860, but minus author credit. The music was borrowed from R. Bishop Buckley's popular song of the 1840s, Wait for the Wagon (see in MB). This is merely one of several songs making use of Buckley's melody.

REFERENCES

Black, 30-31
Dwyer, 127-128
Grant (SF), 156-157
Lengyel, 50-51
Lengyel (HB), 43-44
Lingenfelter, 94-95
Put (2), 13-15
Put (3), 21-22
Sherwin (SGM), 6-7

Wait for the Music Tune: Wait for the Wagon I

T'would make the city folks behave,
If they could see us all:
The old, with one foot in the grave,
Start dancing at a ball.

Chorus

Wait for the music! Give the band a chance!
Wait for the music! and we'll all have a dance.

They travel down the river bed,
And over mountain tall,
With young ones tagging right behind,
"Flatfooted" for the ball!

A dozen baies on the bed,
And all begin to squall—
The mothers wish the brats were dead,
For crying at the ball!

An ugly woman, known as 'Dove,'
With nary tooth at all,
Sits in the corner making love
With fellows at the ball.

A drunken loafer at the dance
Informs them one and all,
With bowie-knife stuck in his pants,
He's best man at the ball.

Some miners drink and never learn,
They drink until they fall;
And ladies say, when they return,
"Oh, what a splended ball!"

The manager begins to curse,
And swaggers through the hall,
For mothers they've gone out to nurse
Their babies at the ball!

The Spanish hags of ill repute,
For brandy loudly call;
And no one dares their right dispute
To freedom at the ball.

The gambler all the money wins,
To bed the drunkest crawl;
And fighting then of course begins
With rowdies at the ball!

****

No. 1760

WAIT FOR THE WAGON I
also known as
Come With Me, My Phyllis Dear

Source Song. This was an extremely popular song in the 1840s and 1850s, and for nearly thirty years afterwards. It is still being printed in song books. Composed by an Englishman, R. Bishop Buckley, who came to the United States and organized Buckley's Minstrels in 1843. For parodies and other songs set to Buckley's melody, see Wait for the Music, Wait for the Wagon II & III, and Wait for the Wagons in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 90
Botkin (APPS), 340-342
Ford (TMA), 119, 422
Glass (SS-2), 43-46
Johnson (FS), 429-431
Luther, 141
Negro, 38-40
Oberndorfer, 79
Pound (SFSN), XIV, No. 19
Randolph, III, 375

Silverman, I, 111
Songs (15), 161
Staton, 137
Sullivan, 177
Wehman (GOTS) No. 3, 44
Whitman, 192
Wier (LS), 118-119
Wier (YAM), III, 72
Wilder, 108-109
Wolford, 98-99

Wait for the Wagon I

Will you come with me, my Phyllis dear,
To yon blue mountain free?
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,
Come rove along with me.
It's ev'ry Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon
And all take a ride.

Chorus

Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!

****

No. 1761

WAIT FOR THE WAGON II
also known as

Bully for the Wagon
The Dissolution Wagon
The Jeff Davis Wagon
Oh, Wait for the Wagon
The Old Southern Wagon
The Secession Wagon
The Southern Wagon
The Southern Wagon in Kentucky

The A and B texts below represent two different points of view, with A being Southern and B being Northern. Both were set to the same tune, and both are parodies on the preceding song.

REFERENCES

Allan (LSB), 13
Belden (BS), 364-366
Brown, III, 443-444; V, 251
Cox (FSS), 271
Colonial, 132-133
Glass (SS-2), 45-46
Hudson (FSM), 262
Lomax (SBS), 31
Moore (API), 397-398
Moore (RR-1), III, 67; IV, 85
War Lyrics, 190

Wait for the Wagon II Tune: Wait for the Wagon I

Version A

Secession is our watchword,
Our rights we will demand;
To defend our homes and firesides,
We pledge our hearts and hands.
Jeff Davis is our President,
With Stephen by our side;
Brave Beauregard, our General,
Will join in our ride.

Chorus

Oh, wait for the wagon, the Dissolution wagon;
The South is our wagon and we'll all take a ride!

Our wagon is the very best,
Its running gear is good;
Stuffed 'round its sides with cotton,
It's made of Southern wood.
Carolina is the driver,
With Georgia by her side;
Virginia will hold our flag up,
While we all take a ride.

VERSION B

(This Northern text is by Will S. Hays)

Jeff Davis built a wagon,
And on it put his name,
And Beauregard was driver
Of secession's ugly frame.
The horse he would get hungry,
As most horses do;
They had to keep the collar tight—
To keep from pulling through.

Chorus

Bully, for the wagon, the new secession wagon;
Oh, Beaury hold the nag in, while you all take ride.

The axles wanted greasing;
The body wasn't wide.
North Carolina jumped into it,
Mississippi by her side;
Virginia took a cushioned seat,
And Louisiana next,
South Carolina got to scrouging
And Florida was vexed.

They asked Kentucky to take a ride,
She said the horse was blind;
She shook her head at seeing
Tennessee jump on behind.
But Jeff assured her all was right,
The wagon it was new;
Missouri winked at Beauregard
And said, "It would not do."

Old Scott brought out his wagon,
One that had run for many years;
They caught old Union, hitched him up,
And greased the running gears.

Said Scott to McClellan,
"You're the boy I want to fill my place,
So take the reins, and get the folks,
And give Secesh a race!"

****

No. 1762

WAIT FOR THE WAGON III
also known as

Hurrah for the Wagon
Keep in the Wagon
The Old Union Wagon
The Union Wagon

Here we have two more songs sung by the Union side during the Civil War, and both were set to Buckley's tune, Wait for the Wagon I. Version A was written by John Hogarth Lozier. Version B is anonymous. The "also known as" title, The Old Union Wagon, was used in the 1856 Presidential campaign, but that is all the two songs have in common.

REFERENCES

Glass (SS-2), 45 Lawrence, 130, 390 Levy (GN), 369

Wait for the Wagon III Tune: Wait for the Wagon I

Version A

There's none can smash the wagon, 'tis patented and strong,
And built of pure devotion by those who hate the wrong;
Its wheels are made of freedom, which patriots adore,
The spokes were rightly counted, and number forty-four.

Chorus

Keep in the wagon, the old Union wagon,
The oft tested wagon, while millions take a ride!

The makers of our wagon were men of solid wit,
They made it out of charter oak which could not be split;
Its wheels are of material, the strongest and the best,
And two are named the North and South, and two the East and West.

VERSION B

In Uncle Sam's Dominion, in Eighteen Sixty-One,
The fight between Secession and Union had begun;
The South declar'd they'd have the "rights" which Uncle Sam denied,
Or in their Secesh Wagon they'd all take a ride!

Chorus

Hurrah for the wagon—the old Union wagon!
We'll stick to the wagon and all take a ride!

Our wagon bed is strong enough for any "revolution,"
In fact, 'tis the "hull" of the "old Constitution,"
Her coupling's strong, her axle's long, and any where you get her,
No Monarch's frown can back her down—no Traitor can upset her.

Around our Union wagon, with shoulders to the wheel,
A million soldiers rally, hearts as true as steel.
And all of the Generals, high or low, that help to save the nation,
There's none that strikes a harder blow than General Emancipation!

****

No. 1763

WAIT FOR THE WAGON IV
also known as
The Free Silver Wagon

This is a political song used "in the Illinois Ozarks" and recovered by McIntosh (FSSG), 21. Apparently only three sets of lyrics to the refrain were found. The tune is, of course, that of Wait for the Wagon.

Wait for the Wagon IV Tune: Wait for the Wagon I

Wait for the wagon, the Free Silver Wagon,
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!

Here comes the wagon, the Free Silver Wagon,
Here comes the wagon and we'll all take a ride!

Hop on the wagon, the Free Silver Wagon,
Hop on the wagon and we'll all take a ride!

****

No. 1764

WAIT FOR THE WAGONS

This parody on Buckley's Wait for the Wagon is the more humorous one of the lot, probably because it pokes fun at the army. The author is unknown, or at least, his or her name was not included with the text in Kennedy (AB), 150-151 and (TMA), 141-142. This may well have been a stage piece, because the form is that of a musical stage entertainment. All verses are sung by privates and all refrains are sung by officers.

Wait for the Wagons Tune: Wait for the Wagon I

Privates:

A hundred thousand Northmen
In glittering array,
Shout, "On ward now to Richmond!
We'll brook no more delay.
Why give the traitors time and means
To fortify the way
With stolen guns, in Ambuscades?
Oh, answer us, we pray."

Officers Chorus:

You must wait for the wagons, the real army wagons,
The fat contract wagons, bought in the red-tape way!

Now if for army wagons,
Not for compromise you wait,
Just ask them of the farmers
Of any Union state;
And if you need ten thousand,
Sound, sound, through second-hand,
You'll find upon the instant
A supply for your demand.

No! wait for the wagons, the new army wagons,
The fat contract wagons, till the fifteenth of July!

No swindling fat contractors
Shall block the people's way,
Nor Rebel compromisers——
"'Tis treason's" reckoning day!
Then shout again our war-cry,
To Richmond onward move!
We now can crush the traitors,
And that we mean to prove!

No! wait for the wagons, the fat contract wagons:
If red-tape so wills it, wait till Judgment Day!

****

No. 1765

WAKE UP, JACOB!

This is a spiritual from the early 19th century, and one probably created by plantation slaves in the South. Mountaineers and working cowboys also had versions of the piece. For exampes, see Wake, Snakes! in Richardson (AMS), 104, where it is combined with Hoecake (see in MB), and Cowboy's Gettin' Up Holler in Downes (1940), 238, (1943), 267; Lomax (ABFS), 375; Lomax (CS-1938), 3; and Lomax (FSNA), 366.
This slave spiritual was first published in Allen (SSUS), 65, in 1867. In the 1965 edition the song is on pp. 112-113.
For a game song version, see Brown, I, 201 and Winn (1), 24.

Wake Up, Jacob!

Wake up, Jacob, day is a-breaking,
I'm on my way, O!
Wake up, Jacob, day is a-breaking,
I'm on my way, O!

I want to go to heaven when I die,
Do love the Lord, O!, etc.

Got some friends on the other shore,
Do love the Lord, O!, etc.

****

No. 1766

WAKE UP, SUZY!

This is a tune played at country dances by old time fiddlers; it is not to be confused with the 1950s pop hit, Wake Up, Little Susie!
The air is without words. See music under TUNES.

****

No. 1767

WALK ALONG, JOHN
also known as

Come Along, John
Johnny, Walk Along
Johnny, Walk Along With Your Paper Collar On
Oh, Come Along, John

This is an old minstrel stage song. According to Nathan the song was written by Dan Emmett, and it probably was. There is a version in Emmit's Celebrated Negro Melodies, published by D'Almaine & Co., London, c. 1844. It was first published in America in 1843, at Boston, by C. H. Keith. Over the past century it had been reported from traditional sources as a game song and a fiddle-dance tune. Some collectors have inferred a relationship between this and the slave song, Shock Along, John, versions of which are given in Allen (SSUS), 67, or 116 and Botkin (AFL), 906.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 342-343
Brewster (SFI), 283-284
Nathan, 450-453
Randolph, II, 383
Seeger (1), 134-135
Thede, 135
Wolford, 100-101

Walk Along, John

Way down in old Car'lina
Went to see my old aunt Dinah,
Says I, old lady how's de goose,
When the gander jumped from the old hen roost?

Chorus

Walk along, John! Walk along, John!
Walk along, John! high for the sun,—
Ain't you mighty glad
That you day's work done?

Johnny come from Chickasaw,
The darn'est fool I ever saw!
He He wore his shirt outside his coat,
An' tied his breeches roun' his throat!

An alligator come from Tuscaloo
For to fight the Kangaroo;
They fought till day swallowed each other down,
Then wid dere tails dey took another round.

Way down South on Beaver Creek,
Ol' Johnny grew about ten feet;
He went to bed, 'twas no use,—
His legs stuck out for the chicken roost!

****

No. 1768

WALK IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN
also known as

I Want To Be Ready Just Like John

Walk Jerusalem Just Like John

This is an old slave-spiritual rescued by the singing of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. It has since appeared in many collections of religious folk songs.

REFERENCES

Chambers (TNS), 50-51
Dett, 33
Johnson (SBNS), 58-59
Marsh (SJS), 259
Oberndorfer, 27
Silber (HSB), 38
Silverman, II, 105
White, 104
Work (ANSS), 50

Walk in Jerusalem Just Like John

John said the city was just four-square,
Walk in Jerusalem just like John;
And he declared he'd meet me there,
Walk in Jerusalem just like John.

Chorus

I want to be ready, I want to be ready,
I want to be ready to walk in
Jerusalem just like John.

Oh, John! Oh, John! what do you say?, etc.
For I'll be there on-a Judgment Day, etc.

When Peter was preaching on the coast, etc.
He was blessed by the Holy Ghost, etc.

****

No. 1769

WALK, JAW-BONE
also known as

Jawbone
Jenny, Come Along
Jawbone Walk, Jawbone Talk
Old Yellow's Dead

The text of the refrain of this 19th century minstrel song proves to be a real floater. The words, written by S. S. Steele, are in such songs as: Bile Dem Cabbage Down in Scarborough (NFS), 125; Brer Rabbit Put on Brer Rabbit's Hat in Smiley, 358-359; Down in Shiloh Town in Botkin (APPS), 180; and Lula, or Lulu

Gal in Scarborough (NFS), 104; Seeger (1), 138; and White, 301.
The A and B versions below have different texts but the same melody. Version A is the original song by S. S. Steele, who borrowed the melody from a Polish folk-dance air, The Krakoviak. Author of the text of version B is unknown.

REFERENCES

Downes (1940), 122
Downes (1943), 148
Ford (TMA), 103
Fuson, 102-103
Keach, 59
Minstrel, 210-211
Negro, 248-250
Scarborough (NFS), 103
Talley, 12

Walk, Jaw-Bone (Version A)

In Caroline, whar I was born,
I husk de wood, an' chop de corn;
A roasted ear to de house I bring,
But de driver cotch me an' he sing:

Chorus

Walk, Jaw-Bone! Jenny, come along.
In come Sally wid de bootees on!
Walk, Jaw-Bone! Jenny, come along.
In come Sally wid de bootees on!

De corn de driver from me rob,
An' he make me eat de cob;
I chaw de cob until my gums
Stick out like Carolina plums!

Dey fasten me up under de barn,
Dey feed me dar on leaves ob corn;
It tickled my digestion so
Dat I cotch de cholerophoby.

Dey made me a scarecrow in de field,
An' a buzzard come to get his meal;
Into his face I blow'd my breath
An' he was a case for ol' Jim Death.

Den down de bank I see'd a ship;
I slide down dar on de bone ob my hip.
I crossed de brink an' here I am—
If I go back dere, I'll be damn!

VERSION B

Allen says, "Ma, bring a pry;
I think Old Yellow's a-gonna die."
Louis says, "What'll I eat with bread,
For they tell me that Old Yellow is dead."

Chorus

Walk, Jaw-bone, Oh, Jing-a-ling!
Walk, Jaw-bone, Oh, Jing-a-ling!
Walk, Jaw-bone, Oh, Jing-a-ling!
Walk, Jaw-bone, Oh, Jing-a-ling!

Allen says, "Boys, it is the rule,"
And he sent for Jake and the Santa Fe mule.
But Jake shook his head as he passed by,
Says, "I won't haul Yellow till in July."

Allen says, "Boys, it ain't no sin,"
And went out with his knife and began to skin.
Dan says, "Pap, what will we do?"
"We'll save the hide and we'll make us some shoes."

****

No. 1770

WALL-FLOWERS
also known as

Down She Came as White as Milk
Lily, Lily, White-Flowers
Lily-White Flower
Water, Water, Wild Flower
Wild Flower

This is an old English game song with many close relatives. Age of this form of the song is uncertain, but Gomme, Linscott, and others, say there are indications that its roots are set in antiquity. In Ireland the song was sung as a "round," in England as a dance-game for young people, and in America as both a nursery song and play-party piece.
For related game songs, see: Ride About, Ride About in Randolph, IV, 123-125; Row the Boat, Row the Boat in Brown, III, 106-107; and Uncle John in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Folk-Lore Journal, VII, 215
Fuson, 174
Gomme, II, 329-342
Hornby, 32
Linscott, 54-56
Muir, 19
Newell, 67-70

Wall-Flowers

Water, water, wall flowers, growing up so high!
We are all young ladies, and we are sure to die—
Except Lena Tyndal, and she's the only one.
Fie! Fie! Fie for shame!
Turn your back and tell your sweetheart's name.
Tommy Mercer is a nice young man,
Comes to the door with his hat in his hand;
Down comes Lena, all dressed in white,
Rose in her bosom, with eyes so bright.

****

No. 1771

WALTZING MATILDA
also known as
Australian Highwayman's Song

Technically speaking, this is not an American folk song. On the other hand, if it had been as popular with WWI soldiers, or with soldiers in the Spanish-American or Civil Wars as it was with American troops in WWII it would certainly be an American folk song. Word War II produced fewer real popular soldier songs than any war in U. S. history. The most popular soldier songs of WWII were the German Lili Marlene, the English I've Got Sixpence (which ante-dates the war), the American Gee, But I Want to Go Home, and this, the Australian Waltzing Matilda. To be specific, the most popular songs with American soldiers, both at home and over-seas, were Ain't Gonna Study War No More and Waltzing Matilda. A version of the former is also given in this Master Book under the title Down By The Riverside I.

The words of Waltzing Matilda were written around 1895 by A. B. (The Banjo) Peterson and the music was composed by Marie Cowen. The music is catchy but not original; it resembles the air of Bonny Wood of Craigielea, which, in turn, probably derives from the 17th century English song, The Bold Fusilier.

Because of a number of unfamiliar words in the text of this song, a small glossary may be in order:

Swagman = highwayman; Billa-bong = brook; Billy-boil = coffee; and Jumbok = lamb.

REFERENCES

Best, 5
Shay (PF-2), 26-28
Shay (PF-3), 122-124
Silverman, I, 292

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billa-bong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till
his billy-boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Chorus

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
And he sang as he watched and waited till
his billy-boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

Down came a Jumbok to drink at the billa-bong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he stowed that Jumbok in his
tucker bag,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thorough-
bred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three,
"Where's that jolly Jumbok you've got in your
tucker bag?"
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

****

No. 1772

WANDERIN'

This one time hobo song managed to climb aboard the pop music hit parade in 1950. According to Lomax (FSNA), this song grew out of My Father's a Lawyer in England. An arrangement of the song was recorded

on Columbia Records by band-leader Sammy Kaye in 1950, and that recording became a hit. Kaye's recorded version was also published by his music firm.

REFERENCES

Grafman, 103
Ives (SA), 238-239
Leisy, 344-346
Leisy (LAS), 62-63
Leisy (SPS), 126
Lomax (FSNA), 418-419
Lomax (PB), 143
Sandburg (AS), 188-189
Sandburg (NAS), 98
Scott (BA), 335-336
Silverman, II, 13
Silverman (FB), 39-40
Whitman, 89

Wanderin'

My daddy is an engineer,
My brother drives a hack,
My sister takes in washin'
An' the baby balls the jack,
An' it looks like
I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

I've been a-wanderin' early an' late,
New York City to the Golden Gate,
An' it looks like
I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

There's snakes on the mountain,
An' eels in the sea,
An' a red-headed woman made a wreck
out of me,
An' it looks like
I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

Been a-workin' in the army,
Workin' on a farm,

An' it looks like
I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

****

No. 1773

WAR DEPARTMENT

This is a song with both a secular and a religious theme. It dates back to the Indian Wars of the first quarter of the 19th century. It was published in one of the earliest Baptist hymnals, Mercer's Cluster, Augusta, Ga., 1817, p. 125.

REFERENCES

Hauser, 277
Jackson (SFS), 138
Jackson (WSSU), 183
James, 160
Lloyd, 64
McCurry, 167
Walker (SH), 94
White & King, 160

War Department

No more shall the sound
Of the warwhoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter
No longer be feared;
The tomahawk, buried,
Shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good will
To the nation's abound.

All spirit of war
To the gospel shall bow,
The bow lie unstrung
At the foot of the plow;
To prove the young orchard
The spear shall be bent,
And love greet the world
With a smile of content.

****

No. 1774

THE WARRANTY DEED
also known as
The Wealthy Old Maid

This song has the feel and the theme of many old-time minstrel songs, but I have seen it in only two published collections of folk material. The tune is similar to that of Sweet Betsy From Pike (see in MB), but I have no information concerning its origin.

REFERENCES

Randolph, III, 221-222 Sturgis (SHV), 26-29

The Warranty Deed

I once knew a lawyer named Jonathan Clay;
He had a few clients, but they didn't pay.
And faced with starvation, he grew so afraid
That he courted and married a wealthy old maid.

He wooed and he won her, and things were just great,
And, then, at the wedding he made a mistake:
He married this woman in such haste and speed,
He didn't take time for a warranty deed.

That night in their new home the lady arose
And started preparing herself for repose;
Her husband sat watching, admiring her charms,
All anxious to hold her close in his arms.

He watched as this woman washed her fair face,
And saw her destroy its beauty and grace;
The rose of her cheeks, which he once had thought quaint,
Displayed on her towel was nothing but paint.

She went to the mirror to take down her hair,
And when she had finished her head was quite bare.
She said, "Don't be frightened to see my poor head,
I'll put on a night-cap when we go to bed."

The next thing he witnessed, in shock and with grief,
Was her strange performance while cleaning her teeth;
She quickly removed them with fingers and thumbs,
And said, "I'm accustomed to sleep in my gums."

Then from the fine robes which enveloped her waist,
She took something out that in there was placed.
Says she, "When I'm dead, love, gone and forgotten,
You can make a small fortune from selling this cotton."

The husband sat staring in stupid surprise
At all the strange doings in front of his eyes;
He suddenly jumped up and ran through the door,—
His wife, so they tell me, has seen him no more.

Young fellows, remember, when you take a wife,
It's the greatest agreement you'll make all your life;
If you pick beauty, there is one thing you'll need—
So ask her quite frankly for a warranty deed.

****

No. 1775

WASSAIL SONG
also known as
The Wassail Bough

"Wassail" singing has gone out of fashion and all but vanished. The ceremony, which originated in Saxony, is performed on January 5 (the eve of Epiphany). The word "wassail" means "be of good health." There are a great number of "wassail" songs, and quite a few of them have a title in common.

For those interested in "wassail songs", the works listed below under References contains dozens of them. The song given here is merely one of the genre.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (GCS), No. 20
Bell, 403
Broadwood (ECS), 14-15
Broadwood (OES), 6
Husk, 143-153, 199
Jour (FSS), V, 210; VIII, 120, 231
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 373
Noble (RC), 8-9
Reynardson, No. 3
Ritchie (SFC), 182
Sandys, 50
Sharp (EFC-1), No. 21
Sharp (FSFS), 74, 77
Sharp (100), 214-216
Sumner, 9-10
Thomas (SG), 52-53
Tobitt, 112
Williams (FSUT), 116

Wassail Song

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering, so fair to be seen.

Chorus

Love and joy come to you, and to you wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
We are neighbors' children whom you have seen before.

We have here a little purse of ratching leather skin;
We want some of your small change, to line it well within.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that you have here with you.

****

No. 1776

WATERMELON HANGING ON THE VINE

also known as

Hambone Am Good, or Sweet Happy Little Negro

Oh, That Watermelon

Watermelon on the Vine

Here we are dealing with a series of floating stanzas and lines incorporated into several similar songs, all of which seem to be related to Here Lies de Body uv Po' Little Ben, two stanzas of which may be seen in Brown, III, 523. The chorus corresponds to the title stanza of Hambone Am Sweet, a version of which is in Lamkin, 12.

White describes Watermelon Hanging on the Vine as "a modern minstrel song, not originally Negro, but not a composite except possibly the first stanza." Brown describes it as "a composite of many snatches by a white man who projects the Negro into the situations."

For an unrelated song, There Was a Watermelon, see Brown, III, 539.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 529-530, 540; V, 302-303
Minstrel, 160
Roberts (IP), 288-289
Steely, 260

Watermelon Hanging on the Vine

Oh, white folks are foolish,
Hardly got no sense,
Don't see watermelons
Hangin' thro' the fence.
Oh, give me, give me,—
Want it all the time!

Oh, that watermelon
Hanging on the vine!

Oh, hambone am very good,
Bacon fat am sweet;
Nothin' taste much better
Than possum meat—
But give me, give me
Something really fine:
Oh, that watermelon
Hanging on the vine!

Oh, talk about your apples,
Peaches and plums,
Talk about your pudding
When Sunday comes—
But give me, give me
Something really fine:
Oh, that watermelon
Hanging on the vine!

****

No. 1777

WAYFARING STRANGER
also known as

I'm Just a Poor Way-farin' Stranger
Over Jordan
Pilgrim's Song
Pilgrim Stranger
Poor Wayfaring Stranger
The Wayfaring Pilgrim

This song dates back to at least the first quarter of the 19th century. The tune belongs to an older hymn, Parting Friends, which is set to an even older Irish air.

For songs similar in mood and theme, see Pilgrim II

in this Master Book and Poor and Foreign Stranger in Cazden, I, 68-69.
Whatever current popularity this old song enjoys today is due to its being used as a theme song by Burl Ives.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 16
Agay (2), 58
Arnett, 32
Botkin (AFL), 880-881
Brown, V, 493-494
Chase (AFTS), 162-163
Cobb (SH), 225
Daily, 254
Dett, 191
Downes (1943), 116
Emrich (CBF), 41
Gainer, 194-195
Ives (SB), 182-185
Jackson (SFS), 70-72
Jackson (WSSU), 251
Leisy (LAS), 146
Lomax (PB), 78
Lomax (OSC), 37
Lomax (USA), 346-347
Luther, 46
McDowell, 48
Moore (BFSS), 364-365
Odum (NHS), 138
Roberts (IP), 244-246
Sandburg (NAS), 47
Scott (SA), 65
Seeger (6), 15
Silverman, II, 76
Warner, 41

Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfarin' stranger,
While journeyin' thro' this land of woe;
But there's no sickness, toil, and danger
In that bright world to which I go.

I know dark clouds will gather round me,
I know my way is steep and rough,
But beauteous fields lie just beyond me
Where souls redeemed their vigil keep.

I'm goin' there to meet my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come;

I'm only goin' over Jordan,
I'm only goin' over home.

I'm goin' there to meet my Saviour,
To sing his praise forever more;
I'm only goin' over Jordan,
To be with those who've gone before.

****

No. 1778

'WAY IN THE KINGDOM
also known as

Away in the Kingdom
God Got Plenty o' Room
Good Room in My Father's Kingdom
Plenty Good Room

This is a spiritual that has sprouted several varying versions, two of which (A and B) are given below. Version B, which consists of only one stanza, is made-up of lines found in other songs, one of which is Jacob's Ladder I (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS-1867), 106
Allen (SSUS-1965), 163
Hayes, 64-67
Work (ANSS), 188

'Way in the Kingdom (Version A)

Brethren, I have come again,
'Way in the Kingdom,
To help you all to pray and sing,
'Way in the Kingdom.

Chorus

God got plenty o' room, got plenty o' room,
'Way in the Kingdom;

God got plenty o' room, my Jesus say,
'Way in the Kingdom.

O, many a week and days have passed, etc.
Since we met together last, etc.

Ol' Satan trembles when he sees, etc.
The weakest sinners on their knees, etc.

Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw, etc.
Prayer climbed the ladder Jacob saw, etc.

There is a school on earth begun, etc.
Supported by the Holy One, etc.

VERSION B

Climb up Jacob's ladder, higher and higher,
'Way in the Kingdom;
Satan is a liar an' you needn't depend on him,
'Way in the Kingdom.

****

No. 1779

WAY OUT WEST IN KANSAS

This is one of several popular adaptations of the old Irish song, Over There (see in MB). For another popular adaptation, see In Arkansas (in MB).
Even this adaptation was rewritten during the 1930s by Carson Robison, who recorded it for one of the major record companies. The Robison version may be seen in Fife, p. 97. A version similar to ours is in Ford (TMA), 356-357.

Way Out West in Kansas

'Way out west in Kansas,
'Way out west in Kansas,
Grasshoppers eat the wheat
And leave nothing but the Cheat,
'Way out west in Kansas.

People they never stay up late, (2)
Bring the sidewalks in at eight,
And say they can hardly wait,
'Way out west in Kansas.

Cows give no milk in Kansas, (2)
No matter how they try,
The weather is so dry,
They give nothing but a sigh in Kansas.

Pigs never squeal in Kansas, (2)
All their pigs are on saile,—
They grow skinny as a rail,
And they never curl a tail in Kansas.

Farming doesn't pay in Kansas, (2)
The chickens never lay,
And the rabbits ea t the hay,
Way out west in Kansas.

****

No. 1780

WAY OVER IN THE HEAVENS
also known as
Lord, I Wish I Had Gone

This is another of the slave spirituals featured in concert by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Brewer, 153
Jackson (DES), 235
Lomax (FSNA), 248
Marsh (SJS), 196

Way Over in the Heavens

Lord, I wish I had-a come when you called me,
Lord, I wish I had-a come when you called me,
Lord, I wish I had-a come when you called me,
Sitting by the side of Jesus, way over in the heavens,
Way over in the heavens, way over in the heavens,
Sitting by the side of Jesus.

There's no temptations in the heavens, (3)
Sitting by the side of Jesus, etc.

Got a father and mother in the heavens, (3)
Sitting by the side of Jesus, etc.

****

No. 1781

THE WAYWARD YOUTH
also known as

Bad Companions
Taney County
Young Companions
Youth's Companions

This is an American cowboy treatment of the old English "last confession on the scaffold" ballad. Randolph, II, 139-141 gives an interesting variation from the Ozarks called Taney County. The story theme is widely distributed in balladry.

REFERENCES

Hudson (FSM), 248-249
Larkin (1931), 104
Larkin (1963), 109
Lomax (CS-1919), 81-82
Lomax (CS-1938), 212
Morris, 75-76
Pub (TFLS), VI, 186-187
Silverman, I, 72

The Wayward Youth

Come, all you young companions, and listen unto me;
I'll tell you a sad story about bad company.
I was born in Pennsylvania, among the beautiful hills,
And the mem'ry of my childhood is warm within me still.

I had a loving mother, and with me she would plead;
The last word that she gave me was to pray to God in need.
I had two loving sisters as fair as girls could be,
And oft beside me kneeling they, too, would plead with me.

I did not crave my fireside, for I disliked my home;
And I preferred to ramble, to gamble and to roam.
I said goodbye to loved ones, to all I said farewell,
And I stopped off in Chicago in the very depths of hell.

It was there I started drinking—I sinned both night and day;
But still within my bosom a feeble voice would say:
"O fare-you-well, my loved one, may God protect my boy;
May God forever bless him, and bring him health and joy."

I courted a fair young maiden, her name I will not tell,
For I don't want to disgrace her, since I am doomed to hell.
It was on one beautiful evening, the stars were shining bright,
That with a fatal dagger I bade her spirit flight.

So justice overtook me, as all can plainly see;
My soul is doomed forever, for all eternity.

Here I stan on this scaffold, my moments are not
long—
You may forget the singer, but don't forget his song.

****

No. 1782

WE ARE ALMOST HOME
also known as

Oh! Come Along, Brothers To Ring Those Charming Bells

This is yet another spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. It may be a slave adaptation of an older revival hymn, but, if so, there is no way to prove it.
Versions are in Dett, 89 and Marsh (SJS), 204.

We Are Almost Home

Oh! come along, brothers, come along,
Come along, brothers, come along,
Come along, brothers, come along,
And ring those charming bells.

Chorus

We are almost home, we are almost home,
We are almost home, to ring those charming
bells.

Oh! come along, preachers, come along, etc.

Oh! come along, fathers, come along, etc.

Oh! come along, sinners, come along, etc.

****

No. 1783

WE ARE CLIMBING THE HILLS OF ZION

This slave spiritual is also from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubille Singers, and is printed in Marsh (SJS), 200.

We Are Climbing the Hills of Zion

Oh, brother, please be ready,
Oh, brother, please be ready,
Oh, brother, please be ready,
With Jesus in your soul.

Chorus

We are climbing the hills of Zion,
The hills of Zion, the hills of Zion,
We are climbing the hills of Zion
With Jesus in our souls!

****

No. 1784

WEARING OF THE GREEN

Source Song. This is an Irish song, but it should be pointed out that the original tune may be English. According to Baring-Gould (SW), IV, xxv, "The old English 'Packlington's Pound' has been converted into 'The Wearing of the Green.'" Nevertheless, the song is strictly Irish in mood and theme. The "Napper Tandy," mention in the text, was an Irish patriot who was forced to flee Ireland in 1793.

An anonymous street version of this song, dating from 1798, was slightly altered some fifty years later by the Irish playwright, Dion Boucicault. His version is the one known in the United States.

Several well-known American songs are sung to the air of Wearing of the Green, and among these are the following:
Benjy Havens, Oh! (in MB); Lost Creek in Korson (MMP), 53; Midnight on the Ocean (in MB); Peeler's Lament in Lomax (CS-1938), 189-190; and Wearing of the Grey, a parody, which follows (No. 1787) the song below.

REFERENCES

Adler, 76
Armitage, I, 8
Cole, 81-83
Durlacher, 270
Elson, 60-61
Ford (TMA), 114
Greig & Duncan, No. 143
Johnson (FS), 488-489
Leisy (LAS), 98-99
Mackenzie (SH), 101-102
Moffat (MI), 56-57
Oberndorfer, 49
Silverman, I, 388
Songs (15), 240-241
Whitman, 1920
Wier (SWWS), 238

Wearing of the Green

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law,
To grow on Irish ground.
Saint Patrick's Day no more to keep;
His color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin
The wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy,
And he tuk me by the hand,
And he said how's poor old Ireland,
And how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country
That ever you have seen;
They're hangin' men and women there
For wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear
Is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget
The blood that they have shed.
You take the shamrock from your hut
And cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still,
Tho' underfoot 'tis trod;
When the law can stop the blades of grass
From growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summertime
Their verdure dare not show;
Then I will change the color
I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick
To wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn
Torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow
From the dear old soil will part.
I've heard whisper of a country
That lies far beyant they say,
Where rich and poor stand equal,
In the light of freedom's day;
Oh, Erin must we leave you,
Driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's welcome
From a strange but happy land?
Where the cruel cross of England's
Thralldom never shall be seen,
And where, thank God, we'll live and die,
Still wearing of the green.

****

No. 1785

WEARING OF THE GREY

This is a post-Civil War "Southern" parody of Wearing of the Green, in which a soldier reminisces about the uniform. Words, on the copies I have seen, are credited simply to "O. K. P."
For another version, see Glass (SS-2), 280-282.

Wearing of the Grey Tune: Wearing of the Green

The fearful struggle's ended now,
And peace smiles on our land;
And though we've yielded,
We have proved ourselves a faithful band.
We fought them long, we fought them well,
We fought them night and day,
And bravely struggled for our rights,
While wearing of the Grey.

And now that we have ceased to fight,
And pledged our sacred word,
That we against the Union's might
No more will draw the sword,
We feel despite the sneers of those
Who never smelt the fray,
That we've a manly, honest right
To wearing of the Grey.

Oh, should we reach that glorious place
Where waits the sparkling crown
For every one who for the Right
His soldier-life lay down—
God grant to us the privilege
Upon that happy day,
Of clasping hands with those who fell
A-wearing of the Grey.

****

No. 1786

WEEPING MARY I

This is an early 19th century campground spiritual with a common title. Two others (Weeping Mary II and III)are given below. The earliest published version of Weeping Mary I that I have seen is in the Christian Harmony, dated 1805.

REFERENCES

Chase, 203
Ingalls, 73
Jackson (SFS), 78-79
Walker (SWPH), 102

Weeping Mary I

When weeping Mary came to seek
Her loving Lord and Saviour,
'Twas early in the morning,
She in tears to gain His favor.
With guards and soldiers placed around
The tomb that held the body
Of Him whom she thought under ground,
By wicked hands all bloody.

But how her aching heart was torn,
To find the tomb was empty;
In solemn silence did she mourn,
As onward she did venture.
'Twas angels in bright raiment shone,
Imagine her sorrow,
And said, Why doth this creature mourn,
And why this gloomy horror?

I'll grieve, then weeping Mary said,
Till I know where they laid him;
And quickly turning round her head,
Began for to upbraid him.

Whom seekest thou, Mary? said the Son;
She then perceived her Saviour,
And quickly to his feet she run,
Not fearing harm or danger.

****

No. 1787

WEEPING MARY II
also known as
Glory, Hallelujah!

This form of Weeping Mary is credited (in the Social Harp, 1852) to John G. McCurry & Power. Krehbiel, p. 157, claims that this song was developed by Negroes. Louise Pound, in Modern Language Notes, XXXIII, 1918, pp. 442-444, says that her grandmother heard a servant sing it, between 1826-1830. That is quite probable, because the song is in the English Primitive Methodist Hymn Book, printed in 1823. Since then, the song has been reprinted many times. Also see: He Arose I in MB.

REFERENCES

Jackson (SFS), 178-179
Jackson (WSSU), 255-257
Krehbiel, 80
Lomax (FSNA), 249
McCurry, 98

Weeping Mary II

If there's anybody here like weeping Mary,
Call upon Lord Jesus and He'll draw nigh.
If there's anybody here like praying Samuel,
Call upon Lord Jesus and He'll draw nigh.

Chorus

O, glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory be to my God, who rules on high!

If there's anybody here like doubting Thomas, etc.
If there's anybody here like weeping Mary, etc.

If there's anybody here like Peter sinking, etc.
If there's anybody here like Paul a-preaching, etc.

If there's anybody here like Martha mourning, etc.
If there's anybody here like weeping Mary, etc.

****

No. 1788

WEEPING MARY III

This is a later form of the preceding spiritual, and it exists in several interesting variations. The tune was adapted from the campground hymn Holy Manna, which is in the 1825 edition of the Columbian Harmony, p. 122. This spiritual was the inspiration for He Arose I, which is given elsewhere in this Master Book. Other versions of this song are in Fisher, 192; Jackson (WSSU), 234, 268, 269; and White & King, 408.

Weeping Mary III

Weeping Mary, Weeping Mary,
Weeping Mary, weep no more.
Weeping Mary, Weeping Mary,
Weeping Mary, weep no more.

They nailed him to the cross,
With a spear they pierced His side;
While the blood trickled down,
He bow'd His head and died.

Weeping Mary, Weeping Mary,
Weeping Mary, weep no more.
Weeping Mary, Weeping Mary,
Weeping Mary, weep no more.

****

No. 1789

WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY
also known as
When This Cruel War Is Over

This sentimental Civil War song was written by Charles C. Sawyer and Henry Tucker; it was published by George Dunn & Co. The nation was split but civilians and soldiers on both sides of the conflict accepted and sang this song.
Broadside versions were issued by De Marsan in New York and by Auner in Philadelphia. A version is also in Frank Converse's Old Cremona Songster, New York, 1863, p. 5. According to Belden, "Partridge printed three distinct parodies of it." For the black soldiers' parody, see version B below. For a Confederate "reply" version, see When Upon the Field of Glory, No. 1819, in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 88
Belden (BS), 381
Brown, III, 462-464;
V, 258-259
Chapple (HS), 284-285
Dolph, 339-341
Downes (1940), 164-165
Downes (1943), 192-193
Glass (SS-2), 264-266
Greig & Duncan, No. 103
Jordan, 352-354
Lawrence, 403
Luther, 182-183
Owens (TFS), 271-274
Whitman, 42

Weeping, Sad and Lonely (Version A)

Dearest one, do you remember when we last did meet?
When you told me how you loved me, kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me in your suit of gray,
When you vowed from me and country ne'er to go astray!

Chorus

Weeping, sad and lonely, sighs and tears, how vain;
When this cruel war is over, praying then to meet
again!

If amid the din of battle nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you, none to hear you call:
Who would whisper words of comfort? Who would soothe
your pain?
Such are many cruel fancies ever in my brain!

But our country called you, loved one, angels guide
your way;
While our "Southern boys" are fighting, we can only
pray.
When you strike for God and Freedom, let all nations
see
How you love our Southern banner, emblem of the free!

VERSION B
also known as
DOWN IN CHARLESTON JAIL
(See: Dolph, 342-343)

When I enlisted in the army, then I thought 'twas
grand,
Marching thro' the streets of Boston behind a
regimental band.
When at Wagner I was captured, then my courage failled;
Now I'm dirty, hungry, naked, here in Charleston Jail!

Chorus

Weeping, sad and lonely, oh! how bad I feel!
Down in Charleston, South Carolina, praying for a
good square meal.

If Jeff Davis will release me, oh! how glad I'll be!
When I get to Morris Island, then I shall be free.
Then I'll tell those conscript soldiers how they use us here;
Giving us an old corn-dodger, they call it prisoners' fare.

****

No. 1790

WE'LL MEET OVER JORDAN
also known as

Don't Get Tired, Don't Get Weary
Let Us Break Bread Together
On the Other Side of Jordan
Over Jordan
We'll Meet There Bye and Bye
When I Fall On My Knees
With My Face to the Risin' Sun

This is an old 19th century campground spiritual that is still being printed in hymn books. The tune was used as a basis for the popular Jazz-song, YES, INDEED. See and compare On Our Knees elsewhere in this Master Book. For another version, see Johnson (SBNS), 63-65.

We'll Meet Over Jordan

Let us break bread together,
Let us break bread together,
On the other side of Jordan—
We'll meet there bye and bye.

Chorus

Don't get tired, don't get weary,
For we'll meet over Jordan bye and bye!

Let us kneel and pray together, (2)
On the other side of Jordan—
We'll meet there bye and bye.

Let us walk and talk together, (2)
On the other side of Jordan—
We'll meet there bye and bye.

Let us praise the Lord together, (2)
On the other side of Jordan—
We'll meet there bye and bye.

****

No. 1791

WE'LL PULL THROUGH
also known as

Get (Git) Up, Dobbin
Tough Luck
We'll All Pull Through

Humorous "Frontier complaint and Hard Times" song. The only published collection in which I have seen this piece is Ford (TMA), 436-437, 438.

We'll Pull Through Tune: Turkey in the Straw

Well, my mule's gone lame, the hens don't lay,
Corn's way down, wheat don't pay;
Hog's no better, steer's too cheap,
Cow's quit milkin', meat won't keep.

Oats all heated, spuds all froze,
Wheat crop's busted, wind still blows;
Looks damn gloomy, I'll admit;
Cheer up, Honey, we ain't down yit.

Oh, the coal's too high, the crop's too low,
Freight rates doubled, got no show;

Money's tighter, morals loose—
Bound to get us—what's the use?

Sun ain't shining like it should,
Moon ain't beamin' like it could;
No use stoppin' to debate—
Come on, Honey, it's gettin' late.

Oh, the wheels all wobble, the axle's bent,
Dashboard's broken, top all rent;
Hurricane hit jes' yesterday,
Blew my ol' house plumb away.

An earthquake came when that was gone,
Swallowed the land my house stood on;
When the tax collector comes around,
He'll write me up for the hole in the ground!

We'll jes' hang on, if it's God's will,
An' maybe, somehow, we'll make it still;
You've got me, an' I've got you,
Cheer up, Honey, we'll pull through!

****

No. 1792

WE'LL PUT JOHN ON THE ISLAND
also known as

John on the Island
Oh, They Put John on the Island
O, We'll Put John on the Island
Put John on the Island

This is a song that comes without much information as to its origin or its history, but it appears to be a variation on one of the Old Ship of Zion songs. See Old Ship of Zion II A in this Master Book.
The tune is almost identical to that of She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 604 Dett, 160 White, 96, 407

We'll Put John on the Island

Oh, we'll put John on the Island
When the bridegroom comes!
Oh, we'll put John on the Island
When he comes.
We'll put John on the island,
We'll put John on the island,
We'll put John on the island
When he comes.

Oh, we put him there to starve him
When the bridegroom comes!
Oh, we put him there to starve him
When he comes.
We put him there to starve him, etc.

But you can't starve a Christian, etc.

Oh, we fed him milk and honey, etc.

Oh, look down that Jordan river, etc.

Oh, see that ship come a-sailing, etc.

Oh, she's loaded with bright angels, etc.

Oh, King Jesus is the captain, etc.

Oh, we'll all go out and meet him, etc.

****

No. 1793

WE'LL STEM THE STORM
also known as

The Heavenly Port
It Won't Be Long
Stem the Storm

This revival spiritual seems to have been compounded of two or three others, deriving from the famous hymn by Samuel Stennet (1727-1795), On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand. Three lines of this song are given in Pound (SFSN), XVIII, No. 3 and an entire chorus is given in Jackson (WSSU), 219-220.
For another variation, derived from the same source, see Stand the Storm in this Master Book.

We'll Stem the Storm

When war clouds gather
And winds of trouble blow,
It's time to turn to God
And let all sinners know:

Chorus

We'll stem the storm, it won't be long;
The heav'nly port is nigh.
We'll stem the storm, it won't be long;
We'll anchor bye and by.

When great Jehovah
Let Moses part the sea,
He showed us, one and all,
That faith could set us free.

****

No. 1794

WE'LL SWEEP THEM OFF THE LAND
also known as
The Mormon Du Dah Song

This was a rousing "rallyin" song for Mormons during the 1857 invasion of their territory by an army under the command of Albert Sidney Johnston. The "Missouri ass" referred to in the second stanza is the territorial governor Alfred Cumming; the "Squaw-killer Harney" is General Harney, replaced enroute by Johnston.

Texts of this song are in The Rocky Mountain Saints, by T. H. B. Stenhouse, New York, 1873, pp. 370-372, and J. H. Beadle's Polygamy, Philadelphia, 1904, pp. 159-160.

REFERENCES

Briegel (4), 47
Davidson (MS), 286-287
Hubbard, 441
Hubbard (MSM), 124
Lingenfelter, 230-231
Marshall, 206-207
Pioneer Songs (1932), 188-189

We'll Sweep Them Off the Land Tune: Camptown Races

There's seven hundred wagons on the way,
Du dah! Du dah!
And there cattle are numerous, so they say,
Du dah! Du dah day!
To let them perish would be a sin,
Du dah! Du dah!
So we'll take all they've got for bringing them in,
Du dah! Du dah day!

Chorus

Then let us be on hand, by Brigham Young to stand;
And if our enemies do appear, we'll sweep them off
the land!

Old Sam has sent, I understand,
Du dah! Du dah!
A Missouri ass to rule our land,
Du dah! Du dah day!
But if he comes, we'll have some fun,
Du dah! Du dah!
To see him and his juries run,
Du dah! Du dah day!

Old Squaw-killer Harney is on his way,
Du dah! Du dah!
The Mormon people he would slay,
Du dah! Du dah day!
Well, if he comes the truth I'll tell,
Du dah! Du dah!
Our boys will drive him straight to hell,
Du Dah! Du dah day!

****

No. 1795

WE'RE OFF FOR CHINA'S SHORE
also known as
The Beggar

This is a religious "missionary" song set to a secular air, The Jolly Beggar. The earliest version of which I am aware is the one in The Social Harp, 1855, p. 212. A variation called The Begging Song is in Fuson, 212. For other versions, see Jackson (SFS), 29-30 and (WSSU), 175.

We're Off For China's Shore Tune: Jolly Beggar II

With thoughts of keen emotion our hearts are running
O'er,

While parting from the friends we love for China's
distant shore.

Chorus

We're off for China's shore! We're off for China's
shore! China's shore!
We're off for China's shore!

We need your prayers, your sympathies more now than
e'er before,
For few the friends and hard the task on China's
distant shore.

We'll heed our Master's call; He is with us ever more.
So farewell, dear friends, adieu, we're off for China's
shore!

****

No. 1796

WE'RE POOR OLD MAIDS
also known as
Poor Old Maids

This song, English in origin, is sometimes classified as a nursery piece. It was never widely known in the United States, but it has survived in a few areas.

REFERENCES

Christie, I, 140
Hubbard, 158-159
Morris, 384-385
Sharp, II, 337
Shellans, 12-13
Songster (10), 105-106

We're Poor Old Maids

We're a sad, unhappy crew,
We're poor old maids;
We're a sad, unhappy crew,
All dressed in yellow, pink and blue.

Nursing the cats is all we do,
We're poor old maids.

All alone we go to bed,
We're poor old maids;
All alone we go to bed,
And not a word is ever said,—
Silent prayers go up instead,
We're poor old maids.

****

No. 1797

WE'RE THE BOYS FOR MEXICO
also known as
The Boys for Mexico

This song, inspired by America's War with Mexico, is a clear musical expression of the American belief in Manifest Destiny.
Manifest Destiny is a sanctimonious phrase taken from an editorial in the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, July-August, 1845. In that editorial, written by John L. O'Sullivan, the people read that it was "our manifest destiny to overspread the continent allotted by Providence for the free development of our yearly multiplying millions."
By the time President James K. Polk (who actually wanted the war) and the Congress declared war, General Zachary Taylor had already engaged and defeated the Mexicans at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. War was offically declared in May, 1846.
The song below, credited to "an American Officer," appeared in The Rough and Ready Songster of 1848.
For other versions, see Dolph, 416 and Jackson (ESUS), 34.

We're the Boys for Mexico Tune: Yankee Doodle

The Mexicans are doomed to fall,
God in his wrath forsook 'em;
And all their goods and chattels call
On us to go and hook 'em.

Chorus

We're the boys for Mexico, sing Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Gold and silver images plentiful and handy!

Churches grand, with altars rich,
Saints with diamond collars,—
That's the talk to understand!—
With lots of new bright dollars.

The Mexicans have cut up high,
And we have let 'em do it,
'Til they have got our dander riz,
And now they'll have to rue it.

We'll have a corps of Editors,
Each with a mighty bellows,
To strike a mortal terror in
Them tarnal Spanish fellows.

And when we've laid aside our arms,
With nothing more to vex us,
We'll vote ourselves extensive farms—
Each one as big as Texas.

****

No. 1798

WERE YOU THERE?
also known as
Did You Hear How They Crucified My Lord? Was You Dere When They Crucified Jesus

Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

This is an old spiritual that is more popular today than ever. For a version that is somewhat different, see Judas in Henry (FSSH), 416 B. That Judas is not related to the song of that title elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 36
Brown, V, 491
Chambers (TNS), 87-88
Dett, 104, 106
Hayes, 127-128
Henry (FSSH), 415-416
Hudson (SMFL), No. 91
Jackson (WNS), 221
Johnson (BANS), 136-137
Jour (AFL), X, 116
Luther, 223-224
Mackenzie (SH), 107-108
Work (ANSS), 105
Work (FSAN), 51, 100

Were You There?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble!
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the cross?, etc.

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?, etc.

Where you there when the sun refused to shine?, etc.

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?, etc.

****

No. 1799

WE RODE ALONG TOGETHER
also known as
The Hazelbury Girl
Jackie Rover
The Lost Garter

I used to sing this song without knowing how old it

was or where it originated. I learned it from Denver Darling, a country-singer of the 1930s and 40s. I have seen it in only one genuine folk collection of American songs, and that one is made up of songs recovered in West Virgina and North Carolina by Louis Chappell. A version was printed in a two-part collection in New York, 1958, but all other printed versions I have seen are in English collections.

REFERENCES

Cazden, II, 62-63
Chappell (FSRA), 87
Karpeles (EFS), I, 680-682
Jour (FSS), VIII, 26
Reeves, 123-124

We Rode Along Together

On my way to market, butter and cheese to buy,
I rode along a-singing, and feeling good was I.
Then I spied a fair maiden, and feeling so inclined,
Said, "Miss, would you care to ride?" and she hopped
on behind.

We rode along together, and pleasant was the scene;
We chatted as we traveled, and came to yonder green
Where we stepped down to tarry, for weary was the ride.
I said, "Pardon me, fair maid—your garter is untied."

She said, "Are you willing, or would you be so kind,
To tie it up again, sir?" I said I would not mind.
Her tender arms she opened; I rolled right in between,
And such a garter tying, friend, was never ever seen!

"Since you've been so forward, please tell to me
your name;
And tell me of your business, and from the place you
came."

"My name is Jackie Rover, I hail from ol' Back Bay;
I spend my time as I can and try to make it pay."

All that morn we tarried, and being both so inclined,
Forgot about our business and left the world behind;
Into her arms so tender once more I rolled between,
Undid her pretty garter and tied it up again.

****

No. 1800

WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE
also known as
We Shall March Through the Valley

This is a pre-Civil War spiritual recovered from the singing of former slaves. It is also one of the songs featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 73
Allen (SSUS-1965), 125
Marsh (SJS), 194-195
Silber (HSB), 44
Silverman, II, 112
Whitman, 106
Work (ANSS), 108
Work (FSAN), 55-56

We Shall Walk Through the Valley in Peace

We shall walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.
If Jesus himself shall be our leader,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

There will be no sorrow there,
There will be no sorrow there;
If Jesus himself shall be our leader,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

We shall meet those Christians there,
We shall meet those Christians there;
If Jesus himself shall be our leader,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

****

No. 1801

WE WILL SING A NEW SONG
also known as
Wait a Little While

This is another of the slave spirituals rescued and performed in concert by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Other versions are in Marsh (SJS), 206 and Work (FSAN), 69.

We Will Sing a New Song

My heavenly home is bright and fair,
We will sing a new song;
No pain or sorrow enter there,
We will sing a new song.

Chorus

Wait a little while,
Then we'll sing a new song;
Wait a little while,
Then we'll sing a new song.

My Lord Jesus is a real true friend,
We will sing a new song;
On his mercy I depend,
We will sing a new song.

****

No. 1802

WHAT A HAPPY NEW YEAR

This is a "holiday" spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.
Words and music are from Marsh (SJS), 213.

What a Happy New Year

I'm running through grace
To that happy place;
Through grace I'm determined
To see my Lord's face.

Chorus

What a happy New Year!
What a happy New Year!
What a happy, what a happy,
What a happy New Year!

My faith isn't blind.
I know, in my mind,
He won't live in glory
And leave me behind.

O sinner, believe,
That Christ will receive;
For all things are ready—
Of sin take your leave.

So start the New Year
With faith, and be kind;
Let Jesus in your heart,
Your soul and your mind.

****

No. 1803

WHAT TO KNOW ABOUT GIRLS

This is one of those pieces of musical humor one encounters at parties or, occasionally, in a saloon. I suspect that it originated in one or another college, authored by some student, but I have no proof whatsoever to substantiate this conclusion.
The song was given to me in New York City by Jo Anne Sullivan, who said she learned it in Cleveland, Ohio.

What To Know About Girls Tune: Silver Threads Among the Gold.

Girls can never change their nature—
That is quite beyond their reach.
If a girl is born a lemon,
She can never be a peach.
But the law of compensation
Is the one I always preach:
You can always squeeze a lemon,
But just try to squeeze a peach!
But you can try!

****

No. 1804

WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES?

This little song is from the California gold fields; it reveals the frontier custom of "not pressing questions on a stranger."

REFERENCES

Black, 1
Botkin (AFL), 861
Ives (SB), 264-265
Lengyel, 31 A

Lengyel (HB), 23
Lingenfelter, 313
Sandburg (AS), 106
Vitus, 6

What Was Your Name In The States?

Oh, what was your name is the States?
Was it Thompson or Johnson or Bates?
Did you murder your wife and fly for your life?
Say, what was your name in the States?

****

No. 1805

WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH THE BABY-O?
also known as
Prettiest Little Baby, or Gal in the County-O
What'll We Do With the Baby-O?

An old nursery song from England. The collections I have seen do not give any historical information concerning the song at all. For a longer, different version, see Ritchie (FS), 32-33.

REFERENCES

Emrich (CBF), 3
Morris, 226-227
Seeger (1), 146
Sharp, II, 336
Silber (HSB), 56
Silverman, I, 319

What You Gonna Do With the Baby-O?

What you gonna do with the baby-O? (3)
Give him to his Mammy-O!

Every time the baby cries,
Stick a finger in his eyes!
What you gonna do with the baby-O?
What you gonna do with the baby-O?

****

No. 1806

WHEN BOYS GO A-COURTIN'

also known as

Bachelor's Hall When Young Men Go Courting

This song is widely known in the Souther States. We may reasonably conclude that it originated in England, since Sharp included it in his Appalachian collection of English songs.
There are several varying versions in circulation, and some of these are associated with other songs. For examples, see: Bachelor's Hall in Randolph, III, 238-239; Advice to American Girls and Them Pretty Girls Won't Have Me in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 394; V, 286
Downes (1940), 182-183
Downes (1943), 216-217
Fuson, 133
Gardner (BSSM), 441-442
Hubbard, 175
Morris, 157-158
Sharp, II, 205-206

When Boys Go A-Courtin'

When boys go a-courtin' they dress up so fine,
To cheat the poor girls is their sole design;
They'll hug them and kiss them and chatter and lie,
And keep up the girls till they're ready to die.

When girls feel too weary, the boys will then say,
"You must get your sleep, let's call it a day."
But, girls, they are lying, they cheat and they scorn:
Before they go home they would sleep in the barn!

Oh, early next morning the boys will rise
And brush themselves off, rub sleep from their eyes;
They'll jump on their horses and off they will ride,
Like false-hearted lovers, all puffed up with pride!

Arriving back home they will stagger and reel,
Say, "Bless all the girls—how sleepy I feel!—
No wife to control me, no children to squall—
How happy to be here in bachelor hall!"

Now bachelor's hall, boys, is certainly best;
Be drunk or sober, or lay down and rest.
No wife to control you, no children to bawl—
How happy the man with a bachelor's hall!

****

No. 1807

WHEN DEATH SHALL SHAKE THIS FRAME
also known as
Prepare Us

Slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. See Marsh (SJS), 164 and Pike (1873), 204 & (1875), 246.

When Death Shall Shake This Frame

As I go down the stream of time,
When death shall shake this frame,
I'll leave this sinful world behind,
When death shall shake this frame.

Chorus

Prepare me, prepare me, Lord, prepare me,
When death shall shake this frame.

The man who loves to serve the Lord, etc.
He will receive his just reward, etc.

Am I a soldier of the cross?, etc.
Or must I count this soul but lost?, etc.

****

No. 1808

WHEN HIS TRAIN COMES ALONG
also known as
When the Train Comes Along

This is a spiritual that uses railraid trains as a symbol. Other songs symbolizing trains and ships and other methods of transportation are numerous and also popular.

REFERENCES

Odum (NHS), 111 Seeger (1), 153 Work (ANSS), 94

When His Train Comes Along

I may be blind and cannot see,
But I'll be there at the station
When His train comes along.
For I believe there's a place for me,
And I'll be there at the station
When His train comes along.

Chorus

When His train comes along,
When His train comes along,
I'll be there at the station
When His train comes along.

I may be lame and cannot walk,
But I'll be there at the station
When His train comes along.
For I believe heaven can't be bought,
And I'll be there at the station
When His train comes along.

****

No. 1809

WHEN I DIE

also known as

Oh, When I Die
O When I Die Don't Bury Me Deep
Pickle My Bones in Alcohol
When Colonel Died

This song was kept alive by Barbershop Quartettes and saloon singers, and it comes in several textual variations. It is not related to the spiritual that is sometimes known as When I Die, a version of which is in this Master Book under the title: Don't You Grieve After Me. Nor is it related to the When I Die Don't Wear No Black in Brown, III, 554 and Odum (NWS), 128.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 69-70; V, 38-39
Henry (FSSH), 438
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 130
Randolph, III, 197-198
Shay (PF-1), 53
Shay (PF-3), 24
Talley, 26
White, 277, 368

When I Die

Oh, when I die
Don't bury me deep;
Put a jug
Of 'lasses at my feet,
A chunk of cornbread
In my hand,
So I can sop my way
To the Promised Land.

Oh, when I die don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;
Place a bottle of booze at my feet,
And then I know damn well that I will keep!

****

No. 1810

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

This well-known song was written and published in 1863. The sheet music credits the composition to Louis Lambet, whose real name was Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. Gilmore wrote the song while on duty as a bandmaster in General Butler's command at New Orleans, but it achieved its greatest popularity during the Spanish-American War.

Much attention has been given to the melody. According to Ford (TMA), the tune is that used for the Three Crows and Billy McGee McGaw (see The Hungry Crows in this Master Book). Randolph associates the song with Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl (see Drinking Song V in MB), while others say the tune was borrowed from Johnny, I Hardly Knew You (see in MB).

Also see and compare And the Cold Wind Blew and Noah's Ark II in this Master Book and The Battle of Bull Run in Ives (SA), 310 and Randolph, II, 252-253.

REFERENCES

Adler, 107
Agay (2), 136
Arnett, 130
Chapple (HS), 481
Dolph, 357-359
Downes (1940), 158-159
Downes (1943), 188-189
Ford (TMA), 322-323
Glass (SS-2), 277-278
Ives (SA), 308-310
Kennedy (AB), 174-175
Kennedy (TAB), 157-158
Lawrence, 397
Leisy, 193-198
Lloyd, 134
Lomax (FSNA), 98
Mackenzie (SH), 90
Oberndorfer, 111
Randolph, II, 284
Scott (BA), 328-329
Silverman, II, 323
Thomas (BMMK), 54
Whitman, 42-43
Wier (SWWS), 229
Wilder, 32-33

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

****

No. 1811

WHEN MOSES SMOTE THE WATER

also known as

Moses Smote de Water Moses Smote the Waters

Here we have another spiritual from the amzaing number rescued by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For a parody, see Randolph. II, 374-375.

REFERENCES

Ballanta, 86
Brewer, 156
Brown, V, 379-380
Marsh (SJS), 175
Pike (1873), 215
Pike (1875), 257

When Moses Smote the Water

O, children, ain't you glad
You've left that sinful army?
O, children, ain't you glad
The sea gave away?

Chorus

When Moses smote the water,
The children all passed over!
When Moses smote the water,
The sea gave away!

O, sisters, ain't you glad, etc.

O, brothers, ain't you glad, etc.

****

No. 1812

WHEN MY CHARLEY IS AWAY
also known as
There's No Luck About the House

According to Robert Burns, "This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language." He did not say anything about the author and composer, which is a shame because the question has become a matter of dispute. Some say the words were written by William Julius Mickle; others say Jean Adams, a schoolmistress, wrote the words. Whoever wrote the words, the tune is that of a song known as Up and War Them A'. The song began as a street ballad about 1771.

REFERENCES

Gems (2), 94-95
Johnson (FS), 394-398
Macfarren, 84-85
Wood (SS), I, 12-13

When My Charley Is Away

Now are you sure the news is true?
And are you sure he's fine?
This is no time to think of work!
Ye gad, let go the line!
Is this a time to think of work,
When Charley's at the door?
Give me my coat! Run to the pier,
And see him come ashore.

Chorus

For there's no luck about the house,
There's no luck, I say!
There's little pleasure in the house
When my Charley's away.

****

No. 1813

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN
also known as
The Saints Go Marching In

This song is similar to and was probably developed from well-known traditional hymns, such as Old Ship of Zion and Old Time Religion. I have seen no printed versions dating beyond the turn of the century, but date of origin is uncertain. It has been said that the song dates back to the first half of the 19th century, and that it was sung at campground revival meetings. Today, it is more popular than ever, and appears in hundreds of books, folios, and in sheet music form.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 154
Benziger, 22-23
Best, 152
Dett, 200
Leisy, 352-353
Leisy (SPS), 196

Lloyd, 148
Lomax (FSNA), 454
Silverman, II, 120
White, 93
Whitman, 105-106

When the Saints Go Marching In

Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,
When the saints go marching in.

And when the sun begins to shine, etc.

And when the trumpet starts to call, etc.

Oh, when the saints go marching in, etc.

****

No. 1814

WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO FALL
also known as

Mary Wore Three Links of Chain
My Lord, What a Mornin'
My Lord, What a Mournin'
Oh, Lord, What a Mornin'
Oh, Lord, What a Mournin'
Stars Begin to Fall

Another of the slave spirituals from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Time has somehow changed the word "mourning" into "morning." Two versions, A and B, are given below, and A is by far the older.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 25-26
Allen (SSUS-1965), 61-62
Chambers (TNS), 60-61
Dett, 157
Gardner (FSH), 224
Henry (FSSH), 422

Jackson (WNS), 154
Johnson (BANS), 162-163
Jour (AFL), VIII, 150
Leisy (LAS), 148
Lomax (FSNA), 454
Luther, 221
Marsh (SJS), 199
Puckett, 536
Sharp, II, 289-291
Weavers, 139-141
Whitman, 206
Work (ANSS), 92

When the Stars Begin to Fall (Version A)

Chorus

My Lord, what a mourning
My Lord, what a mourning,
My Lord, what a mourning,
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll hear the trumpet sound,
To wake the nations underground,
Looking to my God's right hand
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll feel the mountains shake,
And you'll see the dead awake,
Looking to my God's right hand
When the stars begin to fall.

VERSION B

You'll feel the whole world shake
When you hear that trumpet sound;
You'll see the heavens break,
And the angels coming down.

Chorus

O Lord, what a morning,
O Lord, what a morning,
O Lord, what a morning
When the stars begin to fall.

He'll set this world aflame,
And he'll make His Judgment known;
You'll hear him call your name,
And you'll stand before the throne.

****

No. 1815

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL
also known as

After the Round-Up
A Jolly Group of Cowboys
When the Work is Done This Fall

This old cowboy ballad is not always sung to the same melody, and the words have been attributed to and claimed by various individuals over the years. According to Lomax, "D. J. O'Malley of S. A. ranch, near Miles City, Montana, claims to be the author." Dobie refused to recognize O'Malley as the author, because, in his opinion opinion, the text of the song was much older.
Under the title, After the Round-Up, the text appeared in the Stock Growers Journal, Oct. 6, 1893, and the words were credited to D. J. White.
Regarding the melody, Lingenfelter says the original version was set to the air of After the Ball, a very popular song of the time.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL-1933), 154-156
Autry (RR), 22-23
Brown, II, 618-619
Clark (CS), 66
Coolidge (TC), 123-125
Fife, 220-221
Frey, 72-73
Henry (FSSH), 351-353
Klickmann, 40-41
Laws (NAB), 134-135
Leisy (LAS), 48-50
Lingenfelter, 432-433
Lomax (CS-1910), 53-54
Lomax (CS-1938), 74-76

Luther, 205-206
Moore (BFSS), 297-300
Nebraska (2), 11-12
Pound (STWS), 27
Pub (TFS), VI, 143
Sandburg (AS), 260-262
Silverman, I, 34
White (CP), 8
White (GALD), 85, 194
Wylder, 19-20

When the Work's All Done This Fall

A group of jolly cowboys discussin' plans at ease,
One said I'll tell you something, boys, if you will
listen, please;
I am an old cow-puncher, and now I'm dressed in rags,
But I used to be a tough one, boys, and go on great
big jags.

I've got a home in Texas, boys, a good one as you all
know,
Altho' I have not seen it since many years ago;
But I'm going home, boys, once more to see them all,
I'm goin' to see my mother when the works all done
this fall.

When this round-up is over, and the shipping is all done,
I'm headin' straight back home, boys, and never mind
the fun;
I've changed my rowdy ways, boys, and swear before
you all:
I'm goin' to see my mother when the work's all done
this fall.

When I left my home, boys, my dear old mother cried;
She begged me not to leave her—for me she would have
died!
My mother's heart was broken, in dreams I hear her call,
And with God's help I'll see her when the work's all
done this fall.

That very night this cowboy went out to stand his
guard,
The night was dark and cloudy, and storming very
hard;
The cattle all were frightened and broke in wild
stampede—
The cowboy tried to stip them while riding at full
speed.

While riding thro' the darkness he gave many a shout,
He tried so hard to head them and turn the herd about;
But when his pony stumbled and onto him did fall—
He will not see his mother when the work's all done
this fall.

They picked him up so gently and laid him on a bed;
His body was so mangled they thought that he was dead.
He opened wide his blue eyes and looking all around,
He smiled at his comrades who were sitting on the
ground.

"Send my poor old mother the wages I have earned,
For it's clear to me, boys, my last steer I've turned;
I'm goin' to a new range, I hear the Master's call,
And I won't see my mother when the work's all done
this fall.

"Fred, you can have my saddle, and George can have my
bed,
Bill can have my pistol, after I am dead."
He closed his eyes and whispered, "I wanted most of all
To go and see my mother when the work's all done this
fall."

They buried him at sunrise, no tombstone at his head;
Nothing but a little board, and this is what it said:
Charlie died at daybreak, he died from a fall,
And he won't see his mother when the work's all done
this fall.

****

No. 1816

WHEN THIS WARFARE'LL BE ENDED
also known as
Children, You'll Be Called On

This old slave spiritual was adapted by blacks from the campground revival hymn, Warfare, a version of which is in Walker (SWPH), 130. Walker's version was reprinted in Jackson (SFS), 235-236. A similar and possibly related spiritual, Stay In The Field, may be seen in Dett, 22 and Work (FSAN), 71.
The version below is the one sung by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Other versions are in Jubilee (PS), 29; Marsh (SJS), 140; and Pike, 222.

When This Warfare'll Be Ended

Brothers, you'll be called on
To march in the field of battle,
When this warfare'll be ended,
O, my Lord!

Chorus

When this warfare'll be ended,
I'm a soldier of the Saviour!
This warfare'll be ended,
I'm a soldier of the cross!

Children, you'll be called on, etc.

Seekers, you'll be called on, etc.

Sisters, you'll be called on, etc.

Sinners, you'll be called on, etc.

****

No. 1817

WHEN UPON THE FIELD OF GLORY

also known as

Weep No Longer When This Cruel War Is Over

This song is the Confederate reply to the Union's very popular Weeping, Sad and Lonely (see in MB). The words are by John Hill Hewitt and the music is credited to H. L. Schreiner. Hewitt may have written the words, but Schreiner did not compose the melody. Henry Tucker composed the melody, as a look at his song Weeping, Sad and Lonely will prove. See Glass (SS-2), 267-269.

When Upon the Field of Glory Tune: Weeping, Sad and Lonely

When upon the field of glory, 'mid the battle cry,
And the smoke of cannon curling round the mountain high;
Then sweet mem'ries will come o'er me, painting home and thee,
Nerving me to deeds of daring, struggling to be free.

Chorus

Weep no longer, dearest, tears are now in vain.
When this cruel war is over, we may meet again.

Oft I think of joys departed, oft I think of thee;
When night's sisters throw around me their star'd canopy.
Dreams so dear come o'er my pillow, bringing up the past,
Oh! how sweet the soldier's visions! Oh! how short they last!

****

No. 1818

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

Traditional version of a popular "home" and "love" type song, written and composed by George W. Johnson and J. A. Butterfield.

REFERENCES

When You and I Were Young, Maggie

I wandered today on the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
That we once knew long ago
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps less sprightly than then;
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
Spray by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

****

No. 1819

WHEN YOU GO A-COURTIN'

also known as

Courting Advice
If You Go A-Courtin'
If You Want to Go A-Courting
Went Out A-Sparkin'
When I Go A-Courtin'
When I Went A-Courtin'

This satirical old song has much in common with two

others in this Master Book: Advice To American Girls and When Boys Go A-Courtin'. In fact, Sharp listed this song and Advice to American Girls together as versions of the same song. Nevertheless, the two songs are not simply versions of each other. The folk process have fused many of these songs and, therefore, some of them have become confused with one another. Satire was popular among frontier Americans, and this song, dealing with courtship and the obstacles to be overcome, was one of the more popular ones. See and compare Brown, V, 235-237 and Randolph, III, 222-224.

REFERENCES

Belden (PLSB), No. 111
Brown, III, 393-394
Downes (1940), 180-187
Downes (1943), 220-221
Fife, 24
Lomax (USA), 42-43
Lunsford, 56-57
McIntosh (FSSG), 41-43
Odum (NHS), 192
Owens (TFS), 112-113
Sharp, II, 6, 8-9
Silverman, I, 90

When You Go A-Courtin'

When you go a-courtin', boys, you'd better not go
To old man Carter's house way down below;
Tots all sniggerin', the old folks gone,
And the girls all mad, with their hair uncombed.

They ain't got the sense to bake a loaf of bread;
They'll throw on a log heap high as your head,
They'll rake out the ashes, then they'll throw
In a great big glop of dough, boys, dough!

I went there a-courtin' and I really know
Exactly what it's like way down below:
Tots all sniggerin', the old folks gone,
And the girls all mad, with their hair uncombed.

Well, I stayed a-sparkin' till I felt real shame,
And every now and then they'd ask my name.
When I told 'em Jimmy, they seemed satisfied,
And giggled and snickered like a brand new bride.

In came the old man with a double-barreled gun,
And the girls yelled, "Jimmy, you better run!"
But I stood and fought just as brave as a bear,
And I tangled my fingers in the old man's hair.

(Repeat First Stanza)

****

No. 1820

WHEN YOUR POTATO'S DONE
also known as
Quan' Patate la Coite

This is a Creole song. The air is a Bamboula, a dance of African rhythm that once was danced on the Place Congo in New Orleans. According to Tobitt, 99, the song is sometimes used to announce to children that a meal is ready.

When Your Potato's Done

When your potato's done,
You should eat it.
Cooked to a turn, not a burn;
When your potato's done,
You should eat it,
You should eat it hot.

When my potato's done
I shall eat it,
Frizzled or charred,
Soft or hard;
When my potato's done
I shall eat it,
If it's good or not!

****

No. 1821

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

also known as

Some Folks Say — Whar Did You Cum From?
Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield

This was a popular minstrel-show song, written by J. B. Harper. The first two lines have floated in and out of several songs. For example, see The Patrolman Will Get You in this Master Book. In the South, this song is known primarily as a children's rhyme. Largely due to the words "a nigger won't steal", however, the song has all but disappeared from print and is no longer in general use.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 500, 508-510; V, 282-283
Ford (TMA), 373
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 425
Marsh (SMM), II, 187
Negro, 411
Odum (NWS), 174
White, 370, 449

Where Did You Come From?

Some folks say a nigger won't steal,
But I caught one in my corn field;
So I ask him 'bout that corn an' he called me a liar,
So I lifted my foot an' I kicked him in the fire!

Chorus

Oh, where did you come from?
Knock a nigger down!
Oh, where did you come from,
Runnin' 'round the town?

****

No. 1822

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

also known as

Der Deitcher's Dog
Dutch Warbler
Poodle Dog Waltz
Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?
You and I Waltz

The tune of this widely known song is from the old German song, In Lauterbach hab' ich mein' Strumpf verloren. The words here were written by Sep Winner, who wrote many popular American songs under the name Alice Hawthorne, including two in this Master Book: Abraham's Daughter and Whispering Hope.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 43
Chamberlain, 280-281
Ford (TMA), 139
Loesser, 147-149
Most (PCS), 86-87
Songs (15), 104
Waite, 50-51
Wier (SWWS), 167
Wier (YAM), I, 78
Yolen, 70

Where Has My Little Dog Gone?

O, where, O, where has my little dog gone?
O, where, O, where can he be?
With his tale cut short and his ear cut long,
O, where, O, where can he be?

Across the ocean in Germanie—
O, where, O, where can he be?
Der Deitcher's dog is der best companie—
O, where, O, where can he be?

Un sausage is goot, bolonie of course, etc.
Dey makes it mit dog and dey makes it mit horse, etc.

****

No. 1823

WHERE, OH, WHERE?
also known as
Where, O Where Are the Verdant Freshmen?

Folk collectors generally ignore such songs as this one, probably because such songs are parodies. This one is a parody of the hymn, Safe in the Promised Land, which is given elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Chamberlain, 265
Lewis, 115
Most (PCS), 94
Oberndorfer, 124-125
Songs (15), 78

Where, OH, Where? Tune: Safe in the Promised Land

Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? (3)
Safe in the Soph'more class!

They've gone out from prescribed English, (3)
Safe in the Soph'more class!

Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? (3)
Safe in the Junior class!

They've gone out from good old Latin, (3)
Safe in the Junior class!

Where, O where are the jolly Juniors? (3)
Safe in the Senior class!

They've gone out from their mathematics, (3)
Safe in the Senior class!

Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? (3)
Safe in the wide, wide world!

They've gone out from their Alma Mater, (3)
Safe in the wide, wide world!

Where, O where are the staid Alumnae? (3)
Lost, lost in the wide, wide world!

They've gone out from their dreams and theories, (3)
Lost, lost in the wide, wide world!

****

No. 1824

WHERE THE CHILLY WINDS DON'T BLOW
also known as
Chilly Wind Chilly Winds

This is a "country blues" piece that is obviously related to Ain't Gonna Be Treated This-a Way (see in MB). It is not rlated to the modern pop, Chilly Winds.

REFERENCES

Downes (1943), 384
Lomax (OSC), 293-294
Roberts (SBS), 153-154
Silverman, II, 61
Silverman (FB), 134-135

Where the Chilly Winds Don't Blow

I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow,
Honey, baby mine;
I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow,
Say "so long" to my old lonesome home!

I'm goin' where there ain't no ice and snow, etc.

I'm never coming back to this old place, etc.

I'm goin' where nobody knows my name, etc.

You're never gonna see my face no more, etc.

****

No. 1825

WHISKEY JOHNNY

also known as

Adams, 318
Baltzer, I, 86
Beck (FLM), 194
Bernard, 434
Bone, 82-83
Boughton, 114
Bradford, No. 5
Briggs, 103
Brown, V, 503-504
Brown (JL), 45
Bullen & Arnold, 28
Clark (CSE), 116
Colcord, 49-50
Davis (SSC), 36-37
Doerflinger, 15-16
Eckstorm, 238-239
Edwards (CHSB), 75
Grainger, No. 167
Harlow (1948), 84
Harlow (1962), 63
Hugill (1), 274-279
Hugill (2), 189-191
Jewell, 187
Jour (AFL), XIX, 19; LIX, 113
Jour (FSS), VIII, 96
King, 11
Leisy, 353-354
Linscott, 151-152
Loesser, 212-213
Lomax (ABFS), 486-487
Mackenzie, 271-272, 402
Masefield (SG), 349-351
Masefield (SS), 67
Meloney, 25
Patterson (SA), 218
Riesenberg, 106
Robinson, 101
Sandburg (AS), 403
Sharp (EFC-2), No. 48
Shay (ASSC), 55
Shay (PF-1), 129-130
Shay (PF-3), 70
Shay (IMWS), 82
Silverman, II, 270
Smith (MW), 28, 31
Smith (BOS), 36-37
Terry, I, 52-53
Trevine, 22
Trident, 118-119
Turner, 39
Whall (SSS), 97
Williams (SC), 79
Williams (SFS), 7

Whiskey Johnny

Whiskey is the life of man, Whiskey Johnny!
And I'll drink whiskey while I can,
Whiskey Johnny!

Whiskey straight and whiskey strong, etc.
Give me a drink and I'll sing you a song, etc.

Whiskey makes me wear old clothes, etc.
And whiskey gave me a broken nose, etc.

Whiskey killed my poor old dad, etc.
And whiskey drove my mother mad, etc.

If booze comes too near my nose, etc.
I tip it up and down she goes, etc.

****

No. 1826

WHISPERING HOPE

This religious song was written by Septimus Winner under an alias, Alice Hawthorne. For additional information about Winner, see headnotes to Abraham's Daughter in this Master Book.
For other versions, see Leisy (LAS), 124 and Luther, 213.

Whispering Hope

Soft as the voice of an angel,
Breathing a lesson unheard,
Hope, with a gentle persuasion,
Whispers her comforting word.
Wait till the darkness is over,
Wait till the tempest is done,
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow,
After the shower is gone.
Whispering hope, O, how welcome thy voice!
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice.

****

No. 1827

WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE

also known as

Cheer Up, Cheer Up, Daughter
Schpinn, Schpinn
Spin, Daughter, Spin
Whistle, Whistle Auld Wife

This is a "joke" song that was Americanized sometime during the 18th century. European tradition has contributed several variations on the same theme. A French song (or round) with the same motif dates from the 16th century. See Ah! Si Mon Moine Voulait Danser! in Gagnon, 129-130.
For a Pennsylvania-Dutch version, in which the task is spinning rather than whistling, see Korson (PSL), 85-87.

REFERENCES

Boyer, 60-66
Brown, II, 457-458; IV, 244-245
Chambers (PRS), 25
Davis (FSV), 232
Ford (CR), 136
Gardner (FSH), 201
Halliwell (NRE), 219
Halliwell (PRNT), 218
Joyce (AIM), 27
Karpeles (EFS), II, 19
Leisy, 350-351
Lomax (FSNA), 213
Mason (SLI), 87
Moore (BFSS), 212-213
Morris, 420
Newell, 96-97
Niles (SHF), 24-25
Northall, 295
Notes (4th ser.), II, 274
Opie, No. 128
Piper (SPPG), 273-274
Pound, 225
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 257-259
Randolph, I, 410-412
Reeves, 223-224
Sharp, II, 169
Sharp (EFS), I, 100
Sharp (FSFS), No. 62
Sharp (100), 134-135
Silber (HSB), 80
Silverman, I, 94

Mother, I would marry,
Yes, I would be a bride;
And I would have a young man
Forever at my side.
For if I had a young man,
O, how happy I would be,
For I am tired and, O! so weary
Of my singularity.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a cow.
I cannot whistle, mother;
I guess I don't know how.
But if I had a young man,
O, how happy I would be,
For I am tired and, O! so weary
Of my propriety.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a sheep.
I cannot whistle, mother,
I can only weep.
But if I had a young man,
O, how happy I would be,
For I am tired and, O!, so weary
Of my virginity.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a man.
I cannot whistle, mother..(<u>whistles</u>)
You impudent daughter!
What makes you whistle now?
I'd rather whistle for a man
Than a sheep or cow!

****

No. 1828

WHITE COCKADE
also known as
The Summer Morning

This is an old Scottish song. The tune is known in England, Ireland, and the United States. The song dates back to the first half of the 18th century, and has a varied history. According to Moffat (MI), 84, the tune "probably crept into Ireland about 1745," and he prints a lullaby sung to it: Hush, Baby Mine. Randolph, I, 429, has a version of King William B (see in MB) which he says is part of the White Cockade, a Jacobite song.

The tune is best and most widely recognized in the United States as a fiddle-dance piece, and the words are seldom encountered.

The text below is one reported by Kidson as The Summer Morning, and he says "the song itself is apparently of the date of the latter part of the eighteenth century." Versions of the song are in Dixon (1844) and Herd, II, (1776), as well as in Kidson (FSNC), 44-45.

For a version with a different text, see Greig & Duncan, No. 124. Also see and compare: Wehman (ISB), No. 1, p. 80.

For American traditional versions of the tune, see Ford (TMA), 109; Linscott, 117, 120; and Shaw, 391.

White Cockade

'Tis true my love has 'listed, he wears a white cockade,
He is a handsome, tall young man, beside a roving blade;
He is a handsome young man, and he's gone to serve the king,—
O, my very heart is breaking, all for the love of him!

My love is tall and handsome, and comely for to see,
And by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he;
I hope that man that 'listed him may not prosper
night or day,
For I wish that the Hollanders may send him in the sea.

O, may he never prosper, O, may he never thrive,
For anything he takes in hand so long as he's alive;
May the very grass he treads upon the ground refuse
to grow,
Since he's been the only cause of my sorrow, grief,
and woe.

Then he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped her
flowing eyes,
"Leave off these lamentations, likewise these doleful
sighs;
Leave off your grief and sorrow, while I march o'er
the plain,
We'll be married, we'll be married, when I return
again."

****

No. 1829

WHITE CREEK

This is a fiddle tune, played for "show" and for country dancing. Although it is a traditional tune, the only work in which I have seen a published version is Thede, p. 111. Thede said the title "possibly alludes to the Missouri White Creek."
No known words, except for those used by "callers" at square dances. See music under TUNES.

****

No. 1830

WHITE OAK TREES
also known as

Coffee Grows On a High,
or White Oak Tree
Coffee Grows On White
Folks' Trees
Coffee Grows On White
Oak Trees
Daisy
Four in the Middle
Green Coffee Grows
Hello, Susan Brown
I'll Put My Knapsack
on My Back
Josey
Jump Josie
Marching to Quebec
My Little Darling Pink
My Pretty Little Pink
My Pretty Pink
Old Quebec
Pretty Little Pink
Quebec Town
To Old Quebec
We Are Marching to
Quebec
We're Marching Down to
Old Quebec

This is a "play-party" song that once enjoyed an immense popularity in America. It was widely circulated through oral transmission and, as a result, it develped many forms.

One form, Quebec Town, originated during the Revolutionary War. Both Newell and Pound assigned it to the War of 1812 (see Pound, The Cambridge History of American Literature, p. 505). The same form, according to Brown, was a product of the War with Mexico. And so it goes.

Place and time of origin may be areguable, but one fact is certain: The song continued to grow and develop many variated versions at a rapid pace. Lines and stanzas were absorbed into it from many sources, and, in turn, its lines were borrowed for use in other songs. For examples of these floaters, see: Down in Alabama; Four in the Middle; Hold My Mule; Josey; Little Brown Jug; Railroad, Steamboat, River and Canal; Sugar and Tea; Wilson's Barroom; and Winding Up the Ballroom.

Also see and compare: Hold My Mule, or Miss Susan Brown in Scarborough (NFS), 105-106; Cuckoo Waltz in Sandburg (AS), 160; Susie Brown in Botkin (APPS), 319-320; and Mister Cooler in Douthitt, 33, Dudley & Payne, 21-22, and Jour (AFL), XXVII, 253-254. Botkin (APPS), 34, reports two songs (Marching Round the Levee and Gents to the Center) which have been crossed with White Oak Trees, and says that some thirty-three game variants were recovered in Oklahoma alone.

We have here an example of a song that arises out of another by the process of division, namely Pretty Little Pink and White Oak Trees. One can only guess when the song or certain parts of it originated. Stanzas such as "Going down the river" complicate the problem of identity by sometimes showing up as an isolated fragment and by being published as a song in its own right. Examples of this are Pretty Little Pink, I'll Put a Knapsack on My Back, and Quebec Town.

Again, some lines are extracted from stanzas, arranged together as one stanza and added to a totally unrelated song. For an example of this process, see The Big Rock Candy Mountain in Milburn, 61-62, 87-89.

Faced with such problems of identity as described above, I have set down various versions, together with a list of references, and left the problem exactly as I found it. To make the point even more forcefully, consider this fact: In some areas of America, the line "we're marching to Quebec" becomes "we're marching to New Orleans," and during World War II it became "Marching down to Old Berlin."

The six versions below (A thro F) are representative of the total number of versions available.

REFERENCES

Ball, 19
Botkin (APPS), 164-170, 351-353
Botkin (PPO), 20
Brown, I, 118; III, 110-112; V, 55, 524
Cambiaire, 136
Davis (FSV), 219-220
Douthitt, 36
Dudley & Payne, 21-22
Duncan (PPHC), 5
Gardner (FSH), 244
Hamilton, 293, 303
Henry (FSSH), 262-264
Hoke, 118
Hudson (FSM), 301
Hudson (SMFL), 129-130
Johnson (WTS), 229-230
Jour (AFL), XXV, 14
Kittredge (BRK), 275
Lair, 32
Lomax (USA), 100-102
McDowell, 18-19
McDowell (FDT), 36-41
Mooney, 104
Morris, 205-206
Newell, 125-126, 245-246
Perrow, XXVIII, 187
Pound (PB), 204
Price, 72
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 255-256; VIII, 204, 221
Randolph, III, 296, 309-313
Randolph (Ozarks), 146-147, 154-156
Randolph (OPP), 206-207, 213
Roberts (IP), 234-235
Sandburg (AS), 166
Scarborough (NFS), 105
Shearin (SKFS), 37
Talley, 107
Van Doren, 491
Wedgewood, 271
Wolford; 33, 65, 103

White Oak Trees (Version A)

Coffe grows on white oak trees,
The river flows with brandy O!
Go choose someone to dance with you,
As sweet as 'lasses candy O!

Fly around, my little girl,
Go fly around, my daisy O!
Now ev'ry time I see that girl
She almost runs me crazy O!

Wheel around and whirl around,
For I can't dance, my Josie, O!
Just hold that girl and go to town,
And ev'ry thing is rosy O!

VERSION B

Coffe grows on white folks' trees,
But the black man can get that when he please;
The white folks loves their milk and brandy,
But that black gal's sweeter than 'lasses
candy.

Coffee grows on white folks' trees,
The river runs with milk and brandy;
The rocks are broke and filled with gold,
And that black gal loves the high-hat dandy.

VERSION C

also known as

Four in the Middle Hello, Susan Brown

Sugar grows on white oak trees,
The pretty little girl makes a frown;
I think she's sweet and very neat,—
Hello, Susan Brown.

Four in the middle and I can't dance Josie,
Four in the middle and I can't get around;
Four in the middle and I can't dance Josie,
Hellow, Susan Brown.

VERSION D

also known as

My Pretty Little Pink

This form of White Oak Trees is recognized as a song in its own right and, historically, it has the distinction of being the first song-text published in the Journal of American Folklore, in 1889.
The "pretty little pink" expression probably came from the older English game song, Pretty Miss Pink (see Gomme, II, 77).
See and compare: Daisy in Edmands (SMNC), 134 and Henry (MSSH), 89-90. Also see: Ring Game in Kennedy (BC), 197; Mooney, 104; Newell, 245; Owens (TFS), 101; and Scott (FSS), 33.
For a different, unrelated Pretty Little Pink, see Come On, My Pink, An' Tell Me What You Think in this Master Book.

.....

My pretty little pink, I used to think
That you and I would marry,
But now I've lost all hopes of you,
And I have no time to tarry.

I'll take my knapsack on my back,
My gun upon my shoulder,
And march away to New Orleans
To fight where it's less colder.

There money grows on white oak trees,
The rivers flow with brandy,
The streets are paved with radiant gold,
And the girls are sweet as candy.

My pretty little pink, let's have a drink,
To celebrate our parting;
I only have an hour or two,
And it's time that I was starting.

I'm on my way to New Orleans,
Where girls are sweet and handy;

And if you never hear from me,
I'll be dead from drinking brandy.

VERSION E

I'll take my knapsack on my back,
My gun upon my shoulder,
I'll march on down to Quebec town,
And fight where it's much colder.

There money grows on white oak trees,
The river flows with brandy,
The streets are paved with yellow gold,
And the girls are sweet as candy.

The rooster spreads his tail and crows,
The pheasant is a dandy,
The whippoorwill just sings all night,
So keep your rifle handy.

VERSION F

We're marching on to old Quebec,
And loud the drums are beating;
The Rebels brave have won the fight,
The Yankees are retreating.

There coffee grows on white oak trees,
The rivers flow with brandy,
The streets are paved with shining gold,
And the girls are nice and handy.

It's wheel and turn and move along,
No time to dance, my darling O!
Just kiss me now and let me go,
No time to dance, my darling O!

****

No. 1831

WHOA! HA! BUCK AND JERRY BOY

This frontier song was preserved in Mormon musical tradition as well as by cowboys and other rural folk.

REFERENCES

Cheney, 50-51 Fife, 54-55 Lomax (FSNA), 334

Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy
Tune: Turkey in the Straw, i. e. Zip Coon

With a merry little jog and a gay little song,
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.
We trudge our way the whole day long,
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.
Although we're covered all over with dust,
We'll reach Salt Lake some day or bust!
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.

There's a pretty little girl in the outfit ahead,
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.
I wish she was by my side instead,
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.
Look at her now with a pout on her lips
As daintily with her finger tips
She picks for the fire some buffalo chips.
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.

Oh, tonight we'll dance by the light of the moon,
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.
To the fiddler's best and only tune,
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.
Holding her hand and stealing a kiss,
But never a step of the dance we miss,
Never did know a love like this!
Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.

****

No. 1832

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?
also known as

Cock, or Cocky Robin Who Killed Poor Robin?

This song may date back to the 14th century. Or so Lomax (FSNA) indicates. One theory has the rhyme associated with the intrigues surrounding the downfall of Robert Walpole's ministry in England during 1742. Another theory has it developing from an early myth, such as the old Norse tale of the death of Balder. The earlist date known for the rhyme is 1744, but everyone seems agreed that it is much older. According to Opie, 132, "it may well have been an old rhyme which was resurrected, or perhaps rewritten, in Walpole's time..."
In the United States, this piece is known as a children's song.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (BNSR), 90
Brown, IV, 330-331
Chase (AFTS), 177-178
Cole, 50-51
Ford (CR), 101
Fuson, 56-57
Henry (FSSH), 406-407
Langstaff (1), 58-59
Lomax (FSNA), 181
Morris, 429-430
Opie, 130
Perkins, II, 26
Ritchie (FS), 72
Roberts (SBS), 188-189
Sharp, II, 299-302
Shekerjian, 104-105
Silverman, I, 193
Winn (1), 74
Yolen, 138-139

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

Chorus

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighin' and a-sobbin'
When they heard of the death
Of poor Cock Robin—
When they heard of the death
Of poor Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell."

Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the owl,
"With my little trowel,
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said the rook,
"With my bell and book,
I'll be the parson."

Who'll be the chief mourner?
"I," said the dove,
"I'll mourn for my love,—
I'll be the chief mourner."

****

No. 1833

WHO'LL BE THE BINDER?
also known as

Hawwer Reche
I'll Be the Reaper
It Mists, It Rains
It Rains and It Hails
It Snows and It Blows
It's Raining, It's Hailing
The Miller Boy
Raking Oats
Reap, Boys, Reap
Who Is the Reaper?

There are several forms to this old game song, and some of them are difficult to identify and relate with any degree of certainty. In Downes (1940), 199 and (1943), 233, there is a fragment called It's Raining, It's Pouring that could very well be a version of this song, but Downes says it is "a nursery rhyme" version of Itiskit, Itaskit (see in MB).
For four game-songs that are obviously related to this one, see: Cold, Cold Frosty Morning in Heck, 14; Cold, Stormy Morning in Spenney, 112; It's A-Hailin' in Bales, 107; and Miller Boy in Dudley & Payne, 13.
Korson (PSL) gives a Pennsylvania-Dutch form of the song, and says: "German authorities trace stanza 2 to a sixteenth-century German game called Mowing the Oats." Newell prints a Finnish version from the Baltic Coast and mentions coming upon the "game once more in North Germany."
In America we find it as both a kissing and a ring game.

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Botkin (APPS), 212-213
Brown, I, 127; V, 527
Clarke, 288
Gardner (FSH), 234
Kit, P, 13
Korson (PSL), 110
Newell, 84-86
Piper (SPPG), 270
Sharp, II, 380
Stoudt, 87

Who'll Be the Binder?

In comes the farmer,
Drinking all the cider;
I have a true love
And don't know where to find her.
Go round the ring,
And see if you can find her;
If you cannot find her,
Go and choose another one.

It rains, it hails,
It's cold, stormy weather,
In comes the farmer,
He's drinking all the cider.
You be the reaper
And I'll be the binder;
I've lost my true love
And I don't know where to find her.

****

No. 1834

WHOOPEE TI YI YO
also known as

Get Along, Little Dogies Little Doogie
Git Along, Little Dogies Run Along, You Little Dogies
Go On, You Little Dogies Whoopee High Ogie

This is one of the better known cowboy songs. Music publishers have included versions of it in folios for at least fifty years. The popular hit of the 1940s, Cow-Cow Boogie, sung by Ella Mae Morse, was based on it.
Lomax (FSNA), 373-374, has a song that is a combination of this and Baby, Lie Easy (see in MB).
Whoopee Ti Yi Yo dates from the 1860s, in the years

of the Long Drive, when huge herds of Texas longhorns were driven overland from Texas to the railheads in Kansas. Song first appeared in print in the 1910 edition of John Lomax's Cowboy Songs. However, it was mentioned in Adams (LC), 313, in 1902.

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Allen (CL-1933), 94-95
Arnett, 126
Best, 124
Botkin (AFL), 853-854
Briegel (4), 32-33
Clark (CS), 67
Emrich (CBF), 35
Emrich (FAL), 484-485
Felton, 58-62
Fife, 206-207
Fife (FAC), III, 27
Frey, 20-21
Gaines (SCCS), 148-149
Hull, 41-42
Ives (SA), 204-206
Klickmann, 36-37
Larkin (1931), 91-97
Larkin (1963), 98-104
Leisy, 358-359
Leisy (LAS), 50-51
Lingenfelter, 365-366
Lomax (ABFS), 385-389
Lomax (CS-1919), 87-91
Lomax (CS-1938), 4-7
Lomax (FSNA), 372
Lomax (OSC), 237
Lomax (USA), 204-205
Luther, 203
Lynn (CS), 5
Moore (BFSS), 291-293
Morris, 43-44
Oberndorfer, 35
Out West (3/1908), 181
Pound, 174-175
Sackett, 18-19
Sandburg (AS), 268-269
Silverman, I, 44
Sires, 44-45
Thorp (1921), 70-71
Weavers, 32-36
White (GALD), 16-19
Whitman, 70
Wylder, 47-48
Yolen, 41-43

Whoopee Ti Yi Yo

As I was out walking one morning for pleasure,
I spied a poor cowboy come riding along;
His hat was throwed back and his spurs were a-jinglin'
And when he passed by he was singin' this song:

Chorus

Whoopee ti yi yo, get along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune an' none of my own,
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along, little dogies,
For you know Wyomin' will be your new home.

It's early in the spring when we round-up the dogies,
And mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails;
We round up our horses and load the chuck wagon,
And then turn the dogie herd out on the trail.

It's whoopin' and yellin', and driving the dogies,
And, oh, how I wish that you all would go on,
Whoopin' and yellin', get along, little dogies,
For you know Wyomin' will be your new home.

Some cowboys go up the trail only for pleasure,
But that's where you get it most awfully wrong;
You ain't got no idea the trouble they give us,
As we go drivin' them dogies along.

When night time comes on we hold to the bed ground
Them little dogies that roll on so slow;
It's roll up the trail-herd, cut out the stray ones,
And push little dogies that don't want to go.

Your mother was raised a way down in Texas,
Where the tall jimson weeds and the big sand-burrs
grow;
And now we'll fill you up on cholla and cactus,
Till you roll the long trail to far Idaho.

O, you'll make good soup for Uncle Sam's Indians:
It's "good beef" and "heap beef" I hear 'em all cry.
Get along, get along, get along, little dogies,
You'll all be good old beef-steers bye and bye.

****

No. 1835

WHO'S BEEN HERE SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE?

also known as

Old Aunt Jenny	Poor Old Howard's Dead and Gone
Poor Howard	Pretty Little Girl
Poor Old Howard	Pretty Little Girl With the Red Dress On

The only information I have on this song is this: it is known as a children's song and as a country-dance tune.

REFERENCES

Ford OTFM), 7	Silber (HSB), 101
Ford (TMA), 48	Silverman, II, 143
Seeger (1), 132-133	Talley, 172

Who's Been Here Since I've Been Gone?

Old Howard's dead and gone,
Left me here to sing my song;
Old Howard's dead and gone,
Left me here to sing my song.

Who's been here since I've been gone?
Pretty little girl with the red dress

Pretty little girl with the red dress on,
Left me here to sing my song.

Who's been here since I've been gone?
Great big man with a derby on.

Great big man with a derby on
Left me here to sing my song.

Who's been here since I've been gone?
Old aunt Jenny with her nightcap on.

Old aunt Jenny with her nightcap on
Left me here to sing my song.

****

No. 1836

WIDOW OF THE LAND

also known as

Here Comes an Old Woman from Sunderland
The Hiring
The Lady of Babyland
The Lady of Babylon
Lady of the Land
The Old Woman from Barbary
Old Woman from Cumberland
School Teacher
There Comes a Poor Widow from Barbary-land
Widow With Daughters to Marry

An old English game-song found in many variations in different areas of the United States. Newell, who says it is a love-game, relates it to The Juniper Tree (see in MB). He also relates it to another song in this Master Book, namely, the French-Canadian J'ai Tant d'enfants a Marier.

Regarding the game itself, Gomme, I, 319 says it "no doubt originates from the country practice of hiring servants at fairs, or from a dramtic 'Hirings' being acted at Harvest Homes." It was also Gomme's opinion that the "lover" incident is an interpolation, and had no part in the older versions.

REFERENCES

Babcock, 260
Chambers (PRS), 136
Gomme, I, 313-319; II, 381-382
Halliwell (NRE), 72
Halliwell (NRNT), 229
Hornby, 100
Newell, 56-58, 255
Northall, 374

Widow of the Land

Here comes the widow of the land
With her three daughters well in hand.
Pray take my daughter in.
(Spoken): What can she do?

O, she can brew and she can bake,
And she can make a wedding cake
Fit for a king or queen.
(Spoken): Pray leave her.

****

No. 1837

THE WIDOW'S SINGLE DAUGHTER

also known as

Daughter, O Daughter I Am A Rich Widow The Rich Widow

This is a game and play-party song of the "kissing" variety; it has been known in America during and since colonial times. Actually, it is a variation of the preceding song, Widow of the Land. For other similar songs, see The Cushion Dance in Karpeles, 256, All Down to Sleep and The Juniper Tree in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Backus, 298
Clarke, 325
Linscott, 19-20
Newell, 256

The Widow's Single Daughter

I am a rich widow
Who lives all alone;
I have but one daughter,
And she is now grown.
Oh, daughter, oh, daughter,
Go choose you a man;
Choose you a good one,
The best that you can.

****

No. 1838

WILD BILL JONES
also known as
Bill Jones

An American song about jealousy and murder, and one that may have began as a regular "pop" creation for the music market. However, I have seen no proof of this, and know practically nothing about the song's place of origin. Cecil Sharp apparently thought it originated in England; he did include a version in his Appalachian collection, but he may have been making a judgment based on certain lines from English songs that were in the versions he recovered.

REFERENCES

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Campbell & Sharp, No. 99
Chappell (FSRA), 193
Combs (FSKH), 24-25
Combs (FSMEU), 209
Henry (FSSH), 323-324
Hudson (FSM), 239-240
Laws, E 10
Lomax (FSNA), 270-271
Lunsford, 6
McGill, 25
Randolph, II, 105-106
Richardson (AMS), 36-37
Roberts (SBS), 111
Sharp, II, 74
Sparth (WSM), 134-135

Wild Bill Jones

One day when I was a-ramblin' around,
I met up with Wild Bill Jones
A-walkin' and talkin' to my Lula girl,
An' I tol' him to leave her alone.

"Well," he said, "my age it is twenty-three,
Too old for to be controlled!"
I drew my revolver, for him to see,
And destroyed that poor boy's soul.

He rolled and staggered and fell to the
ground,
And he gave a dying groan,
Then he turned his eyes on my Lula girl's
face,
Saying, "Honey, you're left all alone."

On my wrists they fastened the handcuffs, boys,
Then they marched me to Franklin jail.
I had no friends or relations there,
And no one would go my bail.

My Lula girl stood a-starin' at me,
And these are the only words she said:
"Poor boy, I know you're in trouble today,
But never hang down your head."

If I had a-listened to what mama said,
I'd be at home with her today;
I wouldn't be here in Franklin jail
A-worryin' my life away.

So pass your jugs and bottles around,
And let's all have a spree!
Today was the last of Wild Bill Jones,
An' tomorrow'll be the last of me.

****

No. 1839

THE WILD BOY I
also known as
Bold Jack Donahoe, or Donahoo, or Donahue
Jack Donahoe, or Donahoo, or Donahue

This "wild boy" or "badman" ballad was thought by many to be an Irish original, but Mackenzie disagreed; he thought it was Australian. There are many varying versions of this song, and some of them

are the result of professional rewrites. For example, an Irish stage version was printed in Johnny Roach's New Variety Songster, New York, Frank Starr & Co., late 1960s. The same version was reprinted in Wehman (ISB), No. 4, 1893, p. 12 and in a Wehman broadside, No. 751.

According to Lomax (FSNA), this song is a "relative of Van Dieman's Land" (see in MB). For an interesting cowboy variation, see The Wild Montana Boy in Lomax (CS-1938), 167-168.

This song has also been associated with several similar ballads, including the three others in this numbered series: The Wild Boy II, III and IV.

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 270-271
Beck (SML), 237-238
Edwards (CHSB), 170
Hudson (BSM), 135-136
Hudson (FSM), 241-242
Lomax (CS-1919), 64-65
Lomax (CS-1938), 209-212
Lomax (FSNA), 117-119
Mackenzie, 306-308, 405
Mackenzie (QB), 66-68
O'Conor, 22-23
Pound, 158-159
Wells, 304-305

The Wild Boy I

Come all you gallant bush-rangers and outlaws of
disdain,
Who scorn to live in fear as slaves or wear a binding chain;
Attention pay to what I say, and value it if you do,
And I'll relate the tragic fate of Bold Jack Donahue.

This bold unfearing highwayman, I'll have you understand,
Was banished for his entire life from Erin's happy
land.

In Dublin town of fair renown his first breath he
ever drew,
And his deeds of valor entitled him a man both bold
and true.

He scarcely there had reached his fate on the
Australian shore
When he took to the highway as he had done before.
There was Mathew Marr, Jack Woods, Tim Warbly, and
Wagelo too;
All four were daring comrades of bold Jack Donahue.

It happened Jack was taken in the middle of his prime
And banished for his natural life for some outrageous
crime;
But he left all the constables of Sydney in a fiery
stew,—
Before they ever reached Sydney jail they lost Jack
Donahue.

As soon as he had escaped he turned to robbing
straightaway;
The people were afraid to travel the roads by night
or day.
And every day the papers would all publish something
new
Concerning the highway escapades of bold Jack and
his crew.

Now Donahue and his companions walked out one afternoon,
And never gave a thought to the fate that would afflict
them soon;
To their surprise the horse-police came riding into
view,
And in quick time they did advance to take Jack
Donahue.

The captain said to Donahue, "Lay down your carbine!
Or do you intend to fight us all? It's wiser to re-
sign."
"To surrender to such cowardly dogs is something I
can't do!
This day I'll fight for liberty," cried bold Jack
Donahue.

The captain and the sargeant then did their men divide,
And some fired behind him and some fired at his side;
The air was filled with bullets and before they were
through
A bullet struck and pierced the heart of bold Jack
Donahue.

****

No. 1840

THE WILD BOY II
also known as

Jack Dollin

The Wild Colloina, or Colonial Boy

This and the preceding song are sometimes mistakenly associated, as if they were both derived from the same source. The song is both Irish a nd Australian, but the air is unquestionably Irish, for it belongs to a Gaelic song known as Fainne Geal an Lae.
The text tells the story of one Jack Dowling who, according to Notes and Queries, 159: 101, was an Australian bush-ranger of the 1870s. And, as the first stanza informs us, he was born in Ireland.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 63
Beck (FLM), 98-99
Beck (SML), 239-240
Edwards (CHSB), 172
Flanders (VFSB), 130-131
Friedman, 374-375

Gardner (BSSM), 326-328
Gordon (OSMS), Dec. 20, 1925
Lomax (OSC), 320-321
Mackenzie, 317
Manny, 304-305
Okun, 121-123
Silverman, I, 56-57

The Wild Boy II

It's of a wild colonial boy,
Jack Dowling was his name,
And he was born in Ireland,
In the town of Castle main.
He was his father's only pride,
His mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love
Their wild colonial boy.

When he was sixteen years of age
Jack left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny shore
Was much inclined to roam.
He robbed a wealthy squire
And stabbed young James McCoy;
With tremblin' hands they gave their gold
To the wild colonial boy.

When Jack was eighteen years of age
He began his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger,
A spirit that knew no fear;
He robbed the rich and helped the poor,
The prairie did destroy—
A terror to Australia was
The wild colonial boy.

One morning on the prairie
Young Jack he rode along,

A-listening to the mockingbirds
As they sang a happy song,
When up rode three troopers,
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy;
They hollered, "Stop! We know you are
The wild colonial boy!

"Surrender now," cried Kelly,
"You see we're three to one.
Surrender in the Queen's name!
Your robbing days are done."
"It's little time I'll have to fight,
But I'll do so with joy.
I never will surrender, sir!"
Cried the wild colonial boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly
And brought him to the ground,
And then he turned to Davis,
But as he whirled around
A bullet from the pistol
In the hand of young Fitzroy,
It pierced his chest and rendered up
The wild colonial boy.

****

No. 1841

THE WILD BOY III
also known as

John Wesley Hardin The Wild, Wild Texas Boy

This ballad is about the career of John Wesley Hardin, said to have been the most deadly gunman in the history of the American West. Obviously influenced by the preceding song, it is from Dickson Hall's MGM Album, Outlaws of the Old West and reprinted here with his permission.

The Wild Boy III Tune: The Wild Boy II

There was a wild, wild Texas boy,
John Hardin was his name;
He lived and died on Texas soil,
And shot his way to fame.
He was his father's favorite son,
His mother's pride and joy—
A terror to the Frontier was
The wild, wild Texas boy.

At the early age of fifteen years
A notch was on his gun;
He was too young to hang, they said,
But not too young to run.
The Civil War was ending then
And soldiers ruled the West;
But they could never capture him,
Altho' they tried their best.

For years he rode the outlaw trail,
His freedom to enjoy,
And then a woman tried to change
The wild, wild Texas boy.
Alas! it was too late for him
To put away his gun—
His notches were too many then—
They numbered twenty-one.

The law set out to get him,
And a price was on his head;
They meant to get that Texas boy,
Alive, or even dead.
Texas Rangers captured him
And justice did prevail;
The judge he faced was grave and firm,
And gave him life in jail.

In twenty years a pardon came
And Johnny rode to town;
The one day in El Paso
A marshal shot him down.
The life that Johnny Hardin lived
Produced more grief than joy,
Yet there were those who dearly loved
The wild, wild Texas boy.

****

No. 1842

THE WILD BOY IV
also known as

Johnnie (Johnny) Troy
Johnnie Try
Song of a Hero

An old song with many similarities to The Wild Boy I (above). According to Gardner (BSSM), the text obtained in Michigan came from the California goldfields. The version below, text and tune, was given to me by Don Canton, Syracuse, New York.

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 272-273
Beck (SML), 235-236
Gardner (BSSM), 329-331
Henry (SMBFS), 37-39
Jour (AFL), XXVII, 91-92

The Wild Boy IV

Come all you roaming bush-rangers, you outlaws of
the land,
Who scorn to live in slavery or wear a convict's band;
Come, listen to my story, a tale of little joy,
The tale of bygone days, the days of Johnny Troy.

Now Troy was born in Dublin, a city of much fame,
And he had honest parents, and all will say the same.

When Johnny turned to robbing, they shipped him o'er the main
For seven long years, to wear a convict's chain.

With Troy was Bob Harrison, Bill Jackson, and Tim Dunn—
Four of the most desperate men who ever held a gun!
Then Troy said to Jackson, "Each of you load his piece;
This very night we'll fight against the horse police!"

Now six well-armed policemen were seated round about,
And they were not surpirsed at Troy's breaking out;
For they had long suspected one day he'd made a push,
And all of them rode bravely out into the bush.

They chanced to meet a traveler upon the king's high-way,
And Troy rode straight up to him and these words he did say:
"Your gold watch and your money put quickly in my hand—
I will blow out your brains, if you refuse to stand!

"I've never owned a watch or clock," the old man then replied,
"But for a wife and family I daily do provide."
"If that is true, I'm sorry," said gallant Johnny Troy;
"And you shall not be robbed by me or by my boys."

Then Troy mounted on his steed, but before he rode away,
He said, "Here's fifty pounds, ol' man, to help you on your way.
I'll help the poor when I can, the rich I will annoy;
The people here know me well,—they call me Johnny Troy."

****

No. 1843

THE WILDWOOD FLOWER
also known as

A Fair Wildwood Flower
The Frail Wildwood Flower
The Pale Amarantus
The Pale Wildwood Flower
Raven Black Hair

Beautiful as it is, this old song comes to us without much solid information concerning time and place of origin. Collectors who have included versions of it in their works had very little to say about the song, limiting themselves, generally, to a mention of other books in which it appears.
Wildwood Flower became rather popular in the United States after being "doctored" by A. P. Carter and recorded on RCA-Victor Records by The Carter Family. It's popularity was due, in large measure, to the guitar picking style of Maybelle Carter. The Carter version was published and copyrighted by Peer International Corporation, New York City, in 1935.
The song is far older, however, and dates back into the 19th century, probably originating in England. In 1941 the melody was used again for a modern folk song, The Sinking of the Reuben James, which was recorded by The Almanac Singers.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 309-311; V, 187-189
Davis (FSV), 86
Edwards (CHSB), 41
Henry (BMFS), 48-49
Leisy, 359-361
Okun, 26-27
Randolph, IV, 315-317
Ritchie (SFC), 272
Shearin (SKFS), 24-25
Silber (HSB), 44
Silverman, II, 138

The Wildwood Flower

I will twine all the strands
Of my raven black hair
With the roses so red
And the lilies so fair.
The myrtle, oh, so bright,
With its emerald hue,
And the pale and the leader,
And eyes look so blue.

Oh, he promised to love me,
He promised to love,
To cherish me always
All others above;
I woke from my dream
And my idol was clay,
My passion for loving
Had vanished away.

Oh, he taught me to love him,
He called me his flower,
A blossom to cheer him
Thro' life's weary hour;
But now he has gone
And he's left me alone,
The wild flowers to weep
And the wild birds to roam.

I'll dance and I'll sing
And my heart will be gay,
I'll banish this weeping,
Drive troubles away;
I'll live yet to see him
Regret this dark hour,
When he won and neglected
This frail wildwood flower.

****

No. 1844

WILL DAVY, MY SON

also known as

Billy Randall
The Croodin Doo
The Croodlin Doo
The Cup of Cold Poison
Dear Wilson, My Son
Dirante, My Son
Fair Nelson, My Son
Fair Randall, My Son
Fileander, My Son
Henry, My Son
Jeems Randal
Jimmie Randal
Jimmie Rendal
Jimmy Randal (Rando)
Jimmy Randolph
Jimmy Random, My Son
John Bramble
John Elsie
Johnnie Randolph
Johnny Ramsaey
Johnny Randall
Johnny Randolph
John Willow
Jonny Rilla
Laird Rowlands
Lord Henry
Lord Nelson
Lord Randal (Randall)
Lord Ransom
Lord Rendal
Lord Ronald, My Son
Mother, Make My Bed
Mother, Make My Bed Soon
My Fine Handsome Boy
My Own Darling Boy
My Own Pretty Boy
My Rambling Young Son
My Ramboling Son
O Billy, My Son
Oh, Where Have You Been?
Randall, My Son
Sweet Nelson, My Son
Tiranti, My Love
Tyranna, My Son
Tyranty
Tyranty, My Son
What Did You Have for Your Supper?
Where Hast Thou Been Today?
Where Have You Been A-wandering?
Where Have You Been, My Own Dear One?
Willy Doo
Willy Ransome
Willy, Where Have You Been?

This is one of the most popular folk songs in the English speaking world. Versions developed not only in England, where the ballad originated, but in America,

where it has been adapted and parodies dozens of times. Two versions (A and B) are given below, one American and the other English-Scottish. According to Cecil Sharp (100), notes xxv, version B is "One of the earliest printed versions of this ballad.." Child refers to it as "a pot-purri or quodlibet, re-printed in Wolff's Egeria, p. 53, from a Veronese broadside of the date 1629." He then adds: "This ballad was popular in Italy more than 250 years ago." Child was writing in the 1880s, and the Italian song referred to, L'Avvenlenato, may be seen today in Haywood (FSW), 156. Haywood also prints a Swedish version, Den Lillas Testamente, on page 169.
The ballad is known in all areas of the United States, although it must be pointed out that the melody varies considerably from version to version. Nevertheless, many songs are set to the air of this ballad. Examples are: The Banks of the Gasperreaux in Barry (MWS), 38-39, Doerflinger, 246, Leach (BB), 770, and Manny, 49; Hired On I in this Master Book; The Flat River Girl in this Master Book; Henry K. Sawyer in Barry (MWS), 81 and Flanders (NGMS), 58; The Jam on Gerry's Rocks in this Master Book; Jimmie Judd in Barry (MWS), 56, Beck (LLC), 237; and Tom Cray in Barry (MWS), 57.

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Baring-Gould (EFSS), 4-5
Baring-Gould (GCS), No. 38
Barry (BBM), 46-72
Belden (BS), 24-28
Brewster (BSI), 51-52
Broadwood (ETSC), 96-99
Bronson, I, 191-195
Brown, II, 39-41; IV, 19-22
Brown (BLNC), 9
Buchan (ABS), II, 179
Buchan MSS, II, 322
Campbell & Sharp, No. 6
Chambers (PRS), 53
Chambers (SB), 324
Chappell (FSRA), 14
Child, I, 151-166; V, 412 D
Coffin, 42-45

Cox (FSS), 23-28
Davis (MTBV), 51-60
Davis (TBV), 105-119, 556
Dean-Smith, 85
Dick, 324
Eddy, 19-23
Farnsworth, 72-73
Flanders, I, 175-207
Flanders (BMNE), 37-39, 200-201
Flanders (VFSB), 197-198
Friedman, 178-181
Gainer, 16-17
Gardner (BSSM), 35-36
Greig, II, art. 112
Greig & Duncan, No. 209
Greig & Keith, 13-15
Halliwell (NRNT), 261
Haywood (FSW), 39
Henry (FSSH), 45-46
Houseman, 98-101
Hubbard, 6-7
Hudson (FSM), 69-70
Hudson (SMFL), No. 4
Ives (SA), 48-49
Ives (SB), 60-61, 58-59
Jackson (WSSU), 180
Johnson (SMM), III, No. 327
Jour (AFL), XIII, 115; XVI, 258; XVIII, 195, 303; XXII, 75, 376; XXIV, 345; XXIX, 157; XXX, 289; XXXV, 339; XXXIX, 81; XLII, 257; XLIV, 302
Jour (FSS), II, 29-32; III, 43; V, 117, 122, 244-248
Jour (WFSS), II, 48
Kinloch (ASB), 110
Kinsley, 243-244
Leach (BB), 81-85
Leisy, 221-222
Linscott, 191-193
Lloyd, 71
MacColl & Seeger, 54-57
Macfarren, 150-151
McGill, 18-22
Moore (BFSS), 21-24
Morris, 247-248
Motherwell MS, 69, 238
Muir, 44-47
Niles (BB), 58-63
Ord, 458
Pound, 3-4
Pound (SFSN), I, 4
Quarterly (SFL), XI, 120
Quiller-Couch, 292
Randolph, I, 63-67
Randolph)OMF), 215-216
Ritchie (FS), 56-57
Roberts (IP), 22-23
Scarborough (SC), 178-180
Scott (BA), 23-24
Scott (SA), 43
Scott (MSB-1803), III, 292; (1902), III, 51
Sedley, 198-199
Seeger (1), 140
Sharp, I, 38-45
Sharp (100), 44-45

Sharp (NEFS), 16-18
Shearin (BBCM), 4
Shearin (SKFS), 7
Shoemaker (MMP), 123
Shoemaker (NPM), 139
Silverman, I, 216
Smith (SCB), 101
Taylor (CLR), 105-107
Wells, 101-102
Whiting (TBB), 37-39

Will Davy, My Son (Version A)

O where have you been, Will Davy, my son?
O where have you been, my dear handsome one?
I've been to see my true love, who lives across town,
And I'm feeling so tired now I need to lie down.

O where did you dine, Will Davy, my son?
O where did you dine, my dear handsome one?
I dined with my sweetheart, but bring my bed 'round,
For I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

O what did you eat, Will Davy, my son?
O what did you eat, my dear handsome one?
I had eels boiled in water and vegetables brown,
And I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

O where is the brew, Will Davy, my son?
O where is the brew, my dear handsome one?
'Twas poured in two large dishes and fed to my hound,
But I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

O where is your hound, Will Davy, my son?
O where is your hound, my dear handsome one?
He is all swelled and bursted and dead on the ground,
And I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

O you have been poisoned, Will Davy, my son!
O you have been poisoned, my dear handsome one!
Yes, mother, I'm dying now; I feel death all 'round,
And I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

What'll you leave your father, Will Davy, my son?
What'll you leave your father, my dear handsome one?

I'll leave him this big house and all of the ground,
But I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

What'll you leave your mother, Will Davy, my son?
What'll you leave your mother, my dear handsome one?
I'll leave her my Bible, where truth can be found,
But I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

What'll you leave your sweetheart, Will Davy, my son?
What'll you leave your sweetheart, my dear handsome one?
I'll leave her the gallows and rope for a crown,
But I'm sick in my heart and I need to lie down.

VERSION B

O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?
I hae been to the wild wood. Mother, make my
bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting and fain would lie down.

Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?
I dined wi' my true love. Mother, make my bed
soon, etc.

What had ye for dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What had ye for dinner, my handsome young man?
I had eels boiled in broo. Mother, make my bed
soon, etc.

What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young
man?
They swelled up and they died. Mother, etc.

O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!
O yes! I am poisoned. Mother, etc.

****

No. 1845

WILLIAM AND NANCY
also known as

Come All Ye Unmarried Men
Courting Too Slow
Sweet William
Sweet William and Lovely Nancy
Sweet William and Nancy

The theme of this song-text is the tragedy of love that doesn't know its own mind. Many versions have been recovered in the United States, and several of these contain lines borrowed from other songs. For example, Brown's version has lines from On Top of Old Smoky and Green Grows the Laurel.
William and Nancy is a common title in balladry. For a song sharing that title, see Masquerading Woman I in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 196-197
Brown, II, 366-367; IV, 209-210
Jour (AFL), XX, 273; XLIX, 225
Logan, 364
Randolph, I, 215-221
Scarborough (SC), 317-318, 441
Sharp, II, 20-21
Thomas (DD), 96-97

William and Nancy

Sweet William lay down with a pain in his chest,
Saying, "Must I die love-sick without any rest?"
He wrote to sweet Nancy, for he thought she should know,
That he wasn't married, but still could not go.

When Nancy received it, it filled her with grief,
Saying, "I'll go to William and give him relief."
When William saw Nancy standing by his bedside,
He said, "There's a fair girl I want for my bride.

"Tho she is all married, I will die for her sake."
She wrapped her arms 'round him and felt his heart
break.
Sweet William died love-sick, and he found peace
and rest;
Then Nancy she fainted and died on his breast.

You men who are married, come, sit down by me;
And you men who are bachelors, my advice is free:
If you go a-courting, just don't court to slow—
And don't court another till she tells you "No!"

****

No. 1846

WILLIAM REILLY AND COLLEEN BAWN
also known as

Coleen, or Colleen Bawn
Courtship of Willie Riley
Fair Julian Bond
Loving Reilly
Reilly's Trial
Reilly's Answer, Release-
ment, and Marriage
Rise Up, William Reilly
William Reilly's Court-
Ship
William Riley
Willie Riley
Willie Reilly and His
Colleen Bawn

This is a fragment of a much longer Irish ballad, or just one part of a three part ballad. Cox (FSS) says "There are three ballads of 'William Reilly'. The first is William Reilly's Courtship, which tells of his meeting with Coleen Bawn, of his taking service with her father, of the elopement, and of Reilly's arrest and imprisonment."
The story is difficult to understand unless one has some knowledge of Irish history and social attitudes. The penal laws then effect made it dangerous for a Catholic Irishman to run away with the daughter of a Protestant squire. From such silliness came the

years of hatred responsible for the present-day warfare in Ireland between Catholic and Protestant.
The third part of the lengthy ballad is known as: Reilly's Answer, Releasement, and Marriage with Coleen Bawn. It is, as Cox tells us, "a continuation of the second part and ends with happiness for all concerned." The ballad is not known in its entirety in American tradition, but according to Joyce (OIFMS) the story was inspired by an event that occurred towards the end of the 18th century. The scene near Baindoram, where the event occurred, the ruined home of Squire Ffolliott still stands. The story of the affair inspired twoo ballads and the popularity of these, in turn, inspired a novel, Willy Reilly and His Dear Colleen Bawn, by William Carleton, and a Negro cante-fable version in Jamaica which may be seen in Pub (MLA), XXIX, 476.
Broadsides of the ballad were issued on both sides of the Atlantic by: Bebbington, Manchester, No. 367; Catnach; De Marsan, New York, List 16, Nos. 75, 78; John Ross, Newcastle, No. 16; Livsey, Manchester, No. 107; Pitts; and Such, No. 101.
For ballads on the same theme, see Mary Aclon in Gray, 82-84 and Mary Riley in Mackenzie, 120-121.
William Reilly and Colleen Bawn was a favorite of young Abraham Lincoln and Washington Irving included it in his MS notes on his trip to Kentucky in 1832.
A few collectors printed different parts of the ballad as separate songs, and these are included in the list of works referred to below.

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Belden (BS), 289-290
Breatnac, 47-49
Brewster (BSI), 260-261
Brown, II, 363-364; IV, 208-209
Campbell & Sharp, No. 104
Cazden, I, 26-29
Christie, II, 144-145, 285
Cox (FSS), 336-338
Creighton (SBNS), 152-156
Delaney (ISB), No. 3, 12

De Marsan (SJ), I, 135
Greenleaf, 184-186
Greig, II, art. 143
Hayward, 99
Jour (FSS), III, 133
Joyce (OIFMS), 230-232, 420
Lair (SLL), 5
Leach (BB), 741-744
Lomax (OSC), 166-168
O'Conor, 86
Petrie, No. 510
Pound, 86-89
Randolph, I, 418-419
Sharp, II, 81-82
Shearin (SKFS), 13
Songs (15), 114-118
Songster (8), 178
Songster (60), 181
Songster (61), 181
Thomas (DD), 166-167
Wehman (ISB), No. 1, 91

William Reilly and Colleen Bawn

"O, rise up, William Reilly, and come along with me.
I mean for to go away with you, away from this country,
To leave my father's dwelling place, his houses and
his land."
And away goes William Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.

They went round hills and mountains, and o'er the lone-
some plain,
Thro' sandy groves and valleys, too, safe passage to
obtain;
Her father followed after them, with a well-trained
band,
And poor Reilly, he was taken from his dear Colleen
Bawn.

Back home Colleen was taken, and in a closet bound;
Poor Reilly was locked in Sligo jail and lay on stony
ground,
Till at the bar of justice he was called to take his
stand,
And for nothing but the stealing of his dear Colleen
Bawn.

The judge he said this lady is in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her, let her declare the truth.
Then like a moving beauty bright before him she did
stand,
And the judge said, "You are welcome, O, my dear
Colleen Bawn."

"O, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look
on me;
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned.
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began and begged to set him free:
"The fault is none of Reilly's, sir; put all the blame
on me.
I asked him if he'd leave this place, and go away with
me,
For I love him beyond measure, as you can plainly see.""

The judge spoke up and told them to let the prisoner
go:
"Fair Colleen's word has cleared him now. Let ev'ry-
body know."
She has released her own true love, she has restored
his name;
May he always live in honor with his dear Colleen Bawn.

****

No. 1847

WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN
also known as
Can the Circle Be Unbroken

This gospel song was written in 1907 by Ada Habershon and Charles H. Gabriel. The song was re-arranged by

A. P. Carter and recorded on RCA-Victor records in May, 1935. The Carter version was published by the Peer International Corporation, New York, N. Y. The song also appears in several religious folios and other song books, but in its original form, which is now in Public Domain. For two other versions, see Albert E. Brumley's Olde Time CAMP MEETIN' Songs, 1971, p. 12 and Silverman, II, 115.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

When our loved ones are together,
Oh, what happiness is known!
How we love to have our friends and
children nigh;
Oh, we often think about them
When they are so far from home.
Will the circle be unbroken when we die?

Will the circle be unbroken?
Will we meet again no more?
Will the circle be unbroken,
Or will we meet on heaven's golden shore?

On that great eternal morning,
On the final Judgment day,
And we're called to face our Saviour
there on high,
Will we meet again with loved ones,
Nevermore to lose our way?
Will the circle be unbroken when we die?

Will the circle be unbroken?
Will we part to meet no more?
Will the circle be unbroken,
Or will we meet on heaven's golden shore?

****

No. 1848

WILL THE WEAVER
also known as

Bill the Weaver
Johnny and Old Mr. Henly
Willie the Weaver

This song was current in England and Scotland during the 18th century. Sever broadside versions were issued, including one by W. Armstrong, Liverpool, and one by H. P. Such, London. The song was known throughout America during the 19th century, but became to lose some of its popularity around 1910.
For an adaptation, Butter and Cheese, see Greenleaf, 216-217; Hubbard, 164-165; and Williams (FSUT), 108-109. For a song of somewhat similar theme, see The Weaver Had a Wife in Henry (FSSH), 306-307.

REFERENCES

Brewster (BSI), 360-361
Cazden, II, 76
Chase (AFTS), 184-185
Ebsworth (RB), VIII, 187
Gainer, 146-147
Henry (FSSH), 304-305
Hubbard, 230-231
Karpeles (FSE), II, 14-15, No. 193
Laws, Q 9, 237
Mackenzie, 328-329
Rickaby, 205-206
Scarborough (SC), 327, 418
Sharp, II, 207-209
Shellans, 22
Shoemaker (MMP), 115-116
Shoemaker (NPM), 130-131
Williams (FSUT), 106-108

Will the Weaver

Neighbor, neighbor, I've come to tell you
About your wife and Will the Weaver;
Saw them a-standing in the door—
This I saw, and nothing more.

He rushed home all in a wonder,
Kicked the door an' it groaned like thunder.
"Who in the hell is that?" Will cried.
"Tis my husband, and you must hide!"

Up the chimney Will did venture,
And her husband she then let enter;
Searchin' all the rooms around,
Nothing of the Weaver found.

Up the chimney he then gazed,
And there he saw the wretch all amazed;
Saw the scared and wretched soul
Stuffing up the chimney hole.

He lit up a raging fire,
Watched it burn while flames lept higher;
"Stop!" she cried. "You've had your thrill!
Let him down before you kill!"

By the heels he then jerked him,
And with his fists he really worked him;
"Hear me good—this ain't no joke!—
Come no more to stop my smoke!"

If you see a chimney-sweeper
Half as black as Will the Weaver,
Hands and clothes and face likewise,
Send him off with two black eyes.

****

No. 1849

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

This is a love song that will probably always be associated with the War for Texas Independence. Published about 1807, it is said that Davy Crockett began singing the song when Santa Ana's soldiers attacked the Alamo. Several months later the Texans, under the command of Sam Houston, rushed into battle against Santa

Ana's camp at San Jacinto while a single fife and drum played this tune.
For another 19th century song sung to the same air, see The Spider and the Fly in Johnson (FS), 599-601 and Wier (YAM), II, 132.

REFERENCES

Carmer (SRA), 186-187
Dolph, 372-373
Luther, 92-93
Warner, 77

Will You Come to the Bower?

Will you come to the bow'r
I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses
All spangled with dew.
Will you come to the bow'r
I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses
All spangled with dew.

Chorus

Will you, will you, will you
Will you come to the bow'r?
Will you, will you, will you,
Will you come to the bow'r?

There under the bow'r
On roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek
And a smile in your eye.
There under the bow'r
On roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek
And a smile in your eye.

****

No. 1850

WILLY THE WEEPER
also known as
Willie the Weeper

Author-composer unknown, but this song has been popular for a long time. Minnie the Moocher, a pop-jazz song made famous by Cab Calloway in the 1930s, is a re-write of Willy the Weeper.

REFERENCES

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Coleman, 114
Downes (1940), 296-297
Downes (1943), 344-345
Kennedy (AB), 82-83
Kennedy (TAB), 280-281
Leisy, 363-366
Lomax (ABFS), 184-185
Lomax (FSNA), 424-425
Randolph, III, 272-273
Sandburg (AS), 204-205
Shay (PF-2), 76-77
Shay (PF-3), 156-157
Silverman, II, 381
Spaeth (REW), 116-117
White, 204

Willy the Weeper

Did you ever hear tell of Willy the Weeper?
Willy the Weeper, the chimney sweeper,
Had the dope habit, and had it bad.
Listen and I'll tell you 'bout the dream he had.

He went down to the dope shop one Saturday night,
For he knew the lights would be burning bright;
He must have smoked a dozen pills or more,
And when he woke up, he was on a foreign shore.

The Queen of Sheba was the first he met;
She called him lovey-dovey, and honey pet.
She gave him a great big automobile,
With a diamond headlight and golden wheel.

He landed with a splash in the river Nile,
A-ridin' a sea-goin' crocodile;
He winked at Cleopatra, who said, "Ain't he a sight!
How about a date for next Saturady night?"

Down in Honolulu Willy fell into a trance,
Watching the dusky beauties do a hula-hula dance;
His sweety got in jail, an' Willy sure did shout
When he got the news that she had wriggled out.

Down in Monte Carlo he won every bet,
Made a million dollars playing ol' rouletter;
He broke the Czar of Russia as a joke,
Then he took another pill and rolled another smoke.

He had a million cattle and had a million sheep,
He had a million vessels on the ocean deep;
He had a million dollars all in nickels and dimes—
He knew because he counted it a thousand times.

He landed in New York one evening quite late,
And he asked his sugar for an after-hour date;
He started to kiss her, and she started to pout,
When—Bingity! Bang! and the dope gave out!

Now you've heard the story of Willy the Weeper,
Willy the Weeper, just a chimney sweeper.
But some day one pill too many he'll surely take,
And dreaming he's dead, he'll forget to awake!

****

No. 1851

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

There is a dance from Limerick, Ireland, called the Walls of Limerick that is done to this tune. But in America the tune is used for square dance sets. Other versions may be seen in Burchenal (FDOH), 18 and Ford (TMA), 42.

No words. See this under TUNES.

****

No. 1852

WINDY BILL

also known as

Old Black Outlaw Steer The Outlaw Steer

This humorous cowboy song had a long frontier tradition. Music publishers in New York and elsewhere published it in cowboy folios because, for one thing, they were free to do so. It remains, however, a very entertaining song.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL-1933), 140-142
Big, 43-44
Briegel (1), 28
Briegel (3), 28
Clark (CS), 50-51
Felton, 52-56
Fife, 204-205
Frey, 74-75
Larkin (1931), 58-60
Larkin (1963), 68-71
Lee (CSB), 34-35
Lingenfelter, 354-355
Lomax (CS-1919), 381-382
Lomax (CS-1938), 113-115
Ohrlin, 12-14
Patterson (SRR), 40-41
Randolph, III, 178-180
Sing, 74-75
Sires, 28-29
Thorp (1908), 11-12
Thorp (1921), 168-170
Thorp & Fife, 39-42
Treasure, 46-47

Windy Bill

Ol' Windy Bill was a Texas boy;
Said he could rope, you bet!
He said the steer he could not tie,
He hadn't met as yet.
Us fellows knew of an old black steer,
A sort of old outlaw,
That ran down in the Mal Pais,
At the bottom of the draw.

That old black steer had stood his ground
With 'pokes from everywhere;
So we bet ol' Windy two to one
That he could not tie him fair.
Bill saddled up his old gray horse—
His withers and back were raw—
And he prepared to tackle Blackie,
That ran down in the draw.

With his grazing bits
And Sam Stacktree,
His chaps and taps to boot,
And his old maguey tied hard and fast,
Bill swore he'd get that brute.
He sorta sauntered 'round him first;
The steer began to paw,
And threw his tail to skyward hard,
Then took off down the draw.

The old cow-hoss took after him
Like he'd been eating corn,
And Bill, he piled his old maguey
Around old Blackie's horn.
The old cow-hoss he sat right down,
The cinches broke like straw;
The Sam Stacktree and the old maguey
Went drifting down the draw.

Ol' Bill lit in a pile of flint
And got his face all scratched;
He said he always could tie a steer,
But this one was his match.
He paid his bets like a gentleman,
Without a bit of jaw,
And said old Blackie was the boss
Of ev'rything down that draw.

****

No. 1853

THE WITCHITA WHORE
also known as
The Winnepeg Whore

Due to the bawdiness of the text, one is not likely to find a version of this old song in any of the better known folk collections in print. The version here was given to me by Wilf (Montana Slim) Carter, a popular "country" performer during the 1930s and '40s. If the tune sounds familiar that's because it is a variation of Reuben and Rachel (see in MB).
For a version entitled The Winnepeg Whore, see Carmer (LLD), 327. For a similar song, see Gold Watch in Greenleaf, 110-111.
The song may be derived from an old English piece, Riding Down to Portsmouth. A version of the latter is in Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 227.

The Witchita Whore

When first I saw the Arkansas River,
I traveled down the Witchita
I met a gal whose name was Molly,
But known to all as the Witchita whore.

She ups to me an' says, "Don't I know ya?
Well, I'll jes' set upon your knee,
An' if you crave a little bit o' lovin'
A dollar and a half is my usual fee."

She took my hand an' she led me quickly
To some old room where we could sleep,
With nothin' but a straw-filled mattress—
It wasn't too clean but it sure was cheap.

That gal was slicker'n a slippery Injun!
Before I knew what it was all about,
She had my watch, she had my wallet—
"Holy Moses!" I cried out.

In Witchita town I learned my lesson,
I learned it quick and I learned it fair;
If ever you pay that gal a visit,
Take my advice and visit her bare!

****

No. 1854

WITH THE ROLL OF HIS DRUMS
also known as
How Happy the Soldier

This old English song was left behind, in America, by soldiers sent to put down the rebellion. A version is in The American Musical Miscellany, 1798. It was sung by soldiers of both armies during the War of 1812. Charles L. S. Jones borrowed the tune during that war for his patriotic song, The Stripes and Stars.

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Ives (SA), 246-247
Ives (SB), 100-101
Loesser, 68-69
Silber (SI), 143
Vinson, 86-87

With the Roll of His Drums

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half a crown on just sixpence a day;
He fears neither judges, nor warrants, or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

He don't care a damn how the whole world goes;
He gets army quarters and money and clothes.

He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And marches away with the roll of his drums.

****

No. 1855

WOMAN, WOMAN, I SEEN YO' MAN

This is a roustabout "country-type" blues song from Wheeler (SD), 118. I haven't seen it in any other published collection.

Woman, Woman, I Seen Yo Man

Woman, woman, I seen yo' man,
And he was standin' on the levee
Where the boat don't land.

Captain, captain, has the money come?
I'm sho' a-hopin' it won't be long,
Cause I sho' need some.

Captain Johnson rides a hoss all day;
An' he's a mighty fine ol' boss man,
But he don't like to pay.

Never mind, I'll just go home,
And I'm a-gonna tell that gambler
Better leave me alone.

Woman, woman, I seen yo' man,
And he was drinkin' in the barroom
From a tin beer can.

****

No. 1856

WOND'ROUS LOVE
also known as
O My Soul, O My Soul What Wondrous Love

This is a "camp-meeting" revivalist hymn that dates from the first half of the 19th century. The song is an example of the religious trend that developed on the American frontier, a trend entirely different from that developed by established Protestant churches, in which secular melodies were borrowed for religious lyrics. The words of this song, for example, are sung to the air of the older English ballad, Captain Kidd. The same air was used for the irreverent song, Sam Hall (see in MB).

There is a difference of opinion about the author of the words to Wondrous Love. According to William Walker, the words were written by Alexander Means, a minister in Oxford, Georgia, The same person is credited with authorship in Cayce's Good Old Songs. What makes this doubtful is that Walker attributes the music to a J. Christopher. But even if it is true that the Reverend Means wrote the words, it it impossible for Christopher to have written the music—unless, of course, he was at least a hundred and fifty years old.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 61
Brown, V, 495
Buchanan, 4
Cayce, 436
Chase (AFTS), 160-161
Cobb (SH), 227
Daily, 252
Downes (1943), 124
Gainer, 198
Hauser (OL), 371
Jackson (SFS), 114-115
Jackson (WNS), 177
James (1911), 159
Langstaff (1), 108-111

Lloyd, 57
Lomax (USA), 348-349
McCurry, 156
Ritchies (SFC), 167-169
Walker (SH), 252
White & King, 159

Wond'rous Love

What wondrous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
O my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
That caused the Lord of Bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul?

When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul.

To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb
I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
Who is the Great I Am,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

****

No. 1857

WORKING ON THE RAILWAY
also known as

The American Railway
A-Working on the Railroad
Oh, Poor Paddy Works on the Railway
Paddy Works on the Erie
Paddy Works on the Railroad
Paddy Works on the Railway
Patrick on the Railroad, or Railway
Patsy Ory-Ory-Aye
Pat Works on the Railway, or Railroad
Poor Paddy Works on the Railway
To Work Upon the Railway

This song was inspired by the laying of track and railroad beds, done largely by Irish immigrants. The potato famine sent Irishmen to America by the thousands, and thousands worked for the railroads. In the ten years between 1829 and 1839 the number of locomotives in America increased from four to four hundred, and these trains ran over some ten thousand miles of track. From 1850 to 1860 an additional twenty-one thousand miles of track were laid. From that time, and from that task, came the song given below. The song became so popular that sailors adapted it as a capstan shanty.

REFERENCES

Best, 11
Botkin (RFL), 438-439
Brown, II, 528
Colcord, 107-108
Davis (SSC), 22-23
Downes (1943), 284-285
Eckstorm, 238
Greenway, 42-43
Harlow, 139-141
Hugill (1), 337-338
Ives (SA), 168-169
Ives (SB), 232-233
Leisy, 263-265
Leisy (SPS), 48-49
Loesser, 206-207
Lomax (ABFS), 20-22
Lomax (PB), 32
Lomax (USA), 270-271

Sandburg (AS), 356-357
Seeger (6), 43
Shay (ASSC), 77-78
Siegmeister, 72-73
Warner, 115
Weavers, 74-75
Whall (SSS), 63

Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine,
I left me happy home behind
And traveled over the Kansas line,
To work upon the railway.

Chorus

Fil-le-me-ru-ee-ru-i-aye, (3)
I'm working on the railway.

When we left Ireland to come here,
And spend our latter days in cheer,
Our bosses they did drink strong beer,
And Pat worked on the railway.

The contractor's name was Tommy Glenn;
He kept a store to rob the men,
A Yankee clerk with ink and pen,
To cheat Pat on the railway.

It's "Pat, do this" and "Pat, do that,"
Without a stocking or cravat,
And nothing but an old straw hat,
While Pat works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
'Twas then I met my Molly Magee,
And an elegant wife she's been to me,
While working on the railway.

****

No. 1858

THE WORK'S BEING DONE
also known as

Oh, Children, the Work's Being Done

Where the Work's Being Done

This is one of the slave spirituals that was featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For the version sung by them, see Marsh (SJS), 260-261.
For similar, possibly related, spirituals, see Work's Most Done in Johnson (SBNS), 156, and Don't Be Weary in this Master Book.

The Work's Being Done

We need more reapers in the harvest field,
Where the work's being done;
We need more reapers in the harvest field,
Where the work's being done.

Chorus

Oh! children, the work's being done! Oh, the work's being done!
Oh! children the work's being done! Oh, the work's being done
Oh, the work is being done! Oh, the work is being done!
Oh, the work is being done! Yes, the work is being done!

We need more workers in the harvest field, etc.

We need more teachers in the harvest field, etc.

We need more preachers in the harvest field, etc.

****

No. 1859

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

This song dates from the 17th century. A version of it appeared in King's Pamphlets, No. 4, fol., in 1646. According to Ritson, the air was used for many songs, the most popular probably being When the King Enjoys His Own Again. For additional information regarding the tune, see Chappell (OEPM), I, 210-214 or (PMOT), II, 434-439.

The tune is also part of American history, for it was played by the British at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Oct. 1781, which ended the Revolution.

REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 159
Ives (SB), 122-123
Luther, 40
Vinson, 58-60
Whitman, 4
Winn (1), 133-135

The World Turned Upside Down

If butter-cups buzz'd
After the bee,
If boats were on land,
Churches on sea,
If ponies rode men,
And if grass ate the cows,
And cats should be chased
Into holes by the mouse,
If mamas sold their babies
To the gypsies for half a crown,
If summer were spring,
And the other way round,
Then all the world
Would be upside down!

****

No. 1860

THE WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES, O!
also known as

The Draggle-Tailed Gipsies
Raggle Taggle Gipsies, O!
Raggle Taggle Gypsies, O!
The Three Gypsies

This English-Scottish song appears to be a combination of Gypsy Davy and The Gypsy Rover (see both in MB). Cecil Sharp suggested comparison with The Gipsy Countess in Baring-Gould (SW), No. 50 and The Gipsy in Baring-Gould (GCS), No. 32.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 59
Baring-Gould (EFSS), 2-3
Cox (TBFS), 42-44
Farnsworth, 70-71
Ives (SA), 34-35
Karpeles (EFS), I, 160
Karpeles (FSE), 38-39
Leisy, 149-150
Leisy (SPS), 104-105
Sandburg (NAS), 54
Scarborough (SC), 216-217, 411-412
Sharp (100), 13-16
Silverman, I, 214
Whitman, 93-94
Williams (FSUT), 12-122

The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies, O!

Three gypsies came to the castle door
And called unto the lady, O!
One sang high and the other sang low,
And other sang bonny, bonny Bicay, O!

The lady removed her silken gown,
And dressed herself in leather, O!
She left a note upon the door,
And she followed the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

Her husband saddle up his mare,
And rode all through the forest, O!

Came he then to a wide open field,
And there he spied his bonny lady, O!

Last night you slept on a feather bed,
With sheets so clean and healthy, O!
Tonight you'll sleep on the cold, damp ground,
Alongside the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

What do I care for a fea her bed,
With sheets so clean and healthy, O?
I'll gladly sleep on the cold, damp ground
Alongside the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

****

No. 1861

THE WRECK AT MAUD
also known as

Al Bowen, Engineer . The Maud Wreck

About five years after Casey Jones met his death, Al Bowen, another railroad engineer, met his death as the result of a similar wreck, December 24, 1905, somewhere between Maud and Mt. Carmel, Illinois, on the Southern Railroad.
This song was collected and published by and in McIntosh (FSSG), 15-17.

The Wreck at Maud

One Christmas Eve, the night was dark,
The moon had hid her face
When Al Bowen, an engineer,
Went cheerless to his place.

Al had a smile, kind word for all—
A courteous man was he;
His winning ways made many friends,
As many will agree.

Before Al made that fatal trip
He cheerfully did proclaim,
"Goodbye, mother; if I never come back
I'll always be the same."

"Give her more coal," he said to Hulty,
"We must make up the time."
To his surprise he saw a light
Come streaming down the line.

The Southern had no braver man,
No better engineer,
But Al that night
He seemed to have a lingering fear.

There is no use to wish to stay,
No extra man have we;
I'll do my duty, come what may—
What is to be will be.

****

No. 1862

WRECK OF OLD NINETY-SEVEN
also known as

Wreck of the Old 97 The Wreck of the Southern Old 97

Generally accepted as a genuine traditional song, the Wreck of Old Ninety-Seven was written and published in 1924. It was written by Charles Noell and Henry Whitter, two street singers, and published by Wallace Rega.

The copyright was renewed in 1939 by the RCA Manufacturing Co., and was then assigned to Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., New York, N. Y., the current owners of the song.

The accident upon which the song is based occurred Sept. 27, 1903, on the Southern Railroad. Train No. 97 was on its way to Atlanta, Georgia from Washington, D. C., when it jumped the tracks a little north of Danville, Virginia, on White Oak Mountain. The train plunged into a ravine, killing the crew.

The song given here was involved in litigation. Vernon Dalhart, a popular recording artist, recorded the song for the RCA Victor company, and his recording sold more than one million copies. RCA was sued by David G. George, who claimed the tune. In 1933, the Federal District Court awarded George the sum of $375,000 in damages and royalties. RCA appealed, and the Court of Appeals reversed the lower court's decision. George appealed, and the Supreme Court let the decision of the Court of Appeals stand, thus ending the litigation. For a more detailed account of the litigation, see TIME Magazine, March 20, 1933; Jan. 15, 1934, and Dec. 31, 1934.

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REFERENCES

Botkin (RFL), 449-450
Brown, II, 512-521
Cambiaire, 97
Cox (TBFS), 118-120
Downes (1940), 244-245
Friedman, 318-319
Lomax (PB), 126
Randolph, IV, 132-133
Roberts (SBS), 121
Shay (PF-2), 58
Shay (PF-3), 131
Silverman, II, 388

Wreck of the Old Ninety-Seven

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Saying, "Steve, you're 'way behind time!
This is not thirty-eight, but its old ninety-seven;
You must put her in Spencer on time."

He looked 'round and said to his black, greasy fireman,
"Just shovel in a little more coal!
And when we cross that White Oak mountain,
You can watch old ninety-seven roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
With a line on a three mile grade;
It was on this grade that he lost his air-brakes,
And you should see what a jump he made!

He was goin' down grade making ninety miles an hour
When his whistle began to scream;
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
And was scalded to death with the steam.

So come all you ladies, you must take warning
From this time on and learn:
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband,
He may leave you and never return.

****

No. 1863

WRECK OF OLD NUMBER NINE
also known as
Wreck of Number Nine

This song, written by Carson J. Robison, was published in 1927 by Bob Miller Music, Inc. It was popular all through the 1930s as a result of several recordings and daily performances on various radio stations by "country" artists. This song, like the Strawberry Roan, developed

a tradition of its own in a very short time.

REFERENCES

Brown, IV, 357-358
Cambiaire, 88-89
Moore (BFSS), 338-339
Randolph, IV, 134-135

Wreck of Old Number Nine

On a cold winter night,
While the stars were shining bright,
And the cold wind came howling down the line,
With his sweetheart so dear
Stood a brave engineer
With his orders to pull old Number Nine.
She kissed him goodbye with a tear in her eye,
For the joy in her heart she could not hide;
And the whole world was bright
When she told him that night
On tomorrow she'd be his blushing bride.

Oh, the wheels hummed a song
As the train rattled on,
And the black smoke came pouring from the stack;
And the headlight agleam
Seemed to brighten his dream,
For tomorrow he'd be going back.
He sped around the hill, and his brave heart
stood still,
For a headlight was shining in his face;
And he whispered a prayer
As he flew on the air,
For he knew this would be his final race.

In the wreck he was found
Lying there on the ground;
He asked them to raise his weary head.

As his breath slowly went,
This message he sent
To the maiden who thought she would be wed:
"There's a little white home that I bought for
our own,
Where I dreamed we'd be happy by-and-by;
Now I leave it to you,
For I know you will be true
Till we meet in heaven way up on high."

****

No. 1864

WRECK ON THE C and O
also known as

The C and O Wreck	George, or Georgie Allis
Death of Jack Hinton	Georgie the Engineer
The F. F. V.	S. F. E.
George, or Georgie Allen	Stockyard Gate
George, or Georgie Alley	Wreck on the C & O Road

This song deals with a wreck near Hinton, Virginia, at 5:40 am, Oct. 23, 1890. The engineer's name was George Alley, not Allen, Allis or Jack Hinton. The name Hinton came from the place of the accident, not a person.
Train No. 134, The Fast Flying Vestibule, or F. F. V., for short, jumped the tracks and turned over, killing George Alley. Two firemen, Robert Foster and Lewis Withrow, both escaped the wreck by jumping from the engine cab. Foster was not badly hurt, but Withrow was seriously injured, though he finally recovered. This song is not related to the C & O Wreck in Combs (FSMEU), 200-203.

REFERENCES

Botkin (RFL), 451-454
Botkin (SFL), 725-727
Brown, IV, 356-357
Combs (FSUS), 172-174
Cox (FSS), 221-230, 525-527
Gainer, 116-117
Jour (AFL), XXIX, 400
Laws, G 4
Lomax (ABFS), 31-34
Moore (BFSS), 334-336
Morris, 111-112
Randolph, IV, 129-131
Shearin (SKFS), 20
Shellans, 60-61
Thomas (BMMK), 115-116

Wreck on the C and O

From Washington to Charlottesville,
And Stanton on the line,
Came the old Midwestern Limited,
Train number Five on time.
She was the Cincinnati train,
The fastest on the line;
Through the valley of Virginia
Into Clifton Forge on time.

And when she blew for Clifton Forge,
Her engineer was there,
And it was young George Alley,
With bright and wavy hair.
His fireman was Jack Henderson,
And they stood side by side,
A-waiting for their orders,
And both ready for the ride.

George Alley's mother came to him,
A basket on her arm,
And she handed him a letter,
Saying, "Be careful on this run;
And if you run your engine right,
You'll get there just on time,

For many men have lost their lives
From rushing down the line."

George Alley said to Henderson,
"A rock ahead I see;
And I know that death is waiting there,
To grab both you and me.
Now from this cab, Jack, you must leap,
Your precious life to save,
So an engineer you can be
While I'm sleeping in my grave."

And from the cab his fireman leaped,
Beneath the darken'd sky,
And he prayed for God to save poor George
As number Five flew by.
Straight down the track the engine dashed,
Against the rock she crashed,
And the fireman saw the train roll o'er,
While car on car was smashed.

George Alley's head in the firebox lay,
While burning flames rolled o'er;
And the people came to see the wreck
That lit the valley floor.
The doctor came and said to him,
"O, George, you must lie still;
Your life may yet be spared, my boy,
But I don't think it will."

George Alley's mother came to him,
And she did moan and sigh,
For she looked upon her darling son
And knew that he must die.
For he was covered o'er with blood,
His eyes she could not see,
And as he died she loudly cried,
"O, nearer, My God, to thee!"

****

No. 1865

THE X I T CHUCK WAGON
also known as
I Will Tell You My Troubles

This cowboy song was found by Ray B. Browne and included in his "Collection of Alabama Folklore" at Bowling Green State University, Ohio. It was reprinted in Fife, 75 and Thorp & Fife, 90-92.

The X I T Chuck Wagon Tune: Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane

I will tell you of my troubles,
My ups and downs through life,
And I'll tell to you a story rather strange;
I will tell you of my boardinghouse,
A structure built on wheels,
And it's drawn by four black horses 'cross the plains.

Oh, the wheels are made of black oak,
The running gear white oak,
And the bed is made to haul our bedding, chuck and grain;
In the rear there is a chuck box
Where the cowboys get their chuck,
It's the X I T chuck wagon on the plains.

As the old chuck wagon rolls on,
You can hear the cowboys yell,
You can hear the dogies bawling all around;
You can see the bronco pitching,
Trying to shake the rider off,
But they seldom ever put one on the ground.

You can hear the howling coyotes,
The barking prairie dog,
You can see the bronco buster a-holding to his rein;
You can see a thousand
White-faced cattle grazing on the grass
Round the X I T chuck wagon on the plains.

Oh, my life's a poor cow-puncher's
And I daily ride the range,
While the iron's getting hot I ride my wild bronco;
When the rounding of the yearlings'
And the branding does begin,
From my roping horse I throw my long lasso.

Oh, the boys go dog the yearlings
To burn the X I T,
While on guard the boys are holding to the reins;
When our day's work it is ended
Then we all go into camp,
To the X I T chuck wagon on the plains.

When the cook gets chuck all ready,
And he hollers, "Here it is!"
To the chuck box there's a rush by all the crew;
When our tins and cups are loaded
With hot coffee, bread, and steak,
Then we all sit down upon the grass to chew.

Oh, our beds are made of tarpaulin,
Our blankets are Navajo,
And we snap the tarp to keep out wind and rain;
When the boys are all through jesting
Then we all lie down to sleep,
Round the X I T chuck wagon on the plains.

****

No. 1866

YANKEE DOODLE I
also known as
Yankee Doodle Dandy

Yankee Doodle represents one of the best known tunes in the Western World. Although it is a part of American history and tradition, it was not an American creation. In fact, it is not known precisely where or when the melody originated. It has been said that the tune stems from a 12th-century religious chant, that it was originally a French wine-making song, a Hungarian dance, an Irish song, an ancient Spanish sword-dance from San Sebastian and, finally, a Welsh jig. I have yet to see a scrap of real evidence in support of such claims. I know only that the tune and the expression "yankee doodle" have both been around for a long, long time.

In Holland, workers sang:

Yanker, dudel, doodle down,
Diddle, dudel, lanther,
Yankee viver, voover, vown,
Botermilk und tanther.

In England, during the reign of Charles I, the tune was used for a song now recognized as a rhyme for children, Lucy Locket. Later, after Cromwell led the uprisings against Charles, the tune was used for "Yankee Doodle came to town," which is given below as Version A. This led to the term being used in America as a name for rustic Americans (see version B below).

The words to version B make up the text that is generally attributed to Dr. Richard Schuckburgh, a British army surgeon attached to General Braddock's command.

Version C represents a broadside of the late 1770s that became the "official" version of Yankee Doodle. Many songs share the title and the tune, and some of these are distributed throughout this Master Book. From the City Gazette, Sept. 3, 1795, comes the following two stanzas of one such song, Brother Jon'than:

Brother Jon'than, what are you 'bout,
What the nation ails you?
Why with treaty make such rout!
'Vow, your reason fails you.

Sure if treaty is not right,
Georgy will not sign it;
Till't has teeth it cannot bite—
To him then resign it.

That text is laden with political advice, and it came out of the public furor created when Chief Justice John Jay went to England and brought back a treaty (see Lawrence, 132).

In 1836, under the title Corn Cobs Twist Your Hair, a new version of Yankee Doodle was published. It begins:

There was a man in our town,
I'll tell you his condition,
He sold his oxen and plough,
To buy him a commission.

Chorus

Corn cobs twist your hair,
Cartwheel run round you,
Fiery dragons take you off,
And mortar pestal pound you.

In addition to the A, B and C versions below, there are seven other songs in this series, all using the same tune and the "Yankee Doodle" refrain.

For other songs in this Master Book sung to the air of Yankee Doodle, see: Abraham Lincoln III; Arnold

at Quebec; Battle of the Kegs; Betsy Baker I & II; Black Soldier's Song; Bunker Hill III; Changing World; Cornwallis' Country Dance; For the Fourth of July; George Washington I; Harrison vs Van Buren IX & XII; Jefferson vs Adams III A & B; Lewis and Clark; The Lexington March; Lucy Locket; Negro's Farewell to America; Polk vs Clay I & III; Sally; and We're the Boys For Mexico.

The list of works below has been compiled for traditional purposes, and is not intended to be a complete listing of books containing versions of Yankee Doodle.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 22-23
Adler, 48
Arnett, 18
Bertail, 80
Brand (S-76), 61
Chapple (HS), 382-383
Dolph, 459-462
Downes (1940), 54-55
Downes (1943), 60-61
Durlacher, 60
Ford (TMA), 259, 396
Gilbert (100), 105
Hudson (FSM), 262-263
Ives (SB), 100
Johnson (FS), 583-586
Kobbe, 132-134
Krythe, 14
Langstaff (1), 92-93
Lawrence, 61
Linscott, 118
Lloyd, 21
Lomax (ABFS), 521-524
Lomax (PB), 23
Mackenzie (SH), 93
McIntosh (FSSG), 92-93
Moorat, 29
Oberndorfer, 63
Rabson, 56
Seeger (6), 71
Silber (SI), 71-78
Silverman, II, 318
Songster (10), 202-204
Spaeth (REW), 3
Vinson, 42-43
Warner, 15
Whitman, 33
Wier (SWWS), 228
Wier (YAM), I, 74

Yankee Doodle I (Version A)

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

First he bought a porridge pot,
And then he bought a ladle,
And then he trotted home again
As fast as he was able.

VERSION B

If, Yankee, you would have a song,
A deuced nation fine one,
Then in the chorus all along,
I guess you'd like to join one.

Then Yankee Doodle, one and all,
Pass 'round the chorus handy,
For some can sing, and all can bawl
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Our grandsires lived a long way off,
And if you think to doubt it,
And I had only time enough,
I'd tell you all about it.

Then Yankee Doodle, roar away
And keep the chorus handy,
For some can sing, and all can say
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

And now of what might them befall
They nothing were afraid in,
So took their wives and children all
And off they push'd for Leyden.

Then Yankee Doodle, one and all,
Struck up the chorus handy,
As long as they could sing and bawl
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

But now a dreadful storm arose
And dangerous case they stood in;
And hail, and rain, and sleet, and snows
Fell thick as hasty puddin'.

But foul or fair, we're stout and strong,
In ev'ry lot we're handy;
Then join the chorus and sing the song:
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

When all were safely landed so,
Our grand-daddies and grand-dams,
And Sal, and Sue, and Bill, and Joe,
All had a feast on sand-clams.

Then Yankee Doodle, all, you know
Join'd in the chorus handy,
And Sal, and Sue, and Bill, and Joe
Sung Yankee Doodle Dandy!

They planted fields enclosed with stakes
And worked like dogs or asses,
Made pumpkin pies and Indian cakes,
And ate them up with 'lasses.

Then Yankee Doodle, one and all
Join'd in the chorus handy,
As loud as they could sing and bawl
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

And ev'ry day for many weeks,
Beginning on each Monday,
They watched and worked and fought like
Greeks,
And went to church on Sunday.

For Yankee Doodle, heroes great
In all good works are handy;
In peace, or war, in church, or state,
They're Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Then Yankee Doodle, all once more
Join in the chorus handy,
As loud as you can sing and roar
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

VERSION C

(The "official" American version)

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'squire David,
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it had been saved.

The 'lasses they eat ev'ry day
Would keep a house all winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound
They eat it when they're mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And ev'ry time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon't with little clubs,
And call'd the folk together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentle-folks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without them.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flashing ribbons in his hat,
They looked so taring fine ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
Tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
If they 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so I hook'd it off,
Nor stopt, as I remember,
Till I got home, and safely hid,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

****

No. 1867

YANKEE DOODLE II
also known as
The Procession

This is the earliest known political parody on Yankee Doodle. According to Lawrence, 41, the song was "found under the doors of a great many houses in New York on the morning of March 15, 1770." The text "satirized the tempestuous shipmaster Isaac Sears, who played a vivid role in New York before and during the Revolution."

Yankee Doodle II — Tune: Yankee Doodle I

Good neighbors, if you're not afraid,
Be not in trepidation,
Tho' our great loss before did raise
Prodigious consternation.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

Let ev'rybody laugh and sing,
And be a very gay soul,
For we have got another Post
As big as any May Pole.

My Mammy, when she carried me,
Dreamed of a wondrous something—
She dreamed she bore a great Mushroom,
As large as any pumpkin.

Which grew, she thought, into a Tree,
(I vow 'twould make a dog laugh!)
Whose body was as big and long
As Daddy's swineging Hog-Trough.

"Ah, Dame," the neighbors cried, "your son!
No hero will be greater;
It signifies he'll make a wise
And marvelous whorater.

"The Tree that from a Root so mean
So nimbly upwards vaulted,
Does tipify your Son shall die
In station high exalted."

O then a great man will be I,
And all my foes be worsted;
I'll be a Lord,—and Pumpkin Pie
Devour until I'm bursted.

****

No. 1868

YANKEE DOODLE III
also known as

Affair at Newport
Expedition to Rhode Island
Written at Philadelphia
Yankee Doodle's Expedition

The author of this song is unknown but the text makes it clear that it was written by a "loyalist." France, an ally of American rebels, took no overt action in the Colonies until July, 1778, when a fleet under the command of Count Charles-Hector d'Estaing arrived. This song was inspired by events evolving from an attempt of General Washington and the fleet of twelve French battleships and six frigates to capture Newport, R. I. The attempt failed, and then became a subject for satire.

This song appeared in Rivington's Royal Gazette, Oct. 3, 1778. "Lewis" is Louis XVI of Franch; Monsieur Gerard is Conrad Alexandre Gerard, the first French minister to the United States; "Begar" is a euphemism for "by God"; Bold Pigot is Sir Robert Pigot, the British commander in chief for Rhode Island; and "Jonathan" or "Brother Jonathan" was a nickname, first for Yankees, then for all Americans. It was not until early in the 19th century that Jonathan was dropped and replaced by "Uncle Sam."
Other versions of this song are in Brand (S-76), 114 and Lawrence, 79.

Yankee Doodle III Tune: Yankee Doodle I

From Lewis, Monsieur Gerard came
To Congress in this town, Sir,
They bowed to him, and he to them,
And then they all sat down, Sir.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

"Begar!" said Monsieur, "one grand Coup
You shall bientot behold, Sir."
This was believ'd as Gospel true,
And Jonathan felt bold, Sir.

So Yankee Doodle did forget
The sound of British drum, Sir;
How oft it made him quake and sweat
In spite of Yankee Rum, Sir.

In dread array their tatter'd crew
Advanced with colors spread, Sir;
Their fifes play'd Yankee Doodle Doo,
King Hancock at their Head, Sir.

They swore they'd make bold Pigot squeak,
So did their good Ally, Sir;
And take him prisoner in a week,
But that was all my eye, Sir.

As Jonathan so much desired
To shine in martial story,
D'Estaing with politeness retired,
To leave him all the glory.

He left him what was better yet,
At least it was more use, Sir,
He left him for a quick retreat—
A very good excuse, Sir.

To stay, unless he ruled the sea,
He thought would not be right, Sir;
And Continental Troops, said he,
On Islands should not fight, Sir.

Another cause with these combined
To throw him in the dumps, Sir;
For Clinton's name alarmed his mind
And made him stir his stumps, Sir.

****

No. 1869

YANKEE DOODLE IV
also known as
New Verses—To an Old Tune

During the administration of John Adams, second U. S. President, the crisis with France was the dominant issue. France regarded the United States as favor-

able to Britain, primarily because of Jay's Treaty and because the Congress, dominated by Federalists, did little to contradict the French impression. President Adams sent a three man commission to Paris to find a solution to the problem. Representatives of the French Directory, referred to by Adams as X, Y, and Z, offered to arrange a meeting with Talleyrand, the French minister, in exchange for a guaranteed American loan. In short, a bribe. The song below was inspired by the resulting scandal, which enraged and united most Americans.

Yankee Doodle IV Tune: Yankee Doodle I

Sing Yankee Doodle, that fine tune
Americans delight in;
It suits for peace, it suits for fun,
It suits as well for fighting.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, mind the tune,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
If Frenchmen come with naked bum,
We'll spank 'em hard and handy.

The President, with good intent,
Three Envoys sent to Paris,
But cinq Tetes,* would not with 'em treat,
Of honor France so bare is.

Thro' X and Y, and Madam Sly,
They made demand of money;
For as we're told, the French love gold,
As stinging bees love honey!

*pronounced: "sank tate."

****

No. 1870

YANKEE DOODLE V
also known as
New Yankee Doodle Dandy

This version of Yankee Doodle Dandy deals with the War of 1812; it was published by G. Willig in 1812. For other versions, see Dolph, 442-443 and Lawrence, 199.

Yankee Doodle V Tune: Yankee Doodle I

A Yankee Boy is trim and tall,
And never over fat, Sir,
At dance, or frolic, hop and ball,
As nimble as a cat, Sir.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, guard your coast,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

His door is always open found,
His cider of the best, Sir,
His board with pumpkin pie is crowned,
And welcome every guest, Sir.

Though rough and little is his farm,
That little is his own, Sir;
His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
'Tis truth and honor's throne, Sir.

His country is his pride and boast,
He'll ever prove true blue, Sir,
When called upon to give his toast,
'Tis Yankee Doodle doo, Sir.

****

No. 1871

YANKEE DOODLE VI
also known as
Yankee Doodle is the Tune

Following the Battle of New Orleans, this lyrical survey of the War of 1812 appeared. For a longer version, see Ives (SB), 149.

Yankee Doodle VI Tune: Yankee Doodle I

The fightin's o'er and peace has come,
The foe is no more a-arguin';
We sent the English sailing home,
And whupp'd 'em in the bargain.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle is the tune,
It comes in tarnal handy,
And nothin' makes a Briton run
Like Yankee Doodle Dandy.

They first attacked and thought to crush
Our gallant little navy,
But Yankee tars soon stopped their grog,
And sent 'em to old Davy!

The foe at last being tired out
From many a hearty thrashing,
All went down to New Orleans,
And thought to take possession.

The English troops who conquered Spain
Thought that our folks would vanish;
But Jackson settled half their men,
And made the rest walk Spanish.

So keep the bottle full, my boys,
And keep it in rotation;
We'll drink to ev'ry man who fought
The battles of our nation!

****

No. 1872

YANKEE DOODLE VII

This version of Yankee Doodle is from the 1845 edition of The Rough and Ready Songster. The text describes the annexation of Texas and President Polk's stand on the Oregon Territory.

Yankee Doodle VII Tune: Yankee Doodle I

Walk in my tall-haired Indian gal,
Your hand, my star-eyed Texas;
You're welcome to our White House hall,
Though Mexy's hounds would vex us.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle is the word
Surpassing all creation,
With pipe or with the sword,
It makes us love our nation.

Come on and take some Johnny-cake,
With 'lasses snug and coodle,
For that and Independence make
A full-blood Yankee Doodle.

My overseer, young Jimmy Polk,
Shall show you all my nieces,
And then the calumet we'll smoke
Until our eagle sneezes.

If Johnny Bull's fat greedy boys
About our Union grumble,
I'll kick up such a tarnal noise
'Twill make 'em feel quite humble.

If Mexy, backed by secret foes,
Still talks of taking you, gal,
Why, we can lick 'em all, you know,
And then annex 'em too, gal.

For Freedom's great Millennium
Is working earth's salvation;
Her sassy kingdom soon will come,
Annexin' all creation.

****

No. 1873

YANKEE DOODLE VIII
also known as
Yankee Doodle Down South

The American Civil War also inspired Yankee Doodle parodies, and this one is from the Confederates.

REFERENCES

Hudson (FSM), 262-263 Lomax (ABFS), 525 & (SBS), 31

Yankee Doodle VIII Tune: Yankee Doodle I

Yankee Doodle had a mind
To whip the Southern traitors,
Just because they did not choose to live
On codfish and potatoes.

Yankee Doodle Doodle Doo,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;

And just to keep his courage up
He took a drink of brandy.

Yankee Doodle drew his sword
And practiced all his passes;
Come, boys, we'll have another drink
When we get to Manassas.

Yankee Doodle Doodle Doo,
Yankee Doodle Dandy
Never got to Manassas plain,
And never drank his brandy.

Yankee Doodle, all for shame!
You're always intermeddling.
Leave your guns alone, they're dangerous
things;
You'd better stick to peddling.

Yankee Doodle Doodle Doo,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
When you get to Bully Run
You'll throw away your brandy!

****

No. 1874

THE YANKEE GIRLS

In 1815 the streets of Baltimore and Boston were lit by gas for the first time. People all over America were still singing one of the most popular songs of the War of 1812—the song given below.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 440 Luther, 64 Songster (10), 193

The Yankee Girls Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Not England's daughters, rosy cheeked,
Nor Scotia's lassies fair,
Nor Erin's blooming maidens can
With Yankee girls compare.
Now what they tell us of their charms
All very true may be,
They'll not compare with Yankee girls—
It's Yankee girls for me!

Their faultless forms! their peerless eyes
As bright as morning dew!

Their cheeks so fair! their spirits light!
Their hearts so warm and true!
They're chaste as fair, their minds unchained,
In thought and action free,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,—
It's Yankee girls for me.

****

No. 1875

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE
also known as

Oh, Brothers, Are You Getting Ready? — Rise and Shine, and Give God the Glory

Originally, this was a camp-meeting revival hymn. But like other such songs it gradually became a Negro spiritual.
For a Creole versions, see De Year Ob De Jubilee in Cohen (LS), 101. For a modern arrangement with a re-written text, see Downes (1940), 223.
The song given here is not related to the "slave" song of like title in Talley, 58, or the hymn of like title

in White & King, 379.
The Original Fisk Jubilee Singers featured two forms of this spiritual, and both are in Marsh (SJS), 217-218, 254-255. For another version of this form, see Dett, 198-199.

The Year of Jubilee

Oh, brothers, are you getting ready, ready,
Brothers, are you getting ready, ready,
Brothers, are you getting ready, ready,
For the year of Jubilee?

Oh, rise, shine, and give God the glory, glory,
Rise, shine, and give God the Glory, glory,
Rise, shine, and give God the Glory, glory,
For the year of Jubilee.

Oh, don't you want to be a soldier, etc.

Oh, rise, shine, etc.

Oh, sisters, are you getting ready, etc.

Oh, rise, shine, etc.

Oh, sinners, are you getting ready, etc.

Oh, rise, shine, etc.

Oh, come along and be a soldier, etc.

Oh, rise, shine, and give God the glory, glory,
Rise, shine, and give God the glory, glory,
Rise, shine, and give God the glory, glory,
For the year of Jubilee.

****

No. 1876

THE YEAR OF JUBILO
also known as

Jubilo
Kingdom Come
Kingdom Coming
The Lincoln Gun Boat
Massa's Gone Away
Ole Massa Run, Ha, Ha
The Year of Jubalo, or Jubelo

This is one of the popular "plantation" or "minstrel" songs written by Henry Clay Work. He wrote the song prior to the Civil War and before the "anti-slavery" cause became a hot issue. For an early version, see Frank Moore's Songs of the Soldiers, New York, 1864, pp. 189-190. For a Civil War parody, The Lincoln Gun Boat, see Brown, II, 541 B.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 148-149
Armitage, II, 19
Arnold, 11
Brown, II, 541-543; IV, 275-276
Chapple (HS), 152-153
Dolph, 353-355
Downes (1940), 166-167
Downes (1943), 196-197
Ford (TMA), 339-340
Glass (SS-2), 89-91
Greenway, 104
Keach, 49-50
Lawrence, 392
Loesser, 258-260
Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 12
Randolph, II, 290-291
Roberts (SBS), 145
Shaw, 384
Talley, 58
White, 170-171
Wier (SWWS), 207-208

The Year of Jubilo

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh three hundred pound;
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way 'round.

He drill so much dey call him Cap'an,
An' he get so drefful tann'd,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband.

Chorus

De massa run, ha, ha! De darkey stay,
ho, ho!
It mus' be now de Kingdom comin', an'
de year ob Jubilo!

De darkeys feel so lonesome
Libing in de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be confiscated
When de Lincum sojers come.

****

No. 1877

YELLOW-BIRD THROUGH THE WINDOW
also known as

Bluebird, Bluebird
Blue-birds and Yellow-birds
Down in Alabama
Here Comes Jumbo
Here Comes Topsy Through
the Bushes
Little Bird, Go Through
my Window
Little Bird, Little Bird
Redbird, Fly in the Window
Redbird Thro the Window
There Goes a Redbird Thro
the Window
There Goes Topsy Thro
the Window
Topsy Thro the Window

This is a game song that is known in various parts of the United States, but it is not always played the same

way. The tune, according to Botkin, is a variation of The Old Gray Mare, or Many Long Years Ago.

REFERENCES

Blair, 96
Botkin (APPS), 177-180
Courlander (NSA), 105
Lomax (OSC), 74-75
Newell, 118-119
Piper (SPPG), 266-267
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 238
Seeger (1), 118-119
Winn (1), 174
Wolford, 92-93

Yellow-Bird Through the Window

Yellow-bird, yellow-bird,
Through the window,
Through the window, through the window,
Yellow-bird, yellow-bird,
Through the window,
Old Virginia style.

****

No. 1878

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

This is a song with a long and questionable history. According to Mary Anne Turner's The Yellow Rose of Texas, Southwestern Studies, No. 31, University of Texas, 1971: "The original folksong was inspired by a comely mulatto girl who was with General Santa Anna in his tent at the outset of the Battle of San Jacinto. An indentured slave girl captured by the Mexican general at Morgan's point, then known as New Washington, Emily--a part of the household of Colonel James Morgan--had to perform duties as a 'serving girl' in Santa Anna's quarters."
Early Texas historians apparently treated the story

as a myth, if they knew it, because not one made any mention of Emily. On the other hand, William Bollaert, an Englishman, recorded the story in his diaries, which he kept of his visits (Dec. 1841 - April 1844), and, according to him, the information came directly from Col. Morgan, the slave girl's master. Bollaert's mention of the affair is dated July 7, 182.

The story of Emily may or may not be true, but there exists an early version of the song in which "The Yellow Rose of Texas" is referred to as "Emily, the Maid of Morgan's Point."

In another manuscript version, found among the A. Henry Moss Papers in the Archives Collection of the University of Texas at Austin Library, there is no mention of Emily. That handwritten copy dates from the first administration of Sam Houston as President of the Republic of Texas, which ended in December, 1838.

The earliest commercial sheet-music version was issued in 1858, by Firth, Pond & Co., New York. The title page reads: The Yellow Rose of Texas, Song and Chorus Composed and Arranged Expressly for Charles H. Brown BY J. K. We must assume that Brown was a performer. The identity of "J. K." remains unknown.

During the Civil War the song became a marching favorite of the Confederate army and thereafter appeared in many musical books, including the Ham-Town Students' Songster, 1873, p. 85; J. H. Haverly's Genuine Refined Minstrel Songster, p. 12; Sheffer & Blakely's New Coon Done Gone Songster, p. 53; and the 19th century works listed below, under References.

In 1906 the William A. Pond Co. issued a version for male quartet, with both English and German lyrics.

In 1930 David W. Guion, a composer, arranged a version for G. Schirmer, New York. Schirmer reissued that ar-

rangement in 1936 in honor of the Texas Centennial. In 1941 an arrangement by Hugo Frey was published by the Robbins Music Corp., New York. Then, in 1955, the Don George - Mitch Miller version was published by Planetary Music Publishing Corp., New York, and became a national hit.
Another Yellow Rose of Texas, undoubtedly adapted from the historical one, is given below as version B

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 186
Amer (3), 38
Beadle (1), No. 3, 8
Book, 310
Christy, II, 52
Christy (MSB), II, 84
Cox (FSS), 396-397
De Marsan (SJ), No. 1, 64
Glass (SS-2), 227-229
Hugill (1), 561
Leisy (LAS), 43-44
Luther, 198
Silverman, II, 321

The Yellow Rose of Texas (Version A)

There's a yellow rose in Texas
I'm going there to see;
No other fellow knows her,
Nobody, nnly me.
She cried so when I left her,
It almost broke my heart,
And if we ever meet again
We never more will part.

Chorus

She's the sweetest rose of color
This fellow ever knew;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
They sparkle like the dew.
You may talk about your dearest maids
And sing of Rosalie,
But the yellow rose of Texas
Beats the girls of Tennessee.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing,
And the starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river
In the quiet summer night;
She hopes that I remember
When we parted long ago—
I promised her I would return,
No more to leave her so.

Now I'm going to find her,
For my heart is full of woe,
And we'll sing the songs together
That we sang so long ago;
I'll play my banjo gaily,
And we'll sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas
Will be mine forevermore.

VERSION B
also known as
Rose, My Texas Rose

There's a yellow rose in Texas,
She's pretty as can be;
Her smile is like the sunshine,
She's the only one for me.
She rides the wildest horses,
And totes a forty-five;
The yellow rose of Texas,
She keeps the West alive.

Chorus

Rose, my Texas Rose, a darling of the Golden West;
Rose, my Texas Rose—of all the gals, I love her best.

Her hair's the brightest yellow
This fellow ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
They sparkle like the dew;
You can sing about Susannah,
And sing of Carrie Lee,
But the yellow rose of Texas
Is the only gal for me.

****

No. 1879

YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND
also known as

Parliament of England You Parliament of England

This is one of many broadsides fired back and forth by the Americans and the British during the wars between them, from the Revolution to the War of 1812. This one, from the War of 1812, gives a sea-history from the American point of view, and dates from 1813. The recovery of the tune was accomplished in 1880, when the Portland, Maine, Advertiser published the text and requested that "anyone knowing the tune should notify the paper." On Nov. 15, 1880, a Mr. Z. Thompson notified the paper that he learned the song as a boy, some 60 years earlier, and could still sing it. The tune, as now known, was notated from Thompson's singing.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 839
Colcord, 128-130
Dolph, 428-430
Flanders (BMNE), 195-196
Gray, 151-155
Ives (SA), 280-281
Ives (SB), 124-125
Luce, 57
Luther, 59-60
McCarty, II, 76-79

Pound (POB), 203-204
Pound (SFSN), 69
Shay (ASSC), 158-160
Silber (SI), 203-204
Silverman, II, 312
Songster (8), 214-217
Songster (10), 199-202
Trident, 6-7
Whitman, 131

Ye Parliament of England

Ye parliament of England, ye Lords and Commons, too,
Consider well what you're about, and what you mean to do.
You're now at war with Yankees: I'll sure you'll rue the day
You roused the sons of Liberty in North Americay!

You first confine our commerce: you said our ships shant trade,
You then impressed our seamen, and used them as your slaves;
You then insulted Rodgers, while cruising on the main,
And had we not declared war, you'd done it o'er again.

You thought our frigates were but few, and Yankees could not fight,
Until bold Hull the Guerriere took, and banished her from sight.
The Wasp next took your Frolic—you nothing said to that:
The Poiteiers being off the coast, of course you took her back.

Next your Macedonian, no finer ship could swim,
Decatur took her gilt-work off, and then he took her in.
The Java by a Yankee ship was sunk, you all must know;
The Peacock, in all her pride, by Lawrence did go.

Then you sent the Boxer to beat us all about,
We had an Enterprising brig that beat the Boxer out;
Then boxed her up to Portland, and moored her off
the town,
To show the sons of Liberty this Boxer of renown.

The next, upon Lake Erie, where Perry had some fun:
You own he beat your naval force, and caused them
for to run.
This was to you a sore defeat, the like ne'er known
before,
Your British squadron beat complete—some took, some
run ashore.

There's Rodgers, in the President; he'll burn, sink,
and destroy;
The Congress, on the Brazil coast your commerce will
annoy;
The Essex, in the South Seas, will put out all your
lights,
The flag she waves at her mast-head: "Free trade and
Sailors' rights."

Lament, ye sons of Britain, for distant is the day
When you'll regain by British force what you've lost
in Americay;
Go tell your King and Parliament, by all the world
'tis known,
The British force, by sea and land, by Yankees is
o'erthrown.

Use every endeavor, and strive to make a peace,
For Yankee ships are building fast, their navy to
increase;
They will enforce their commerce, the laws by heaven
were made,
That Yankee ships in time of peace, to any port may
trade.

****

No. 1880

YOU CAN'T MAKE A LIVING IN A COTTON MILL
also known as
Cotton Mill Colic

Poor working Americans have always sung about their jobs, and complained about their pay and working conditions. This song, from North Carolina, is a complaint about working in the cotton mills. It was written by David McCarn and published by the PeerInternational Corporation, New York, c. 1930.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 731-732
Greenway, 121-126
Lomax (FSNA), 287
Lomax (OSC), 291-292

You Can't Make A Living In A Cotton Mill

When you buy clothes on easy terms,
Collectors treat you like measly worms;
One dollar down, then the Lord knows,
You can't make the payments, they'll take
your clothes!
Go to bed at night, you can't sleep,
You owe so much at the end of the week.
No use to panic, they're all that way—
Rapping on your door till the get your pay.
If I don't starve, nobody will:
You can't make a living in a cotton mill.

In a cotton mill I work like the devil,
At the end of the week I'm way off level;
Pay day comes, pay your rent,
When you get through you ain't got a cent.

Buy fatback meat and pinto beans,
Now and then a few turnip greens;
No use complaining, it's just that way—
Can't get the money to move away.
If I don't starve, nobody will:
You can't make a living in a cotton mill.

Forty bucks a week is all I get—
How can a man ever live on that?
Got me a wife and seven kids,
I'm telling you I'm on the skids.
Got patches on my britches, holes in my hat,
And haven't had a shave since my wife got fat.
No use complaing, but some day soon
I'll lose my mind and howl at the moon.
If I don't starve, nobody will;
You can't make a living in a cotton mill.

They run a few days, then they stand,
Just to keep down a workin' man.
I can't make it. I never will,
As long as I work in a lousy mill.
The poor stay poor, the rich stay rich,
If I don't starve I'm a son-of-a-bitch!
No use complaining, no need to rave,
I'll never rest 'til I'm in my grave.
If I don't starve, nobody will:
You can't make a living in a cotton mill.

****

No. 1881

YOU GIRLS OF A RAMBLING NATURE
also known as

Come, All You Girls of a Rambling Nature
False, or Lovely Nancy
Loving Nancy
My Sad Story
The Rambling Beauty

This is an Americanized version of an old Scottish ballad. I have seen longer versions of the ballad, but not in American collections.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 191-193
Bulletin (FSSN), I, 7
Christie, II, 6-7
Jour (AFL), 225-227
Gardner (BSSM), 110-111
Ord, 176-177
Peacock, II, 477
Sharp, II, 226-227

You Girls of a Rambling Nature

Come, all you girls of a rambling nature,
Come and listen to my mournful song;
I courted a girl beyond my station,
I loved her too well, and I knew it was wrong.

One night as we sat a-quietly talking,
I offered her a wedding ring;
Oh, haughtily she did refuse it, saying:
"Poor man! I never thought of such a thing!"

That night as I stood up to leave her,
I gently made her this reply:
If ever you should by chance get married,
I hope you'll see trouble 'til the day
you die.

Now she's married to some rich fellow,
Lives in a big house cross the town;
Her husband does not in the least regard her,
Her haughty spirit is all broken down.

****

No. 1882

YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAY HERE
also known as
Hail! Hail!

This is a slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers, as reproduced in Marsh (SJS), 261.
See and compare: Hail! Hail! Hail! in Dett, 185.

You Know I Can't Stay Here

John the Baptis did declare,
You know I can't stay here;
Even if I didn't care,
You know I can't stay here.

Chorus

Hail! Hail!
I'll tell you when I get over!
Hail! Hail!
You know I can't stay here.

When I get on my golden shores, etc.
I'll walk about heaven and tell the news, etc.

When I get to heaven fair, etc.
Not one sinner will be there, etc.

Yes, I really want to go, etc.
Told my friends and neighbors so, etc.

****

No. 1883

YOUNG BATEMAN
also known as

The Jailor's Daughter
Lord Ateman, or Bacon
Lord Bateman
Lord Bateman's Castle
Lord Batesman, or Baton
Lord Bayham, or Beham
Lord Darker
Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman
Susan Price
Susan Pye and Lord Beichan
The Turkish Lady
Young Beachen, or Beeham
Young Behan
Young Beichan and Susie Pye
Young Bekie, or Bicham
Young Bondwell
Young Brechin

This ancient European ballad was widely known in Colonial and early America. Youn Bateman and the legend associated with Gilbert à Becket in the Middle Ages was not, in Child's (No. 53) view, the basis of the ballad. After all, the similarities between the Becket legend and the ballad do not exceed the number found in the stories about Alexander von Metz, Henry of Brunswick, and many other legendary heroes in southern European and Scandinavian balladry.

This ballad is entirely different from the A Warning to Maidens, or Young Bateman in the Roxburghe collection that was reprinted by William Chappell. Nor should this ballad be confused with The Turkish Lady, a later ballad, that is nothing more than an imitation.

For closely related ballads, see Young Beichan in Kinsley, 103-112 and Young Bekie in Quiller-Couch, 193-205. For an American reworking of our Young Bateman, see Indian Elopement in Bulletin (FSSN), IV, 9-10.

The version below is derived from earlier American and English broadsides issued by Coverly, Catnanch, Jackson, Pitts, and others.

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Barry (BBM), 106-122
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Broadwood (SS), 43
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Brown (BLNC), 9
Bruce, 64
Bulletin (TFLS), VIII, 68
Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 2-3, 5-9, 12
Burne, 547
Campbell & Sharp, No. 12
Chappell (FSRA), 18-20
Child, I, 454-483; V, 415
Christie, I, 8, 31
Coffin, 63-65
Cox (FSS), 36-41, 528
Cox (TBFS), 22, 26
Creighton (MFS), 7-8
Creighton (TSNS), 26-34
Davis (MTBV), 102-110
Davis (TBV), 158-171, 565
Dean-Smith, 5
Eddy, 28-29
Edwards (CHSB), 54
Flanders, II, 9-69
Flanders (BMNE), 54-57
Flanders (VFSB), 204-208
Friedman, 128-131
Gainer, 32-33
Gardner (BSSM), 143-145
Greenleaf, 17
Greig, I, art. 78
Greig & Keith, 40-43
Harper's (5-1915), 903
Henry (FSSH), 55-59
Houseman, 135-138
Hudson (FSM), 75-76
Hudson (SMFL), 7-9
Jour (AFL), 208; XX, 251; XXII, 64, 78; XXIII, 450; XXVI, 353; XXXV, 340; XLII, 259
Jour (FSS), I, 240; III, 192-199; VII, 315
Jamieson (PBS), II, 117-127
Karpeles, 42-46, 88-92, 138-139
Karpeles (FSN), No. 3
Kidson (GEFS), 8
Kidson (TT), 32-36
Kincaid No. 1, 26
Kinloch (ASB), 260
Leach (BB), 169-174
MacColl & Seeger, 66-69
Mackenzie, 16-19, 392
Mackenzie (QB), 114-118
Moore (BFSS), 41-43
Morris, 259-262
Muir, 108-125
Niles (BB), 121-124
Peacock, I, 210-213
Perrow, XXVIII, 149
Pound, 33-36

Pound (SFSN), I, 3
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 144-146
Quiller-Couch, 825-828
Raine, 109
Randolph, I, 80-88
Randolph (MF), 197-201
Ritchie (FS), 28-29
Ritchie (SFC), 109-112
Roberts (IP), 29-31
Roberts (SBS), 90-91
Sanders, 13-18
Scarborough (SC), 210, 213, 410
Scott (BA), 41
Sharp, I, 77-88
Sharp (ECFS), 214
Sharp (EFSC), 22
Sharp (100), 17-19
Shearin (SKFS), 7
Silverman, I, 197
Smith (SCB), 104-106
Smith (TBSCS), No. 3
Songster (126), 171-172
Songster (62), 171-174
Thomas (DD), 86-87
Wheeler (KMFS), 89-100
Whiting (TBB), 5-8
Williams (FSUT), 147-149
Wyman (LT), 58-61

Young Bateman

Young Bateman was an Englishman,
And he was born and bred of high degree,
But he grew weary of the land
And he made a vow to go to sea.

He sailed East and he sailed West,
Until he came to fair Turkey,
Where he was taken and put in prison
Until his life was quite weary.

In this prison there grew a tree;
It grew so stout and it grew so strong
Where he was chained by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

The Turk he had an only daughter,
The fairest creature human eye did e'er see;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Young Bateman she'd set free.

"Have you got houses, have you got lands?
Does all Northumberland belong to thee?
What would you give to this fair young lady,
If from this prison I'd set you free?"

"I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me;
I'll give it all to you, fair young lady,
If from this prison you'd set me free."

She then took him to her father's palace,
And gave to him the best of wine;
And every health she drank unto him—
"I wish, Lord Bateman, that you were mine."

She took him down to her father's harbor,
And gave to him a ship of fame;
"Farewell, farewell, my dear Lord Bateman,
I fear I shall never see you again."

When seven long years were gone and past,
And fourteen days well known to me,
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And set sail for her young love to see.

She came at last to young Bateman's castle,
And boldly she did ring the bell.
"Who is there?" cried the castle's porter,
"Who is there? Now speak and unto me tell."

"Tell Lord Bateman to send a slice of bread,
And send a bottle of his best wine,
That he may remember the fair young lady
Who released him when close confined."

Away then went the proud young porter,
And quickly away, away went he,
Until he came unto Lord Bateman's door
And there fell down on bended knee.

"What news, what news, my young porter,
What news do you bring now unto me?"
"There is the fairest of all young ladies
That ever my two eyes did see!

"And she's got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she has got three!
And so much gold hanging round her middle,
'Twould buy Northumberland for thee."

Young Bateman then in a passion flew,
And said, "I never thought this would be!
I'll gladly give all of my father's riches,
If my Sophia has crossed the sea."

Then up spoke his fair bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free:
"You'll not forsake my only daughter, sir,
If Sophia has crossed the sea."

"Yes, I made a bride of your daughter—
She's neither better nor worse for me;
She came to me with a horse and saddle,
Now take her home in a coach and three."

Young Bateman prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts full of glee;
"I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Since Sophia has crossed the sea."

****

No. 1884

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

also known as

Charlotte, or Charollet
Fair Charlotte
Frozen Charlotte
The Frozen Girl, or Maid
Young Charlotte's Fate
Young Charlottie

This is a native American folk song, and one that has been extensively researched. Phillips Barry made the earliest report in Jour (AFL), XXV, 156, saying: "We are satisfied with the evidence that its author was William Lorenzo Carter, of Benson, Vermont."
In regard to the tunes to which the song is sung, Barry said: "Except when sung by woodmen, it is always sung to sets of an air associated in Ireland with Prince Robert, and in New England with The False Hearted Knight."
During 1863-64, when the lumbercamps attracted unnaturalized Irishmen with high wages, the song was sung to a form of the Irish air Fainne geal an Lae (Dawning of the Day). There is no evidence that woodsmen ever sang it to any other tune. In the South and the West, however, the air used for the song was The False Hearted Knight.
Shortly before his death in 1937, Barry discovered that his earlier assumptions about William Lorenzo Carter had been wrong. He finally traced the song back to A Corpse Going to a Ball, a poem written by a New York journalist named Seba Smith. Smith, who wrote and published the poem under the alias Major Jack Downing, admitted authorship. The poem appeared in The Rovers, II, No. 15, December, 1843, p. 225.

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Brewster (BSI), 181-187
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Brown (BLNC), 12
Bulletin (FSSN), VIII, 17-19; XII, 24-26
Bulletin (HFL), III, 13-14
Cambiaire, 110-114
Cox (FSS), 286-291, 528
Cox (FSWV), 15-17
Cox (TBFS), 126-127

Creighton (FSNB), 141-142
Creighton (SBNS), 328-331
Davis (FSV), 72
Dean, 57-58
Eddy, 278-283
Finger (FB), 119-123
Flanders (GGMS), 10-14
Flanders (NGMS), 111-115
Flanders (VFSB), 35-38
Gainer, 137-139
Gardner (BSSM), 126-129
Gray, 94-97
Greenleaf, 347-348
Hubbar, 74-76
Hudson (FSM), 182-184
Jour (AFL), XXII, 367, 442; XXV, 13, 156; XXVI, 357; XXIX, 191; XXXV, 420; XLVIII, 379
Kennedy (AB), 128-130
Kennedy (TAB), 313-315
Kincaid No. 2, 14
Laws (AB), G 17
Laws (NAB), 214
Leach (BB), 723-725
Leisy, 375-377
Linscott, 305-309
Lomax (CS-1919), 239-242
Lomax (CS-1938), 231-234
Lomax (FSNA), 94-95
Mackenzie, 161-163
Memoirs, XXIX, 51-53
Moore (BFSS), 327-331
Morris, 114-117
Owens (TFS), 66-68
Peacock, III, 735-737
Pound, 103-107
Pound (SFSN), V, 19
Pub (TFLS), VI, 215; XXIII, 98-100
Quarterly (SFL), III, 201
Randolph, IV, 105-111
Rickaby, 135-138
Roberts (IP), 146-149
Sandburg (AS), 58-59
Shay (PF-1), 120-124
Shay (PF-3), 66-69
Shoemaker (MMP), 75-78
Shoemaker (NPM), 62, 72
Spaeth (WSM), 142-143
Stout, 51-53
Tolman & Eddy, 420

Young Charlotte

Young Charlotte lived by a mountain-side,
In a wild and lonely spot;
No dwelling there for three miles round,
Except her father's cot.
No dwelling there for three miles round,
Except her father's cot.

One New Year's Eve as the sun went down,
Far looked her wishful eye,
Out from the frosty window pane,
As a merry sleigh dashed by.
At a village fifteen miles away
Was to be a ball that night,
And tho' the air was piercing cold,
Her heart was warm and light.

How brightly gleamed her laughing eye,
As a well known voice she heard;
And dashing up to the cottage door
Her lover's sleigh appeared.
"O, daughter dear," her mother cried,
"This blanket round you fold.
Tonight is a dreadful one—
You'll catch your death of cold."

"O, no! O, no!" Charlotte cried,
As she laughed like a gypsy queen;
"To ride in blankets muffled up
I never would be seen.
My silken cloak is quite enough—
You know 'tis lined throughout—
And there's my silken scarf to twine
My head and neck about."

Her bonnet and her gloves were on,
So she leaped into the sleigh;
And swiftly, swiftly they sped down
The mountain-side, away.
With muffled beat so silently
Five miles at length were passed,
When Charles, with few and shivering words,
The silence broke at last.

"Most dreadful night I ever saw,
The reins I scarce can hold."

Young Charlotte faintly did then reply,
"I am exceeding cold."
He cracked his whip, to urge his steed
Much faster than before;
And thus five other weary miles
In silence were passed o'er.

They reached the door and Charles sprang out,
He reached his hand to her:
"Why set you there like a monument
That has no power to stir?"
He called her once, he called her twice,
She answered not a word;
He asked her for her hands again,
And still she never stirred.

He held her hand in his—'twas cold
And just as hard as stone;
He tore the mantle from her face,
And cold stars o'er it shone.
Then quickly to the lighted hall
Her lifeless form he bore;
Young Charlotte's eyes had closed in death,
Her voice was heard no more.

And there he sat down by her side,
While bitter tears did flow,
And cried, "My own, my darling one,
Why did you have to go?"
He twined his arms around her neck,
He kissed her marble brow;
His thoughts flew back to where she said,
"I'm growing warmer now."

****

No. 1885

YOUNG JACK RILEY
also known as

Bound for Amerikee
Jack O'Reilly, or O'Riley
Jack Reilly, or Riley
John O'Reilly, or O'Riley
John Reilly, or Riley
John Rylie
One Evening Fair
O'Reilly's Farewell
O'Reilly the Fisherman
O'Riley's Farewell
Reilly Bound for America
Reilly Send to America
Reilly the Fisherman
Riley's Farewell
Riley to Ameriky
Young Reilly, or Riley the Fisherman

This English-Irish song came to America as a broadside. It was possibly the model for later Disguised Lover songs, for it tells a similar story minus the disguise motif. For examples, see Disguised Lover V and VI in this Master Book.

If versions of this ballad are sometimes confused with other songs via reference lists, it is an understandable mistake. As Mackenzie explains it, "The unfortunate hero of this ballad had, like Shakespere, a name that could be represented by a practically infinite variety of spellings, and the recorders of his tragedy have overlooked few of the possibilities. The title of the ballad also can be, and has been, varied to an almost equal degree." The fact that many ballads tell essentially the same story and, in some cases, are known by the same titles, adds to the possibilities for identity confusion.

English broadsides were issued by Bebbington (No. 22); Cadman (No. 265); Harkness (No. 262); Ryle (no number); Such (No. 121); and Walker (No. 20). American broadsides were issued by De Marsan, list 6 (No. 91); and Wehman (No. 782).

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Cazden, 32
Creighton (MFS), 102-103
Creighton (TSNS), 171-175
Delaney (ISB), No. 3, 24
Gardiner, 9-11
Greenleaf, 182-183
Greig & Duncan, No. 22
Jour (FSS), I, 256-257; II, 214; V, 147
Jour (IFSS), I, 5
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 53
Karpeles, 163-164
Karpeles (EFS), I, 357-360
Karpeles (FSN), I, No. 14
Kidson (GEFS), 12
Laws M 8, 183
Leach, No. 13, 48
Mackenzie, 126-127
O'Conor, 49
O'Lochlainn, 14
Paddy, 23-25
Peacock, III, 698-700
Pound, 89-90
Sharp (ECFS), 107
Songster (45), 119
Songster (192), 6
Thomas (DD), 168
Wehman (CS), No. 3, 32-33

Young Jack Riley

As I roved out one evening fair
All along the riverside,
I heard a lovely maid complain,
And tears fell as she cried.
"This is a cold and stormy night,"
Are the words I heard her say;
"And my love is on the raging seas,
Bound to Americay.

"My love he was a fisherman,
And his age was scarce nineteen;
He was as fine and handsome man
As ever yet was seen.
My father he had riches great,
But Jack Riley he was poor;
And because I loved him very much,
He had to leave this shore.

"Jack Riley is my true love's name,
And near us he did stay;
My mother took me by the hand
And said, "O, hear the words I say:
'If you're fond of Riley, dear,
Tell the boy he must flee;
For your father says he'll take his life,
Unless he leaves you be.'

Fair Molly took some gold in hand
And to Riley she did run;
She said, "My father he will come
To kill you with a gun!
I've brought to you a thousand pound,
And the words I speak are true:
Flee, my love, to far Americay,
And soon I'll follow you."

Jack Riley took the thousand pound
And he sailed away next day;
But before he stepped aboard the ship,
To Molly he did say:
"Here is a token of true love,
And I break it now in two;
And the ring I break will bind us, love,
'Til I'm again with you."

It was about three months or so,
And Jack returned one day;
He came again to see his love
And take her far away.
But the ship was wrecked, all hands were lost,
And her father grieved full sore,
For he found her wrapped in Riley's arms,
Both dead upon the shore.

****

No. 1886

YOUNG JIMMY HALL
also known as

Billy and Johnny	Bold Richie
Billy Broke Locks	Escape of Old John Webb
Bold Dickie	John Webb, or Webber

This ballad is an adaptation of the old Scottish ballad, Archie o' Cawfield. Many versions—some quite different from the versions given below—have been recovered in the United States. Though the story is essentially the same, the text of version A (below) is an example of just how far removed from the original a song can be. Version B (below) is more closely allied to earlier European versions, but it, too, has been Americanized.

For Scottish versions, see: Buchan (ABS), I, 111; Macmath MS., 76; Motherwell, 335; Motherwell MS., 467; and Scott (MSB), I, 177 and (1883 ed.), II, 115.

Most American versions were recovered in New England. Child, No. 188 F is a New England version, and Child relates it to Jock o' the Side, a ballad telling an identical story but with different named pricipals. Linscott, who also prints a New England version, says the origin of the ballad "is unknown." Burl Ives refers to it as an old broadside, and says the incident described in the text occurred about 1730 at Salem, Massachusetts. According to Ives, John Webb and Bill Tenor were imprisoned at Salem, but their imprisonment turned out to be unpopular. The jail raid which freed them was "much applauded" and a 20-verse broadside describing the affair was published. The text of The Escape of Old John Webb printed by Ives is almost identical to that of Billy Broke Locks printed by

Phillips Barry.
The tunes set to all published versions are quite dissimilar, making melodic identification almost impossible. For example, the tune to version A (below) is a cowboy treatment; it was given to me by Tex Ritter sometime in the late 1930s. The tune has a distinct similarity to that of Sweet Betsy from Pike (see in MB).

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Child, III, 494
Gardner (BSSM), 217-219
Ives (SB), 30-31
Jour (AFL), VIII, 256-257
Linscott, 172-219
Lomax (FSNA), 14
Silber (SI), 25-26
Silverman, II, 293

Young Jimmy Hall (Version A)

I'll sing all about young Jimmy Hall,
The bravest man I ever saw;
His friends were few, but one or two,
Like young Joe Collins broke the law.

Chorus

Jimmy was young, Jimmy was fair,
And he was a fine man to know;
But on a time he turned to crime
In Santa Fe, New Mexico.

They say Joe Collins sure was mean,
For he was a quick-tempered man;
But Jimmy Hall was fond of him,
And loved ol' Joe's young daughter Nan.

Chorus

Jimmy loved Nan, Jimmy went straight,
And he tried hard to make it go;

And then Joe Collins killed a man
In Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The sheriff locked ol' Joe in jail,
And Jimmy swore he'd set him free.
"No friend of mine," they heard him say,
"Will ever die on the gallow's tree!"

Chorus

Jimmy got mad, Jimmy turned bad,
And he put on a noisy show;
He gathered his men, and led them in
To Santa Fe, New Mexico.

With five to hold the deputies,
And five to put the town to route,
Two more to stand at either hand
While Jimmy broke Joe Collins out.

Chorus

Jimmy broke locks, Jimmy broke doors,
And struck the town a mighty blow;
He took Joe Collins and rode away
From Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The sheriff took a posse out,
And said, "I don't intend to fail;
I mean to capture all of them,
Or leave them dead along the trail!"

Chorus

Jimmy rode fast, Jimmy rode far,
And every mile that he did go,
He longed the more to be with Nan
In Santa Fe, New Mexico.

At last they reached the river bank,—
The sun was high and burning bright;

They saw the posse coming fast,
And knew they'd have to stand and fight.

Chorus

Jimmy was hit, Jimmy was hurt,
And as he fell he called to Joe:
"You must fight on! or go be hanged
In Santa Fe, New Mexico!"

They were outnumbered three to one,
And all around the ground was red;
And when the fighting all was done,
The took the wounded and left the dead.

Chorus

Jimmy was young, Jimmy was fair,
And Jimmy lay dead along-side Joe;
Today they lay in unmarked graves
In Santa Fe, New Mexico.

VERSION B

(Bold Richie)

As I walked out one morning in May,
Just before the break of day,
I heard three brothers making their moan,
And listened awhile to what they did say.

"Our brother is in prison," the said,
"In yonder jailhouse is he.
We'll get more men to go with us,
And we will set our brother free."

"Not so, not so," bold Richie then said,
"I'll tell you how it's got to be:
We'll take no more than forty men,
And I'll take them all with me.

"We need ten to hold our horses in,
And ten to guard and look about;
Ten more to hold the prison door,
And ten to take our brother out."

They mounted up and started to ride,
And rode along so gallantly;
They rode up to the prison door
And there alighted manfully.

"O Archie! O Archie!" bold Richie cried,
"No need to look so mournfully;
I've forty men in my company,
And we have come to set you free!"

They mounted up and away they rode,
They rode and sang so merrily;
They came at last to a broad river,
And there alighted so gallantly.

"Bold Richie! Bold Richie!" Archie cried,
"O look you yonder and see—
The sheriff he is coming fast,
With more than ten men to our three!"

"Bold Richie! Bold Richie!" sheriff John
called,
"You are the worst I ever did see!"
"I thank you, sheriff," Bold Richie replied,
"But you are a fool for following me."

****

No. 1887

YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE
also known as

As the Dew Flies Over the Green Vallee
Bandoo
Bought Me a Wife
Cooper of Fife
Dandoo
Dan-Doodle-Dan
Dan-You
Gentle Fair Jenny
Gentle Jinny Fair Rose Marie
Gentle Virginia
He Courted Her in the Month of June
I Bought a Cow
I Bought Me a Wife
Jennifer Gently
Kitty Lorn
Married Me a Wife
Me Old Wether's Skin
Nickety Nackety
Niggl'jy Naggl'jy
The Old Man in the West
The Old Man Who Lived in the West
The Old Sheepskin
Riddleson's Daughter, Dinah
Risselty, Rosselty, Now, Now, Now
Robin
Robin-A-Thrush
Ruggleton's Daughter of Iero
Sweet Robin
Ti Risslety Rosslety
The Unwilling Bride
Wee Cooper o' Fife
Wife Lapped in Morrel's Skin
The Wife Wrapped in a Wether's Skin
The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin

This English-Scottish song comes to us in several forms. The number of versions recovered in America are many and varied. All, however, have a common theme and tell the same story.

The story of the ballad, as Child observed, "was in all likelihood traditionally derived from the good old tale of the wife lapped in Morrel's skin." That folk tale dates back to at least the latter part of the 16th century.

The story theme of all versions of this ballad is "a male view of the taming of the shrew," although in some versions the husband contents himself with complaint.

For somewhat similar songs, see The Husband's Complaint I & II in this Master Book; He Courted Her in the Month of June in Brown, IV, 345-346; and There Lived an Old Man in Dover in Creighton (MFS), 123.

Versions of this song under such titles as I Bought a Cow and Bought Me a Wife are sometimes confused in reference lists with different songs, such as, for examples, The Barnyard, The Farmyard and The Swapping Song.

Two forms of the song are given below. Version A is told in the third person, and version B in the first. Botkin (APPS), 368 has a play-party stanza that is made up entirely of the nonsense refrains associated with our version B. Arnold gives a version of our B and says it had an Irish background; but he did not relate it to The Old Man in the West, a version of our A, in the same collection. Belden (BS) grouped the texts by the refrains used, pointing out that certain forms are found only in certain areas. For example: The Dandoo refrain is found only in the South and the West, while the Rosemary refrain is found only in the New England states. Aside from those versions in published English collections, the Iero form is not found in America at all.

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Belden (PLSB), No. 10
Best, 97
Brewster (BSI), 151-154
Broadwood (ECS), 92-93

Brown, II, 185-187; IV, 113-116
Brown (BLNC), 9
Bulletin (TFS), VIII, 74
Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 7-10
Cambiaire, 78-79
Campbell & Sharp, No. 33
Cazden, II, 36-37
Chase (AFTS), 122-123
Child, V, 104-107
Coffin, 146-148
Cox (FSS), 159-163
Cox (TBFS), 57-60
Creighton (TSNS), 94-95
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Downes (1943), 226-227
Emrich (CBF), 38
Flanders, IV, 76-78
Flanders (BMNE), 221-222
Flanders (GGMS), 84-86
Flanders (VFSB), 222-225
Ford (SH), 271-274
Ford (VSBS), 192
Friedman, 449-451
Gainer, 90-91
Greig, I, art. 13; II, art. 122
Greig & Keith, 218-220
Halliwell (NRE), 6-8
Henry (FSSH), 125
Houseman, 238-239
Hubbard, 38-39
Hudson (FSM), 123
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Ives (SB), 64-65
Jamieson (PBS), I, 319-325
Jour (AFL), VII, 253; XIX, 298; XXVIII, 200; XXX, 328; XXXIX, 109; XLVIII, 309; LVI, 309
Jour (FSS), II, 223; V, 260
Karpeles (FSE), II, No. 202
Leach (BB), 658-660
Leisy, 348-349
Leisy (SPS), 103
Lomax (FSNA), 167
Lomax (OSC), 131
Moore (BFSS), 124-126
Morris, 322-323
Niles (BB), 310-313
Owens (TFS), 34-36
Pound, 16-18
Quarterly (HFL), IV, 41
Quarterly (SFL), XI, 134-135
Randolph, I, 187-188
Ritchies (FS), 76
Roberts (IP), 81-85
Sharp, I, 271-274
Sharp (AEFS), 27-31
Sharp (FSFS), No. 97
Sharp (100), 158-159
Shearin (SKFS), 8
Silverman, I, 285
Smith (AA), 49
Wells, 121
Whitelaw, 333

Young Man With a Lazy Wife (Version A)

Young Willy Brown married him a wife,
Jennifer June of the Jones family,
To be the sweet comfort of his life,
As the dew flies over the green valley.

But never to the kitchen would she go, etc.
Protecting her dress as white as snow, etc.

She couldn't wash, she wouldn't bake, etc.
For fear of soiling her apron tape, etc,

Now she couldn't card and wouldn't spin, etc.
For fear of soiling her delicate skin, etc.

Young Willie came whistling from the plow, etc.
Says, "Have you my dinner ready now?", etc.

She called him a dirty name or two, etc.
Says, "Silly to think I'd cook for you!", etc.

Young Willie went out to the sheep-fold, etc.
And out a fat wether he did pull, etc.

Upon his knees he got within, etc.
And from it he soon did strip the sking, etc.

He laid the skin on his wife's back, etc.
And made his stick go whickety whack, etc.

"I'll tell my father and all my kin, etc.
How you this quarrel did begin!", etc.

"So tell your father and all your king," etc.
How I have thrashed my wether's skin," etc.

She set the table and spread her board, etc.
'Twas "O my dear husband" with each word, etc.

Now they live free of care and strife, etc.
And Willie now has a pleasant wife, etc.

VERSION B
also known as
I Married Me a Wife

Other versions of this first person form are in: Brown, IV, 345; Flanders (VFSB), 449; Korson (PSL), 41; Lomax (OSC), 131; Pound, 236; and Randolph, III, 190.

.....

I married me a wife in the month of June,
Nickety, nackety, now, now, now,
Got her home by the light of the moon,
Nickety, nackety, nay!
Say nickety, nackety, tickety tackety fi-lay,
And nickety, nackety, now, now, now.

O, she cleaned her house but once a year, etc.
Dust and dirt she'd not go near, etc.

O, I bought two cows, they both were good, etc.
Told her as milk whichever she would, etc.

For want of a pail she used my hat, etc.
Saw no wrong in doing that, etc.

O, she churns her butter in my old boot, etc.
For a dasher she used her foot, etc.

The butter it turned to a grizzly gray, etc.
Strong enough to run away, etc.

She hung her cheese upon a pin, etc.
Grease ran out and the dirt sucked in, etc.

There's bread and cheese upon the shelf, etc.
You may sing the rest yourself, etc.

****

No. 1888

YOUNG ROGER O'MALLEY
also known as

Courting My Father's Gray (Grey) Mare
Gay Jemmie the Miller
The Gray (Grey) Mare
Johnny the Miller
My Father's Gray Mare
Roger (Rogger) the Miller
Tid the Gray Mare
Young Jimmy the Miller
Young Rogers the Miller

This is a humorous "turning the tables" or "getting even" song that originated in England. If the tune sounds familiar, that's because it is one of the most famous traditional tunes in America, Sweet Betsy from Pike. The tune originally used for the words may have been a variation of Vilikens and Dinah (see in MB) or its forerunner, William and Diana.
This song probably arrived in America during the 1820s, but it could have gotten here earlier.

REFERENCES

Allen (FS), 2-3
Baring-Gould (SW), II, No. 51
Belden (BS), 235-236
Botkin (SFL), 718-719
Coleman, 14
Creighton (FSNB), 169-170
Eddy, 172-173
Flanders (VFSB), 62-64
Gardner (BSSM), 392
Greenleaf, 59-60
Hubbard, 106-107
Jour (AFL), XII, 251; XXXV, 372
Kidson (FSNC), 90-91
Kidson (TT), 78-81
Laws (AB), 252
Manny, 281-282
Peacock, I, 278-279
Pound, 80
Pound (SFSN), XXI, No. 2

Young Roger O'Malley Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Young Roger O'Malley was seeking a mate;
He wooed a rich farmer's daughter named Kate.

Her eyes were like stars from the heavens above;
Her cheeks were like roses, all painted with love.

When the wedding was settled, the farmer sat down
A beautiful dowry of ten thousand pound;
But Roger was greedy, and said then and there:
"I won't wed your daughter without the gray mare."

The farmer stood up and he said with great speed:
"You would have married my daughter, indeed!
It might have been better, glad it's not worse—
I'll just put this money right back in my purse!"

Young Roger O'Malley was kicked out the door,
And ordered to never come back anymore;
In time he was sorry, and bemoaning his fate,
He once again went to call upon Kate.

"O Katy, O Katy, won't you forgive me?"
"I seem to remember your face," said she;
"You look like a young man with dark curly hair
That once came a-courtin' my father's gray mare!"

****

No. 1889

THE YOUNG ROVER AND THE RICH LADY
also known as

It Is Of A Rich Lady
The Jolly Young Sailor and the Beautiful Queen
The Journeyman Tailor Marrying a Queen
Jovial Young Sailor

The story of a young (usually poor) man who wins the interest, love and affection of a lady of rank and/or wealth was a popular theme in ballads. This is one of those ballads. For others, see The Journeyman's Weaver in Grainger, No. 182 and The Turkish Rover in

Creighton (SBNS), 26-28; Leach (BB), 173-174; and Mackenzie, 66-68. All these songs deal with similar encounters between titled and wealthy women and young men just passing by. The one below is given as an example of the form.

REFERENCES

Creighton (MFS), 53
Creighton (SBNS), 76-77
Creighton (TSNS), 178-183
Doerflinger, 298-299
Moore (BFSS), 198-199

The Young Rover and the Rich Lady

Come, listen, true lovers and the truth I'll unfold,
And no more truthful story has ever been told;
It's of a rich lady in fair Yarmouth town,
Who was bless'd with great beauty, with fame and renown.

There were many rich merchants who a-courtin' her came,
And many fine presents were sent by the same,
All hoping and striving this lady to gain,
But despite all their efforts they all strove in vain.

One morning in summer on a fine sunny day,
A handsome young sailor came passing that way;
Being light, brisk and jolly as he passed her by,
She tapped on the window and beckoned him nigh.

"Where are you going, sir, and what is your aim?
What is your occupation? Pray, tell me your name.
And where is the place that you make your abode,
And what is the reason you're walking this road?"

"My name it is William, I'm a sailor by trade.
All over America I've fought and I've played.
In the city of New York I make my abode,
And I hope there's no harm in my walking this road."

"O, William, I hope in this country you'll tarry,
For I know a rich lady who'd like you to marry.
Perhaps her great wealth might enrich your own store—
O, William, I'd rather you ramble no more."

"O, I would not stop rambling for fortune or more;
I can gather riches and lay them in store.
I have gold in my pocket and silver likewise."
Like an innocent lover, tears fell from her eyes.

"O, William, I want you to marry with me;
You'll have men and maid-servants on land and at sea.
There's a coach and six horses for pleasure to ride,
If you'll only consent to make me your bride."

Young William consented for to be the bridegroom;
The parson was sent for that same afternoon.
O, a happier wedding has seldom been seen,
Than the happy young rover and beautiful queen.

****

No. 1890

A YOUNG WOMAN'S SORROW
also known as

According to Baring-Gould (SW), IV, xxiii, the original song consisted of three verses only. We learn that the verses were set to music by "Mr. Robert Smith" in Playford's Choice Ayres, 1676, I, p. 10. It first appeared in print as Captain Digby's Farewell in the Roxburgh Ballads, IV, 1671, p. 393. Time and oral circulation brought about many changes in both text and tune. Ebsworth referred to it as a reproduction of a broadside: The Sorrowful Lady's Complaint. Of course, that ballad may very well be an extension of the folk song. The song survived as a traditional piece and, in the

1950s, a modernized version was popularized in America by The Weavers.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), II, No. 32
Belden (BS), 167-168
Ebsworth (RB), IV, 397
Edwards (CHSB), 25
Henry (FSSH), 204
Jour (AFL), XLV, 88
Leisy, 174-175
Lomax (FSNA), 222
Randolph, I, 341-343
Seeger (6), 29

A Young Woman's Sorrow

As I was out walking along the seashore,
The night winds did whistle, the ocean did roar,
And the stars overhead stared down at the ground,
I heard a young woman's most pitiful sound.

Chorus

Crying, O! my love is drowned! the only one I adore;
He's gone where I'll never see him any more!

He's down in the waters forever asleep.
I wish I were with him 'way down in the deep!
I'd kiss those white lips that were once coral red,
And die at his side, for my true love is dead.

She plunged her young body in the ocean so deep,
And there closed her blue eyes forever in sleep.
The shells of the ocean shall be her death bed,
While fish in the waters swim over her head.

****

No. 1891

YOUNG WOMEN
also known as
Hares on the Mountain

I have seen this song in print only in English collections, but I have heard in sung in at least three states in America.
My father knew this song, and I learned it from him.
For a related song, see O Sally, My Dear in Sharp (100), 144-145.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (EFSS), 38-39
Cole, 2-3
Farnsworth, 76
Reeves, 119-120
Reeves (EC), 150
Sedley, 87
Sharp (100), 142-143
Yolen, 92-93

Young Women

Young women, they run like hares on the mountain,
Young women, they run like hares on the mountain,
If I were still a young, I'd go out a-hunting!
To my right fol-diddle de-ro,
To my right fol-diddle dee.

Young women, they sing like birds in the bushes, (2)
If I were a young man I'd go beat the bushes, etc.

Young women, they swim like ducks in the water, (2)
If I were a young man I'd do what I oughter, etc.

Young women, they bloom like laurel in springtime, (2)
If I were still a young man I'd go out and pick some, etc.

****

No. 1892

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

Every soldier in or out of the American army is more than likely familiar with the words of this old bugle-corps march. For other versions, see Dolph, 12-13 and Loesser, 175-176.

You're in the Army Now

You're in the army now.
You're not behind the plow.
You'll never get rich,
You son-of-a-bitch,
You're in the army now!

You're in the army now!
You're in the army now!
You'll never get rich
On the salary which
You get in the army now.

****

No. 1893

YOU SHALL BE FREE
also known as

Doctor (Dr.) Peck
God Made Man, Man Made Money
Great Big Nigger Sittin' On a Log
Mona
Mourner, You Shall be Free
Old Marse
Ole Marse John
O Mourner
Po' Mona
Poor Mourner
Pore Mournah
There Was an Old Nigger, His Name Was Dr. Peck
When the Good Lord Sets Me Free
When the Good Lord Sets You Free

This may have originated as a minstrel song and then splintered off in several directions, or it may have been patched together from several traditional sources and thereby became a new song. Some collectors think this is merely a derivative of the spiritual O, Mourner II (see in MB). However, this is difficult to prove. Most of the secular versions I have seen, including the three given below, contain as many or more lines from other songs as from the spiritual. The expressions "You shall be free" and "When the good Lord sets you free" are found in dozens of old slave songs. For examples of songs that share lines with this one, see Brown, III, 508-510, 541 and V, 311; Henry (FSSH), 426; Sandburg (AS), 11; Scarborough (NFS), 172, 235; White, 138, 151-152, 301-302; and the following songs in this Master Book: The Dummy Line, Hey Betty Martin, Promises of Freedom, Some Folks Say, and The Talking Blues.

For a different song of same title, see Odum (NHS), 233-234.

Although the three versions (A B C) given below are not all set to the same tune, the texts have more similarities than differences and are obviously related.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 547; V, 316
Johnson (SBNS), 74
Lomax (ABFS), 254-258
Lomax (FSNA), 508-509
Owens (TFS), 176-177
Perrow, XXVIII, 136-137
Scarborough (NFS), 163-164, 194, 235
Spaeth (REW), 123-125
White, 134-140

You Shall Be Free (Version A)

Bake dat-a batter bread good an' brown,
Roll dat flap-jack roun' an' roun',
Shake up de feather bed good an' light
'Cause Deacon Johnson gwine to spend de night.

Won't he slumber dough? You shall be free!
Till nine o'clock! You shall be free!
Big feather bed, you shall be free
When de good Lord sets you free!

Some folks say dat a dummy can't run,
But let me tell you what de dummy done done!
She left Memphis at half past one,
An' she run to Natches by de settin' o' de sun.

Wasn't she movin' dough? You shall be free!
Sho' turnin' a wheel! You shall be free!
Movin' right along! You shall be free!
When de good Lord sets you free!

I got on de dummy an' didn't hab de fare,
Conductor ast me what I'm doin' dare.
Took me by de arm an' led me to de door,
Told me not to git on de dummy no more.

Wasn't he mean to me? You shall be free!
I'se ridin' dough! You shall be free!
Didn't pay a dime! You shall be free
When de good Lord sets you free!

Ain't no sense in me workin' so hard;
I got a gal in the white folks' yard.
She kill a turkey and she save me de head;
Tinks I'm a-workin' but I'm layin' in bed!

Ain't I foolin' her? You shall be free!
Eatin' turkey, dough! You shall be free!
Lots o' stuffin' too! You shall be free
When de good Lord sets you free!

Went down town to roll some bones,
Met a great big nigger by de name o' Jones;

He roll seven 'leven an' sure as I'm alive,
I come back at him wid a three, four, five!

Wan't he shootin' 'em? You shall be free!
Sho' rollin' 'em! You shall be free!
Little Josie too! You shall be free
When de good Lord sets you free!

Great big nigger a-lyin' side a log
Wid his finger on de trigger, his eye on de hog;
He pulled de trigger an' de gun went crack!
Hog fell down right flat on his back.

Good pork chops! You shall be free!
Jowls an' gravy too! You shall be free!
Hawg Haslets! You shall be free
When de good Lord sets you free!

VERSION B

Ol' marse John come ridin' by.
Say, marse John, dat mule's gwine to die.
If he die, I'll tan his skin,
An' if he don't, I'll ride him agin.

Chorus

O, Mourner, you shall be free!
Yes, Mourner, you shall be free
When the good Lord sets you free!

Over in the old cornfield,
Rattlesnake bit me on de heel;
Turned aroun' to run my best
An' run into a hornet's nest!

God made bees, bees made honey,
God made man, man made money,

God made niggers in the night,
Then plumb forgot to paint him white!

In the hen-house on my knees,
Thought I heard a chicken sneeze;
Sneezed so hard with whoopin' cough,
Den sneezed his head an' tail right off!

Goin' down the Pine-cone road,
Handy team an' heavy load,
Cracked de whip, the left mule sprung,
The right one broke de wagon-tongue!

My ol' Mistis promised me
When she die, she'd set me free;
Live so long her head got bald—
I don't believe she'll die at all!

VERSION C

A nigger an' a white man playin' seven-up;
The nigger won the money an' he's scared to
pick it up!
The nigger drawed back, the white man fell—
The nigger ran like hell!

Chorus

Oh, Nigger, you shall be free
When the good Lord calls you home!

****

No. 1894

YOU SHALL GAIN THE DAY
also known as
March On

This is an American slave spiritual from the repertoire

of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For another spiritual that shares a title with a version of this one, see Bound to Go in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Marsh (SJS), 166
Pike, 206, or 248
Work (ANSS), 204-205
Work (FSAN), 71

You Shall Gain the Day

Way over in the Egypt land, you shall have a victory!
Way over in the Egypt land, you shall gain the day!

Chorus

March on, and you shall have a victory!
March on, and you shall gaid the day!

King Jesus on the mountain top, etc.
King Jesus speaks and the chariot stops, etc.

When Peter was fishing in the sea, etc.
He dropped his net and followed me, etc.

****

No. 1895

YOU TALK ABOUT YO' GREENBACKS

This old roustabout river song is from the southern Mississippi River country, and it was collected by, and published in, Wheeler (SD), 119.

You Talk About Yo' Greenbacks

You may talk about yo' greenbacks bein' dollar bills,
But you shoulda seen the Natchez when she passed the Louisville.

Chorus

An' a Who Who didn' Da Do!
An' a Who Who didn' Da Do!

O, yonder comes a boat a-shootin' thro' the fog,
But the captain and the lice on her annoy like a hog!

Said he had a little girl all dressed in red,
Goin' to make a livin' with a needle an' thread.

O, lan' dis boat an' I'll jump ashore,—
It's goodbye, my honey, never see you no more!

****

No. 1896

YOU YOUNG AND PRETTY GIRLS
also known as

Come All You Fair and Handsome Girls
Come All You Young and Handsome Girls
Fair and Handsome Girls
Far and Handsome Girls
You Fair and Handsome Girls
You Pretty Young Girls

This is an English song that came to America and underwent considerble change. For various versions and quite similar songs, see Brown, II, 486; Davis (FSV), 88; Randolph, III, 216-218; Scarborough (SC), 321-326; and Sharp, II, 80.

You Young and Pretty Girls

Come all you young and pretty girls
And listen to a friend,
And you'll learn some things about
this world
And the ways of men.

The minds of women they are weak,
The minds of men are strong,
And if you listen to what they say,
They will tell you something wrong.

When I was but just seventeen,
Young William said to me:
If I would run away with him,
His loving wife I'd be.

My heart was so in love with him
I never could say no;
I bundled up my finest clothes
And with him I did go.

When we had traveled many miles,
Enjoying a happy life,
Young Willie said I should go home,—
He did not want a wife.

My father he was kind to me,
And mother loved me dear;
You made me leave my happy home,
And want to leave me here.

So fare you well, my untrue love,
I leave you here to roam;
You'll never see my face again,
For I am going home.

****

No. 1897

ZACHARY TAYLOR

Dolph was of the opinion that this song was "undoubtedly composed by soldiers." Zachary Taylor, like Andrew Jackson, was a popular military hero, and this song gives a fairly accurate account of his career from the beginning of the War with Mexico to the battle of Buena Vista. He became the 12th President of the United States in 1849.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 412 Kennedy (TAB), 68-70 Luther, 137-138

Zachary Taylor Tune: Masquerading Woman XIII

Zachary Taylor was a brave old feller,
Brigadier-Gen'ral A number one;
He fought twenty thousand Mexicans,
Four thousand killed, the rest just cut and run.

Arista was the first that he gave fits to,
Just this side of the Rio Grand-ee;
Resaca de Palma and Palo Alto
Proved to the Mexicanos they couldn't come to tea.

Matamora he disturbed with American thunder.
He knocked their houses and soldiers down,
And when the inhabitants were locked under,
He struck up "Yankee Doodle" and marched into town.

Camargo was the place where he next went to,
The people who lived there received him well;
They wheeled up their flour and their vegetables,
And all the fixin's they had a mind to sell.

To Monterrey he turned his attention,
Ran out the enemy—every mother's son!

When the Yankee nation came for to hear it,
They very much applauded what Ol' Zach had done.

To Saltillo town he introduced himself,
And marched right in and made himself at home;
And then he heard the valiant Santa Anna
To that very place he had a mind to come.

Ol' Rough and Ready traveled out to meet him;
At Beuna Vista Pass they had a bloody fight.
Santa Anna and his army got a touch of Yankee mettle,
That showed them "the Elephant" just about right.

In the thickest of the fray Ol' Zach appeared.
The shot flew about him as hot as any hail,
And the only injury that he received there
Was a compound fracture of his brown-coat tail!

Long live ol' Zachary and his brave army!
Three times three! Now give a shout!
To punish all foes whenever they are sassy,
Yankee Volunteers are always about!

****

No. 1898

ZAMBOANGA
also known as

The Monkey's Have No Tails Oh, the Birdies Have No Feet

There is no doubt about this song having originated among American soldiers stationed in the Philippines. According to Dolph, "These lines, which were adapted to the music of a chorus of an old Spanish song, are now seldom heard." In the Southern United States, sometime after the trouble in the Philippines, Zamboanga was replaced by Mobile and the monkeys by eagles (see version B below).

REFERENCES

Dolph, 64-65
Loesser, 193-194
Silverman, II, 227
Trident, 152-153

Zamboanga (Version A) Tune: Over There

Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga!
Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga!
Oh the monkeys have no tails—
They were bitten off by whales!—
Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga!

Oh, the carabao have no hair in Mindaneo! (2)
Oh, the carabao have no hair—
Holy smoke! but they are bare—, etc.

Oh, the birdies have no feet in Mariveles! (2)
Oh, the birdies have no feet—
They were burned off by the heat!, etc.

Oh, we'll all go up to China in the spring time! (2)
Oh, we'll hop aboard a liner—
I can think of nothing finer!, etc.

Oh, we lived ten thousand years in old Chefoo! (2)
And it didn't smell like roses,
So we had to hold our noses!, etc.

VERSION B
also known as
Eagles They Fly High Oh, The Eagles They Fly High Over Mobile

Oh, the eagles they fly high over Mobile, (2)
Oh, the eagles they fly high,
And they shit right in your eye,
And I'm glad that cows don't fly over Mobile!

Oh, the men they wash the dishes in Mobile! (2)
Oh, the men they wash the dishes,
And they dry them on their britches—
Oh, the dirty sons-of-bitches in Mobile!

Oh, the cows they all are dead in Mobile! (2)
Oh, the cows they all are dead,
So they milk the bulls instead,
Because the babies must be fed in Mobile!

****

No. 1899

THE ZEBRA DUN
also known as

The Cowboy Victimized
The Educated Feller
The Stranger and That Dun Horse
The Tenderfoot
The Z-Bar Dun

This cowboy song circulates in several differing versions. Its theme, that of the tricksters being tricked, is an old and popular one in folklore. There is a difference of opinion concerning the real author and composer, however. Lomax reports that the "song is said to have been composed by Jake, the Negro camp cook for a ranch on the Pecos River..." Coolidge, in Sunset Magazine, 1912, ascribes the song to Sam Roberts.
For adaptations, see Preacher Dunn, the Outlaw in Lee (CSB), 44-45 and A Tenderfoot and the Bronco in Ellard, 42-44.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL-1933), 159-161
Barnes (CHS), 125-128
Cattleman (Feb. 1924), 33
Clark (CS), 68-69

Coolidge, 509-510
Fife, 194-196
Fife (FAC), III, 462, 730
Frey, 62-63
Friedman, 427-429
Gray, 98-101
Landeck, 40
Larkin (1931), 36-38
Larkin (1963), 49-52
Laws (NAB), 140-141
Lee (CSB), 32-33
Lingenfelter, 402-405
Loesser, 202-203
Lomax (CS-1919), 154-157
Lomax (CS-1938), 78-81
Lomax (PB), 110
Lone Ranger, 44
Maynard, 28-30
McConathy, 82-83
Ohrlin, 54-57
Patterson (SRR), 56-57
Pound (STWS), 29-30
Randolph, II, 244-245
Rhinehart, 16
Sackett, 38-39
Sherwin (SRU), 54-56
Silber (HSB), 23
Silverman, I, 28
Thorp (1904-08), 27-29
Thorp (1921), 171-174
Thorp & Fife, 135-147
Treasure, 45
Utah Cowboy, 24-25
White (GALD), 149-150
Williams (CFCS), 26-27

The Zebra Dun

We camped out on the plains
At the head of the Cimarron,
When along came this here stranger
Who stopped to argue some.
He looked so very foolish
We began to look around;
We thought he was a greenhorn
That just escaped from town.

We invited him to breakfast—
He hadn't had a smear—
So we opened up the chuck-box
And bade him take a share.
He took a cup of coffee,
Some biscuits and some beans,

And then began to talk about
Some foreign kings and queens.

He spoke of Spanish wars
And fighting on the seas
With guns as big as steers
And ramrods big as trees;
About old Paul Jones,
The meanest son-of-a-gun,
'Twas the grittiest cuss, Lordy,
That ever pulled a gun.

When he had finished eatin'
And had put his plate away,
He rolled a cigarette,
Then asked the time of day.
He talked about the weather,
The election, and such things,
But didn't seem to know so much
'Bout workin' on the range.

O, what an educated fella—
His talk just came in herds;
He 'stonished all us cowpokes
With them jaw-breakin' words.
He just kept on a-talkin'
Till he made the boys all sick,
And they began to look around
To play some kind of trick.

Well, he said he'd lost his job
Upon the Santa Fee,
A-goin' across the plains
To meet the Seven B.
He didn't say how it come—
Just some trouble with the boss;
He wondered could he borrow
A fat, nice saddle hoss.

This tickled all the boys to death.
They laughed right down their sleeves.
"Well, you can have a saddle hoss
As nice as you please."
So Shorty grabbed a lariat
And he roped the Zebra Dun,
And turned him to the stranger
While we waited for the fun.

Well, old Dun he was an outlaw
That'd grown up very wild;
He could paw the white right from the moon
And jump a country mile.
But he stood right still,
A-lookin' all tame and slow,
Until they had him saddled
And all ready for to go.

When that stranger hit the saddle
Old Dunny quit the earth,
A-headed straight up
For everything he was worth;
A-pitchin' and a-squealin'
And a-havin' wall-eyed fits,
With hind feet perpendicular
And his front ones in the bits.

We could see the tops of mountains
Under Dunny ev'ry jump,
But the stranger he just stayed there,
Just like a camel's hump.
The stranger sat upon him
And curled his black moustache
Just like a summer boarder
A-waitin' for the hash.

He thumped him in the shoulders
And spurred him when he whirled,
To show them flunky punchers
That he was king of the world.
Well, when the stranger had dismounted
Once more upon the ground,
We knowed he was a thoroughbred
And not a gent from town.

The boss, who was standin' round
A-watchin' of the show,
He walked up to the stranger
And told him he needn't go:
"If you can use the lasso
Like you rode old Zebra Dun,
You're the man that I've been lookin' for
Since the year one."

Well, he could twirl the lasso,
And he didn't do it slow;
He could catch the fore feet nine out of ten
For any kind of dough.
And when the herd stampeded
He was always on the spot,
And he set them to nothin',
Like the boilin' of a pot.

Coda: Last 4 Bars

There's one thing that's a sure thing
I've learned since I've been born;
An educated fella
Ain't necessarily a greenhorn!

****

No. 1900

THE ZESTFUL WOOER I

also known as

The Bird in the Lily-bush
The Blackbird in the Bush
The Milking-maids
The Milkmaids
Three Maidens A-Milking Did Go
Three Maidens A-Milking Would Go
Three Maids A-Milking
Two Maidens Went Milking One Day
Two Maids Went A-Milking One Day

This is the first in a series of songs given the arbitrary titles Zestful Wooer I, II, III, IV and V. The song below has been recovered in certain areas of the United States, but was never well-known in American tradition. Several versions were published here in commercial-type collections, but for a long time it was ignored by music publishers. It was probably ignored because of its vulgar content, in England as well as here. The tune was printed by Christie in 1881; the text was omitted because he found the words "altogether unsuitable." Kidson published only one stanza in 1891 and Baring-Gould, who also found the original words shocking, rewrote the text and put his version in Songs of the West. A version was the last song collected by Cecil Sharp, and he, too, printed only one stanza. It was not until 1958 that a complete traditional text reached publication in Reeves (IP).

The series of songs that follow are set under a common title because they all contain the same basic idea: maids on their way to do something are seen by men on their way to someplace, and the men engage the maids in conversation, usually by asking a question and always with sexual seduction in mind.

REFERENCES

Cole, 48-49
Cray, 231-233
Ives (SA), 38-39
Jour (EFDS), IX, 75-76
Jour (FSS), IV, 93-94; VIII, 22
Karpeles (EFS), I, 450
Kennedy, 422
Kidson (FSNC), 62-63
Kidson (TT), 73
Leisy (SPS), 92-93
MacColl & Seeger, 181-183
Reeves, 208-210
Reeves (EC), 259-260
Sedley, 85-86
Silber (HSB), 110
Silverman, I, 228
Williams (FSUT), 229

The Zestful Wooer I

Two maidens a-milking did go.
Two maidens a-milking did go,
And the wind it did blow high,
And the wind it did blow low,
And it tossed their pails
To an fro, la, la, la,
And it tossed their pails to and fro.

They met with a man that they knew, (2)
And they asked, "Have you the will?"
And, "Tell us, have you the skill
For to catch us a small
Bird or two, la, la, la, etc.

Here's health to the blackbird in the bush,
Likewise to the merry, merry doe;
If you'll come along with me,
Under yonder flowering tree,
I might catch you a small
Bird or two, la, la, la, etc.

They went and they sat 'neath the tree,
And they did what a man and maids do;
While the birds flew 'round about,
While the birds flew in and out,
And he got them by one
And by two, la, la, la, etc.

Come, boys, let us drink down the sun,
And drink to the love that is true;
And take your lady to the wood,
If you really think you should—
You might catch her a small
Bird or two, la, la, la, etc.

****

No. 1901

THE ZESTFUL WOOER II

also known as

Dabbling in the Dew
The Little Maid
Mary Jane the Milkmaid
The Milking-Maid
The Milkmaid
My Pretty Little Miss
My Pretty Maid
The Pretty Milkmaid
Red Rosy Cheeks and Curly Black Hair
Rolling in the Dew
Roving in the Dew
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

Like the preceding song, this one is of English origin. According to Cox (FSS), "No song is better known in America..." Many songs are of course better known in America, though this one was at one time immensely popular. Judging only from the number of music publishers who printed it, the song reached the zenith of its popularity in America during the first half of the 19th century. Versions are in The New York Songster, 1836, p. 61; The Southern Warbler, 1845, p. 99; The Southern

Minstrel (Philadelphia, 1837), p. 87; The Virginia Warbler (Richmond, 1845), p. 99; and two works with page numbers missing from my copies: The Vocalist's Favorite Songster (New York, 1885), and Fleet's Mother Goose Melodies for Children (Boston, 1719). Many versions of this song evolved in American tradition. The two versions (A and B)given below are merely representative of the large number available.

REFERENCES

Amer (4), 221
Baring-Gould (EFSS), 48
Bertail, 114
Book, 123
Butterworth, 18-19
Cazden, II, 35
Cox (FSS), 392-393
Creighton (FSNB), 104-105
Eddy, 153-154
Farnsworth, 48-49
Halliwell (NRE), 35
Hubbard, 148-149
Hudson (FSM), 277-278
Hugill (1), 210-211
Jour (FSS), IV, 282-285
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 152
Mills, 77
Moffat (LSLA), 37
Moore (BFSS), 214-215
Pound, 228-230
Pound (SFSN), XIII, No. 5
Randolph, I, 330
Reeves, 100-101
Reeves (EC), 85
Sedley, 83-84
Sharp (100), No. 44
Silverman, I, 86
Songster (84), 239
Songster (182), 119
Taylor (BR), 6
Wier (YAM), I, 97
Winn (2), 79

The Zestful Woeer II (Version A)

"O, where are you going now, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your long black hair?"
"I'm going a-milking, kind sir," she answered me,
"And it's roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair."

"Suppose I were to dress you, my pretty little dear,
In a new silken gown with a diamond to wear?"
"O no, sir! O no, sir, kind sir," she answered me,
"For it's roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair."

"Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses—a gray gallant pair?"
"O no, sir! O no, sir, kind sir," she answered me,
"Tho' it's roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair."

"Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With your food on silver ev'ry day of the year?"
"O no, sir! O no, sir, kind sir," she answered me,
Tho' it's roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair."

"I'll take you to London town, my pretty little dear,
Where all men are gallant with the ladies so fair."
"O no, sir! O no, sir, kind sir," she answered me,
"Tho' it's roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.

"Fine clothes and dainties, sir, and carriages so rare,
Bring the gray to the cheeks and the long black hair.
No ring on the finger puts rings around the eye,
But it's roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair."

VERSION B

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a-milking, sir, she said,
Sir, she said, sir, she said,
I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.

May I go with you, my pretty maid? (2)
You may do as you please, sir, she said, etc.

What is your father, my pretty maid? (2)
My father's a farmer, sir, she said, etc.

What is your mother, my pretty maid? (2)
The wife of my father, sir, she said, etc.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid? (2)
My face is my fortune, sir, she said, etc.

Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid! (2)
Nobody asked you to, sir, she said, etc.

****

No. 1902

THE ZESTFUL WOOER III
also known as

The Blue Kerchief The Bonny Blue Kerchief

Speaking strictly, this is not an American folk song. It has not, to my knowledge, been reported from our vast pool of traditional material. I give a version of it here to show the similarities that exist between English songs that became part of our tradition and those that didn't make the cross-over.
Even a parody of this song, The Bonny Blue Jacket, published in broadside form in England by Catnach, failed to achieve popular acceptance in the United States.
The version below is from Baring-Gould (SW), II, No. 40, pp. 30-31.

The Zestful Wooer III

I saw a sweet maiden trip over the lea,
Her eyes were as load-stones attracting of me.
Her cheeks were the roses that cupid lurks in,
With a bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

"O where are you going, my fair pretty maid?
O whither so swift through the dew drops?" I said.
"I go to my mother, kind sir, for to spin."
O, the bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin!

"Why wear you that kerchief tied over your head?"
"'Tis the country girls' fashion, kind sir," she said,
"And the fashion young maidens will always be in,
So I wear a blue kerchief tied under my chin."

To kiss her sweet lips than I sought to begin—
"O nay, Sir!" she said, "Ere a kiss you would win!
Pray show me a ring, tho' of gold the most thin."
O slyest blue kerchief tied under her chin!

"Why wear a blue kerchief, sweet maiden?" I said.
"Because the blue colour is one not to fade,
As a sailor's blue jacket who fights for the king,
So's my bonny blue kerchief tied under my chin.

"The love that I value is certain to last,
Not fading and changing, but ever set fast,
That only the colour, my love, sir, to win—
So goodbye from the kerchief tied under the chin!"

****

No. 1903

THE ZESTFUL WOOER IV
also known as

The Blue-Eyed Girl
Flash Gals and Airy Too
Haliky Daliky
How Old Are You, My Pretty Little Miss?
I'll Be Sixteen This Sunday
I'm Seventeen Come Sunday
My Pretty Little Maid
My Pretty Little Miss
My Pretty Maid, or Miss
My Rolling Eye
My Sweet Little Honey
One Sunday Morning
O Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid, or Miss?
The Pretty Little Girl
Seventeen Come Sunday
Soldier and the Fair Maid
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Little Maid (Miss)?

This song is still widely known and has a long tradition

in America. Similar in theme and story to Zestful Wooer II (above), this one and that one share several titles. In fact, lines and stanzas flow from each to the other, feeding both as the songs were orally transmitted from area to area, singer to singer.
Broadsides of this song were issued by many English and American publishers. Cecil Sharp recovered four versions in various parts of Virginia, one of which had a melody bearing some "similarity to at least one English version of The Girl I Left Behind Me."
For a version rewritten by Robert Burns, see Scots Musical Museum, song No. 397.
The two versions (A & B) given below are obviously the same song despite their differences.
For a similar song, see The Humble Village Maid Going A-Milking in Greenleaf, 158-159.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 73
Botkin (APPS), 69-70
Brown, III, 21-23
Butterworth, 16-17
Cazden, II, 42-45
Cole, 14-15
Cox (FSS), 394
Creighton (FSNB), 44
Creighton (MFS), 32
Creighton (TSNS), 164
Cromek, II, 116
Dick, No. 187
Eddy, 188-190
Farnsworth, 8-9
Ford (VSBS), I, 99, 102
Greig & Keith, 246
Hubbard, 147
Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 150; LII, 58-59
Jour (FSS), I, 92; II, 9-10; IV, 291; VI, 7
Karpeles, I, 422-429
Karpeles (FSE), 45
Kidson (GEFS), 2-3
Laws (AB), 19, 234
Leisy (LAS), 41
Lomax (FSNA), 212
Lyle, 155
MacColl & Seeger, 168-169
Moore (BFSS), 213-214
Peacock, I, 284-286
Pound, 228-230
Randolph, I, 330
Reeves, 126-127

Reeves (EC), 238-239
Seeger (1), 56-57
Seeger & MacColl, 7
Sharp, II, 156-158
Sharp (EFS), I, 104-106
Sharp (FSFS), II, 4
Sharp (100), 138-140
Silverman, I, 119

The Zestful Wooer IV (Version A)

As I walked out one morning in May,
Just as the day was dawning,
There I met this pretty little Miss
So early in the morning.

Tag Chorus

Ti toorey, toorey, toorey loo,
Ti toorey, toorey, tandy.

How old are you, my pretty little Miss?
How old are you, my honey?
She answered me with a tee hee hee,
I'll be sixteen next Sunday.

Where are you going, my pretty little Miss?
Where are you going, my honey?
She snswered me with a tee hee hee,
I'm going to see my mommy.

If I came to your house tonight,
And the moon is shining clearly,
Will you arise and let me in,
If your Mommy does not hear me?

Well, I went to her house that night,
And the moon was shining clearly;
She answered me and she let me in,
But her Mommy she did hear me.

She took her by the hair of the head,
And to the floor she brought her;

And with the help of a razor-strap,
A lesson then she taught her.

So fare you well, my pretty little Miss,
O fare you well, my honey;
I will no longer bother with you—
You've got one damn'd mean Mummy!

VERSION B

I took myself a morning walk,
And found it most surprising;
I overtook a fair young maid
Just as the sun was rising.
As the sun was arising,
As the sun was arising.

Her shoes were neat, her legs a treat,
I wished that she was older;
She had a clear and roving eye,
With hair down to her shoulder.
Hair down to her shoulder, etc.

How old are you, my pretty little Miss?
How old are you, my honey?
And she replied with a merry smile,
I'll be sixteen next Sunday.
Be sixteen next Sunday, etc.

What is your name, my pretty little Miss?
What is your name, my honey?
She answered me quite modestly,
My mommy calls me 'Sunny.'
Mommy calls me 'Sunny,' etc.

Will you make love, my pretty little Miss?
Will you make love, my honey?
She answered me quite cheerfully,
I dare not for my Mommy.
Dare not for my Mommy, etc.

If I come round some evening late,
To state my case more clearly,
Would you get up and let me in,
Where no one home could hear me?
No one home could hear me, etc.

I crept one night up to her house,
The moon was brightly shining,
And she came down and let me in,
To lay with arms entwining.
Lay with arms entwining, etc.

O Soldier, will you marry me?
The time is now or never!
For if you do not marry me,
I'll be undone forever!
Be undone forever, etc.

So now she is a soldier's wife,
And he does love her dearly.
The fife and drum are her delight,
And love each morning early.
Love each morning early, etc.

****

No. 1904

THE ZESTFUL WOOER V
also known as

I'm Going to Get Married Next Sunday
Monday Morning

The Sign of the Bonny Blue Bell
Sunday Morning

This final song in our Zestful Wooer series is also from England. Versions have been recovered in a few places in America, but the song was never widely known here. For comparison, see: Barry (FS), No. 48; Brown, II, 436; Hubbard, 146; and Jour (AFL), LII, 34.

REFERENCES

Brown, II & IV, No. 173
Creighton (TSNS), 165
Halliwell (NRE), 94, 99
Jour (FSS), VIII, 260-261
Joyce (AIM), 18
Karpeles (EFS), I, 473-474
Opie, No. 464
Peacock, II, 559
Reeves, 198-199
Sharp, II, 189
Sharp (EFS), I, 54
Sharp (FSFS), No. 3
Sharp (100), 88-89

The Zestful Wooer V

I roved out one bright sunny evening in Spring,
To hear the larks whistle and the nightingales sing;
I spied a pretty young maid under a cow a-milking,
Sighing, "I wish that tomorrow was Monday morning."

I stepped up to her and I bowed at the knee,
Then I asked her pardon for making so free;
I asked for her name and, O yes, where she did dwell.
Sir, she replied, the house on the hill by the well.

I asked for the age of this beautiful queen.
She said, "Next Monday morning I'll se sweet sixteen."
"O what a pity, fair maid; you're far too young to marry.
For another four years I would like you to tarry."

"Perhaps, in the meantime, another I'll find,
For I've heard it said, sir, that true love is blind.
If it's in your mind to marry and take me to bed,
I'm now willing and able and ready to wed."

Said she, "Sunday night is a fine night to be
In the arms of my husband, who'll make love to me.
We'll lie down together all on a warm feather bed,
And I'll bid adieu to my sweet maidenhead."

****

No. 1905

ZION'S CHILDREN
also known as
Talking About the Welcome Way

This is another of the slave-era spirituals featured in concert by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Jubilee (PS), 36 Marsh (SJS), 156-157 Pike, 196, 238

Zion's Children

I hail my mother in the morning,
Coming along, coming along,
I hail my mother in the morning,
Talking about the Judgment Day.

Chorus

Oh! Zion's children coming along,
Coming along, coming along,
Oh! Zion's children coming along,
Talking about the Judgment Day.

Oh! Don't you want to live up yonder? etc.

I think that they are mighty happy, etc.

I hear Lord Jesus calling from heaven, etc.

I'm on my way to live in Glory, etc.

I pray I'll meet you all in heaven, etc.

Prepare yourselves for that great
morning, etc.

****

No. 1906

ZIP COON
also known as

It's Old Suky Blue Old Zip Coon

This is an American song from the minstrel stage, sung by performers in black-face. The words and music were credited to different individuals, but the real author remains unknown. One of those credited with writing the song was Bob Farrell, a performer, who first introduced Zip Coon to the public at the Bowery Theatre, New York City, August 11, 1834. Goldberg, Tin Pan Alley, New York, p. 37, attributed the song to George Nichols, another minstrel-stage performer. Others credit the song to George Washington Dixon, who was also a minstrel-stage performer. All three men have their names on various sheet-music versions dating from the 1830s. What we can say with certainty is this: Whoever the author may one day be proven to be, he did not compose the music.

The source for the music, too, was in dispute. According to Charles H. Day and others, the air was adapted from "a rough jig dance called Natchez Under the Hill" (see in MB). On the other hand, an early sheet music version published by G. Willig had an air said to be a combination of two tunes: The Glasgow Hornpipe and The Post Office Hornpipe. Actually, the tune of Zip Coon was adapted from an Irish reel: The Old Rose Tree, or The Rose Tree in Full Bearing.

Zip Coon, in its turn, contributed its air to dozens of our best known folk songs, For songs in this Master Book that made use of the tune, see: All Bound Round With a Woolen String, My Old Granny, Natchez Under the Hill, There Was an Old Soldier, Turkey In the Straw, and Whoa! Ha! Buck and Jerry Boy.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 66-67
Belden (BS), 505-506
Brown, III, 503-504
Christy (NS), 177-180
Downes (1940), 118-121
Downes (1943), 144-147
Ford (OTFM), 35
Ford (TMA), 413-414
Keach, 30-31
Lair (SLL), 50
Levy (GN), 91
Linscott, 101-103
Lloyd, 80-81
Loesser, 106-108
Nathan, 167
Randolph, II, 378
Sandburg (AS), 94-97
Spaeth (REW), 17-19

Zip Coon

Oh, ole Zip Coon he is a larned skolar,
Oh, ole Zip Coon he is a larned skolar,
Oh, ole Zip Coon he is a larned skolar,
Sings possum up a gum tree an' coony in the holler.
Possum up a gum tree, Coony on a stump!
Possum up a gum tree, Coony on a stump!
Possum up a gum tree, Coony on a stump!
Den over dubble trouble Zip Coon will jump!

Oh, ole Sukey blue skin, she fell in love with me, (3)
She 'vite me to her house to take a cup o' tea.

What do you tink ole Sukey had for de supper? (3)
Chicken-foot, sparrow-grass, apple-sauce butter.

I went down to Sandy Holler t'odder afternoon, (3)
An' de fust man I met dare was ole Zip Coon.

Ole Zip Coon he is a natty skolar, (3)
Plays upon de banjo, "Coony in de holler."

Did you ever see de wild goose sail upon de ocean? (3)
O de wild goose motion is a very pretty notion!

Ebry time de wild goose beckons to de swaller, (3)
You can hear him google, google, google, goller.

Got many tings to talk about, don't know which come fust, (3)
So here de toast to ole Zip Coon before he gin to rust.

May he hab de pretty girls, like de King ob ole,
To sing dis song so many times, fore he turn to mole!

